Geoffrey
With love from Rosie
Xmas 1933.

JOURNALS

OF

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

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Dorothy Wordsworth

JOURNALS

OF

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

EDITED BY

WILLIAM KNIGHT

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE Journals written by Dorothy Wordsworth, and her reminiscences of Tours made with her brother, are more interesting to posterity than her letters.

A few fragments from her Grasmere Journal were included by the late Bishop of Lincoln in the *Memoirs* of his uncle, published in 1850. The *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland* in 1803, were edited in full by the late Principal Shairp in the year 1874 (third edition 1894). In 1889, I included in my *Life of William Wordsworth* most of the Journal written at Alfoxden, much of that referring to Hamburg, and the greater part of the longer Grasmere Journal. Some extracts from the Journal of a Tour on the Continent made in 1820 (and of a similar one written by Mrs. Wordsworth), as well as short records of subsequent visits to Scotland and to the Isle of Man, were printed in the same volume. None of these, however, were given in their entirety; nor is it desirable now to print them *in extenso*, except in the case of the *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland* in 1803. All the Journals contain numerous trivial details, which bear ample witness to the "plain living and high thinking" of the Wordsworth household—and, in this edition, samples of these

details are given—but there is no need to record all the cases in which the sister wrote, "To-day I mended William's shirts," or "William gathered sticks," or "I went in search of eggs," etc. etc. In all cases, however, in which a sentence or paragraph, or several sentences and paragraphs, in the Journals are left out, the omission is indicated by means of asterisks. Nothing is omitted of any literary or biographical value. Some persons may think that too much has been recorded, others that everything should have been printed. As to this, posterity must judge. I think that many, in future years, will value these Journals, not only as a record of the relations existing between Wordsworth and his sister, his wife her family and his friends, but also as an illustration of the remarkable literary brotherhood and sisterhood of the period.

Coming now to details.

I

I do not know of any Journal written at Racedown, and I do not think that Dorothy kept one while she and her brother lived in Dorsetshire. In July 1797 they took up their residence at Alfoxden; but, so far as is known, it was not till the 20th of January 1798 that Dorothy began to write a Journal of her own and her brother's life at that place. It was continued uninterruptedly till Thursday, 22nd May 1798. It gives numerous details as to the visits of Coleridge to Alfoxden, and the Wordsworths' visits to him at Nether-Stowey, as well as of the circumstances under which several of their poems were composed. Many sentences in the Journal present a curious resemblance to words

and phrases which occur in the poems; and there is no doubt that, as brother and sister made use of the same note-book—some of Wordsworth's own verses having been written by him in his sister's journal—the co-partnery may have extended to more than the common use of the same MS.

The archaic spellings which occur in this Journal are retained; but inaccuracies—such as Bartelmy for Bartholemew, Crewkshank for Cruikshank—are corrected. In the edition of 1889 the words were printed as written in MS.; but it is one thing to reproduce the *bona fide* text of a journal, or the *ipsissima verba* of a poet, and quite another to reproduce the incorrect spellings of his sister.

II

From the Journal of the days spent at Hamburg in 1798—when the Wordsworths were on their way to Goslar, and Coleridge to Ratzeburg—only a few extracts are given, dating from 14th September to 3rd October of that year. These explain themselves.

III.–VI

Of the Grasmere Journals much more is given, and a great deal that was omitted from the first volume of the *Life of Wordsworth* in 1889, is now printed. To many readers this will be by far the most interesting section of all Dorothy Wordsworth's writings. It not only contains exquisite descriptions of Grasmere and its district—a most felicitous record of the changes of the

seasons and the progress of the year, details as to flower and tree, bird and beast, mountain and lake—but it casts a flood of light on the circumstances under which her brother's poems were composed. It also discloses much as to the doings of the Wordsworth household, of the visits of Coleridge and others, while it vividly illustrates the peasant life of Westmoreland at the beginning of this century. What I have seen of this Journal extends from 14th May to 21st December 1800, and from 10th October 1801 to 16th January 1803. It is here printed in four sections.

VII

When the late Principal Shairp edited the *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland* in 1803, he inserted an elaborate and valuable introduction, with a few explanatory and topographical notes. With the consent of Mrs. Shairp, and of the Principal's son, Sheriff J. C. Shairp, many of them are now reproduced, with the initials J. C. S. appended. As some notes were needed at these places, and I could only have slightly varied the statements of fact, it seemed better for the reader, and more respectful to the memory of such a Wordsworthian as the late Principal was, to record them as his. I cordially thank Mrs. Shairp, and her son, for their kindness in this matter. It should be added that Dorothy Wordsworth's archaic spelling of many of the names of places, such as—Lanerk, Ulswater, Strath Eyer, Loch Ketterine, Inversneyde, etc., are retained.

These Recollections of the Tour made in Scotland were not all written down at the time during the journey. Many of them were "afterthoughts." The Alfoxden and Grasmere Journals were "diaries," in the sense that—except when the contrary is stated—they were written down day by day; but certain portions of the Scottish Journal suggest either that they were entirely written after the return to Grasmere, or were then considerably expanded. I have not seen the original MS. Dorothy transcribed it in full for her friend Mrs. Clarkson, commencing the work in 1803, and finishing it on 31st May 1805 (see p. 329). This transcript I have seen. It is the only one now traceable.

It should be mentioned that Dorothy Wordsworth was often quite incorrect in her dates, both as to the day of the week and the month. Minute accuracy on these points did not count for much at that time; and very often a mistake in the date of one entry in her Journal brought with it a long series of future errors. The same remark applies to the Grasmere Journal, and to the record of the Continental Tour of 1820.

Many friends and students of Wordsworth regretted the long delay in the publication of the Tour made in Scotland in 1803. In the *Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers* (1856), p. 208, we find the following: "I do indeed regret that Wordsworth has printed only fragments of his sister's journal; it is most excellent, and ought to have been published entire." It will always hold a place of honour in itinerary literature. It possesses a singular charm, and has abiding interest, not only as a record of travel, but also as a mirror of Scottish life and character nearly a hundred years ago.

VIII

The Journal of a Mountain Ramble, by William and Dorothy Wordsworth in November 1805, calls for no special remark. The ramble was from Grasmere by Rydal and Kirkstone Pass to Patterdale and Ullswater, thence to the top of Place Fell, at the foot of which Wordsworth thought of buying—and did afterwards buy —a small property near the Lake, thence to Yanworth, returning to Grasmere by Kirkstone again. The story of this "ramble," written by Dorothy, was afterwards incorporated in part by William Wordsworth in his prose *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes*—another curious instance of their literary copartnery.

IX

In 1820 the poet, his wife, and sister, along with Mr. and Mrs. Monkhouse, and Miss Horrocks (a sister of Mrs. Monkhouse), spent more than three months on the Continent. They left Lambeth on the 10th of July, and returned to London in November. Starting from Dover on 11th July, they went by Brussels to Cologne, up the Rhine to Switzerland, were joined by Henry Crabb Robinson at Lucerne, crossed over to the Italian Lakes, visited Milan, came back to Switzerland, and passed through France to Paris, where they spent a month. Dorothy Wordsworth wrote a minute and very careful Journal of this tour, taking notes at the time, and extending them on her return to Westmoreland. Mrs. Wordsworth kept a shorter record of the same journey. Crabb Robinson also wrote a diary of it. Wordsworth

recorded and idealised his tour in a series of poems, named by him "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820," very few of which were written on the spot; and when, in the after-leisure of Rydal Mount, he set to work upon them, it is evident that he consulted, and made frequent use of, the two family Journals, particularly the one written by his sister. In a letter to Mrs. Clarkson from Coblentz, dated 22nd July, Dorothy said: "Journals we shall have in abundance; for all, except my brother and Mrs. Monkhouse, keep a journal. Mine is nothing but notes, unintelligible to any one but myself. I look forward, however, to many a pleasant hour's employment at Rydal Mount in filling up the chasms."

The originals of these two Journals still exist, and it is hard to say whether the jottings taken at the time by the wife, or the extended Journal afterwards written by the sister, is the more admirable, both as a record of travel and as a commentary on the poet's work. Dorothy's MS. is nearly as long as her Recollections of the Scottish Tour of 1803. Extracts from both Journals were published in the library edition of the Poems in 1884, and in the *Life of William Wordsworth* in 1889; but these were limited to passages illustrative of the Poems.

It is not expedient to print either Journal in full. There are, however, so many passages of interest and beauty in each—presenting a vivid picture of the towns and countries through which the Wordsworths passed, and of the style of continental travelling in those days—that it seems desirable to insert more numerous extracts from them than those which have been already printed. They will be found to illustrate much of the state of things in Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France in the

first quarter of the present century; while they afford an interesting contrast to that which meets the eye of the traveller, and ministers to his wants, at the present day. In the 80 pages extracted from Dorothy's Journal alone, it is such passages that have, in the main, been selected.

In October 1821, Mr. Robinson was a visitor at Rydal Mount; and after reading over the Journals of Mrs. and Dorothy Wordsworth, he wrote thus in his *Diary*:—

"*2nd Oct.* '21.—I read to-day part of Miss, and also Mrs., W.'s Journal in Switzerland. They put mine to shame.[1] They had adopted a plan of journalising which could not fail to render the account amusing and informing. Mrs. W., in particular, frequently described, as in a panorama, the objects around her; and these were written on the spot: and I recollect her often sitting on the grass, not aware of what kind of employment she had. Now it is evident that a succession of such pictures must represent the face of the country. Their Journals were alike abundant in observation (in which the writers showed an enviable faculty), and were sparing of reflections, which ought rather to be excited by than obtruded in a book of travels. I think I shall profit on some future occasion by the hint I have taken."

Again, in November 1823, Robinson wrote:—

"Finished Mrs. Wordsworth's Journal. I do not know when I have felt more humble than in reading it. It is so superior to my own. She saw so much more than I did, though we were side by side during a great part of the time."

Robinson advised Dorothy Wordsworth to publish

[1] Perhaps the most interesting entry in Henry Crabb Robinson's Journal of the tour is the following: "*26th June* 1820.—I made some cheap purchases: if anything *not wanted* can be cheap."

her Journal of this Continental Tour, and she replied to him, 23rd May 1824:—

". . . Your advice respecting my Continental Journal is, I am sure, very good, provided it were worth while to make a book of it, *i.e.* provided I *could* do so, and provided it were my wish; but it is not. 'Far better,' I say, 'make another tour, and write the Journal on a different plan!' In recopying it, I should, as you advise, omit considerable portions of the description. . . . But, observe, my object is not to make a book, but to leave to my niece a neatly-penned memorial of those few interesting months of our lives. . . ."

X

In 1822, Dorothy Wordsworth went with Joanna Hutchinson to Scotland, for change of air and scene. She wrote of this journey:—

"I had for years promised Joanna to go with her to Edinburgh—that was her object; but we planned a little tour, up the Forth to Stirling, thence by track-boat to Glasgow; from Dumbarton to Rob Roy's cave by steam; stopping at Tarbet; thence in a cart to Inverary; back again to Glasgow, down Loch Fyne, and up the Clyde; thence on the coach to Lanark; and from Lanark to Moffat in a cart. There we stopped two days, my companion being an invalid; and she fancied the waters might cure her, but a bathing-place which nobody frequents is never in order; and we were glad to leave Moffat, crossing the wild country again in a cart, to the banks of the river Esk. We returned to Edinburgh for the sake of warm baths. We were three weeks in lodgings at Edinburgh. Joanna had much of that sort of pleasure which one has in first seeing a foreign country; and in our travels, whether on the outside of a coach, on the deck of a steamboat, or in whatever

way we got forward, she was always cheerful, never complaining of bad fare, bad inns, or anything else. . . ."

It was a short excursion, but was memorialised in the usual way by Dorothy's ever ready pen.

XI

In the following year, 1823, Wordsworth and his wife left Lee Priory, "for a little tour in Flanders and Holland," as he phrased it in a letter to John Kenyon. He wrote 16th May:—

"We shall go to Dover, with a view to embark for Ostend to-morrow, unless detained by similar obstacles. From Ostend we mean to go to Ghent, to Antwerp, Breda, Utrecht, Amsterdam—to Rotterdam by Haarlem, the Hague, and Leyden—thence to Antwerp by another route, and perhaps shall return by Mechlin, Brussels, Lille, and Ypres to Calais—or direct to Ostend as we came. We hope to be landed in England within a month. We shall hurry through London homewards, where we are naturally anxious already to be, having left Rydal Mount so far back as February. . . ."

The extracts taken from Mary Wordsworth's Journal show how far they conformed to, and how far they departed from, their original plan of travel. In them will be found the same directness and simplicity, the same vividness of touch, as are seen in her Journal of the longer tour taken in 1820.

XII

In 1828, Dorothy Wordsworth went to the Isle of Man, accompanied by Mrs. Wordsworth's sister Joanna,

to visit her brother Henry Hutchinson. This was a visit, earlier by five years than that which the poet took with his sister to the Isle of Man, before proceeding to Scotland, a tour which gave rise to so many sonnets. Of the later tour she kept no Journal, but of the earlier one some records survive, from which a few extracts have been made.

In conclusion, I must mention the special kindness of the late Mrs. Wordsworth, the daughter-in-law of the poet, and of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth his grandson, in granting free access to all the Journals and MSS. they possessed, and now possess. Without their aid the publication of this volume would have been impossible.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

I

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL WRITTEN AT ALFOXDEN

FROM 20TH JANUARY TO 22ND MAY 1798

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL, WRITTEN AT ALFOXDEN IN 1798 *

ALFOXDEN, *January 20th* 1798.—The green paths down the hill-sides are channels for streams. The young wheat is streaked by silver lines of water running between the ridges, the sheep are gathered together on the slopes. After the wet dark days, the country seems more populous. It peoples itself in the sunbeams. The garden, mimic of spring, is gay with flowers. The purple-starred hepatica spreads itself in the sun, and the clustering snow-drops put forth their white heads, at first upright, ribbed with green, and like a rosebud when completely opened, hanging their heads downwards, but slowly lengthening their slender stems. The slanting woods of an unvarying brown, showing the light through the thin net-work of their upper boughs. Upon the highest ridge of that round hill covered with planted oaks, the shafts of the trees show in the light like the columns of a ruin.

21*st.* Walked on the hill-tops—a warm day. Sate under the firs in the park. The tops of the beeches of a brown-red, or crimson. Those oaks, fanned by the sea breeze, thick with feathery sea-green moss, as a grove not stripped of its leaves. Moss cups more proper than acorns for fairy goblets.

22*nd.*—Walked through the wood to Holford. The ivy twisting round the oaks like bristled serpents. The

* In the original MS. there is no title. The above is a descriptive one, given by the editor.—ED.

day cold—a warm shelter in the hollies, capriciously bearing berries. Query: Are the male and female flowers on separate trees?

23*rd.*—Bright sunshine, went out at 3 o'clock. The sea perfectly calm blue, streaked with deeper colour by the clouds, and tongues or points of sand; on our return of a gloomy red. The sun gone down. The crescent moon, Jupiter, and Venus. The sound of the sea distinctly heard on the tops of the hills, which we could never hear in summer. We attribute this partly to the bareness of the trees, but chiefly to the absence of the singing of birds, the hum of insects, that noiseless noise which lives in the summer air.[1] The villages marked out by beautiful beds of smoke. The turf fading into the mountain road. The scarlet flowers of the moss.

24*th.*—Walked between half-past three and half-past five. The evening cold and clear. The sea of a sober grey, streaked by the deeper grey clouds. The half dead sound of the near sheep-bell, in the hollow of the sloping coombe, exquisitely soothing.

25*th.*—Went to Poole's after tea. The sky spread over with one continuous cloud, whitened by the light of the moon, which, though her dim shape was seen, did not throw forth so strong a light as to chequer the earth with shadows. At once the clouds seemed to cleave asunder, and left her in the centre of a black-blue vault. She sailed along, followed by multitudes of stars, small, and bright, and sharp. Their brightness seemed concentrated, (half-moon).

26*th.*—Walked upon the hill-tops; followed the sheep tracks till we overlooked the larger coombe. Sat in the sunshine. The distant sheep-bells, the sound of the

[1] Compare Keats, *Miscellaneous Poems*—

> There crept
> A little noiseless noise amongst the leaves
> Born of the very sigh that silence heaves. ED.

And Coleridge, *The Æolian Harp*—

> The stilly murmur of the distant sea
> Tells us of silence. ED.

stream; the woodman winding along the half-marked road with his laden pony; locks of wool still spangled with the dewdrops; the blue-grey sea, shaded with immense masses of cloud, not streaked; the sheep glittering in the sunshine. Returned through the wood. The trees skirting the wood, being exposed more directly to the action of the sea breeze, stripped of the net-work of their upper boughs, which are stiff and erect, like black skeletons; the ground strewed with the red berries of the holly. Set forward before two o'clock. Returned a little after four.

27*th.*—Walked from seven o'clock till half-past eight. Upon the whole an uninteresting evening. Only once while we were in the wood the moon burst through the invisible veil which enveloped her, the shadows of the oaks blackened, and their lines became more strongly marked. The withered leaves were coloured with a deeper yellow, a brighter gloss spotted the hollies; again her form became dimmer; the sky flat, unmarked by distances, a white thin cloud. The manufacturer's dog makes a strange, uncouth howl, which it continues many minutes after there is no noise near it but that of the brook. It howls at the murmur of the village stream.

28*th.*—Walked only to the mill.

29*th.*—A very stormy day. William walked to the top of the hill to see the sea. Nothing distinguishable but a heavy blackness. An immense bough riven from one of the fir trees.

30*th.*—William called me into the garden to observe a singular appearance about the moon. A perfect rainbow, within the bow one star, only of colours more vivid. The semi-circle soon became a complete circle, and in the course of three or four minutes the whole faded away. Walked to the blacksmith's and the baker's; an uninteresting evening.

31*st.*—Set forward to Stowey at half-past five. A violent storm in the wood; sheltered under the hollies. When we left home the moon immensely large, the sky

scattered over with clouds. These soon closed in, contracting the dimensions of the moon without concealing her. The sound of the pattering shower, and the gusts of wind, very grand. Left the wood when nothing remained of the storm but the driving wind, and a few scattering drops of rain. Presently all clear, Venus first showing herself between the struggling clouds; afterwards Jupiter appeared. The hawthorn hedges, black and pointed, glittering with millions of diamond drops; the hollies shining with broader patches of light. The road to the village of Holford glittered like another stream. On our return, the wind high—a violent storm of hail and rain at the Castle of Comfort. All the Heavens seemed in one perpetual motion when the rain ceased; the moon appearing, now half veiled, and now retired behind heavy clouds, the stars still moving, the roads very dirty.

February 1*st.*—About two hours before dinner, set forward towards Mr. Bartholemew's.[1] The wind blew so keen in our faces that we felt ourselves inclined to seek the covert of the wood. There we had a warm shelter, gathered a burthen of large rotten boughs blown down by the wind of the preceding night. The sun shone clear, but all at once a heavy blackness hung over the sea. The trees almost *roared*, and the ground seemed in motion with the multitudes of dancing leaves, which made a rustling sound, distinct from that of the trees. Still the asses pastured in quietness under the hollies, undisturbed by these forerunners of the storm. The wind beat furiously against us as we returned. Full moon. She rose in uncommon majesty over the sea, slowly ascending through the clouds. Sat with the window open an hour in the moonlight.

2*nd.*—Walked through the wood, and on to the Downs before dinner; a warm pleasant air. The sun

[1] Mr. Bartholemew rented Alfoxden, and sub-let the house to Wordsworth.—ED.

shone, but was often obscured by straggling clouds. The redbreasts made a ceaseless song in the woods. The wind rose very high in the evening. The room smoked so that we were obliged to quit it. Young lambs in a green pasture in the Coombe, thick legs, large heads, black staring eyes.

3rd.—A mild morning, the windows open at breakfast, the redbreasts singing in the garden. Walked with Coleridge over the hills. The sea at first obscured by vapour; that vapour afterwards slid in one mighty mass along the sea-shore; the islands and one point of land clear beyond it. The distant country (which was purple in the clear dull air), overhung by straggling clouds that sailed over it, appeared like the darker clouds, which are often seen at a great distance apparently motionless, while the nearer ones pass quickly over them, driven by the lower winds. I never saw such a union of earth, sky, and sea. The clouds beneath our feet spread themselves to the water, and the clouds of the sky almost joined them. Gathered sticks in the wood; a perfect stillness. The redbreasts sang upon the leafless boughs. Of a great number of sheep in the field, only one standing. Returned to dinner at five o'clock. The moonlight still and warm as a summer's night at nine o'clock.

4th.—Walked a great part of the way to Stowey with Coleridge. The morning warm and sunny. The young lasses seen on the hill-tops, in the villages and roads, in their summer holiday clothes—pink petticoats and blue. Mothers with their children in arms, and the little ones that could just walk, tottering by their side. Midges or small flies spinning in the sunshine; the songs of the lark and redbreast; daisies upon the turf; the hazels in blossom; honeysuckles budding. I saw one solitary strawberry flower under a hedge. The furze gay with blossom. The moss rubbed from the pailings by the sheep, that leave locks of wool, and the red marks with which they are spotted, upon the wood.

5th.—Walked to Stowey with Coleridge, returned by

Woodlands; a very warm day. In the continued singing of birds distinguished the notes of a blackbird or thrush. The sea overshadowed by a thick dark mist, the land in sunshine. The sheltered oaks and beeches still retaining their brown leaves. Observed some trees putting out red shoots. Query: What trees are they?

6*th.*—Walked to Stowey over the hills, returned to tea, a cold and clear evening, the roads in some parts frozen hard. The sea hid by mist all the day.

7*th.*—Turned towards Potsdam, but finding the way dirty, changed our course. Cottage gardens the object of our walk. Went up the smaller Coombe to Woodlands, to the blacksmith's, the baker's, and through the village of Holford. Still misty over the sea. The air very delightful. We saw nothing very new, or interesting.

8*th.*—Went up the Park, and over the tops of the hills, till we came to a new and very delicious pathway, which conducted us to the Coombe. Sat a considerable time upon the heath. Its surface restless and glittering with the motion of the scattered piles of withered grass, and the waving of the spiders' threads. On our return the mist still hanging over the sea, but the opposite coast clear, and the rocky cliffs distinguishable. In the deep Coombe, as we stood upon the sunless hill, we saw miles of grass, light and glittering, and the insects passing.

9*th.*—William gathered sticks. . . .

10*th.*—Walked to Woodlands, and to the waterfall. The adder's-tongue and the ferns green in the low damp dell. These plants now in perpetual motion from the current of the air; in summer only moved by the drippings of the rocks. A cloudy day.

11*th.*—Walked with Coleridge near to Stowey. The day pleasant, but cloudy.

12*th.*—Walked alone to Stowey. Returned in the evening with Coleridge. A mild, pleasant, cloudy day.

13*th.*—Walked with Coleridge through the wood.

A mild and pleasant morning, the near prospect clear. The ridges of the hills fringed with wood, showing the sea through them like the white sky, and still beyond the dim horizon of the distant hills, hanging as it were in one undetermined line between sea and sky.

14*th.*—Gathered sticks with William in the wood, he being unwell and not able to go further. The young birch trees of a bright red, through which gleams a shade of purple. Sat down in a thick part of the wood. The near trees still, even to their topmost boughs, but a perpetual motion in those that skirt the wood. The breeze rose gently; its path distinctly marked, till it came to the very spot where we were.

15*th.*—Gathered sticks in the further wood. The dell green with moss and brambles, and the tall and slender pillars of the unbranching oaks. I crossed the water with letters; returned to Wm. and Basil. A shower met us in the wood, and a ruffling breeze.

16*th.*—Went for eggs into the Coombe, and to the baker's; a hail shower; brought home large burthens of sticks, a starlight evening, the sky closed in, and the ground white with snow before we went to bed.

17*th.*—A deep snow upon the ground. Wm. and Coleridge walked to Mr. Bartholemew's, and to Stowey. Wm. returned, and we walked through the wood into the Coombe to fetch some eggs. The sun shone bright and clear. A deep stillness in the thickest part of the wood, undisturbed except by the occasional dropping of the snow from the holly boughs; no other sound but that of the water, and the slender notes of a redbreast, which sang at intervals on the outskirts of the southern side of the wood. There the bright green moss was bare at the roots of the trees, and the little birds were upon it. The whole appearance of the wood was enchanting; and each tree, taken singly, was beautiful. The branches of the hollies pendent with their white burden, but still showing their bright red berries, and their glossy green leaves. The bare branches of the oaks thickened by the snow.

18*th.*—Walked after dinner beyond Woodlands.[1] A sharp and very cold evening; first observed the crescent moon, a silvery line, a thready bow, attended by Jupiter and Venus in their palest hues.

19*th.*—I walked to Stowey before dinner; Wm. unable to go all the way. Returned alone; a fine sunny, clear, frosty day. The sea still, and blue, and broad, and smooth.

20*th.*—Walked after dinner towards Woodlands.

21*st.*—Coleridge came in the morning, which prevented our walking. Wm. went through the wood with him towards Stowey; a very stormy night.

22*nd.*—Coleridge came in the morning to dinner. Wm. and I walked after dinner to Woodlands; the moon and two planets; sharp and frosty. Met a razor-grinder with a soldier's jacket on, a knapsack upon his back, and a boy to drag his wheel. The sea very black, and making a loud noise as we came through the wood, loud as if disturbed, and the wind was silent.

23*rd.*—William walked with Coleridge in the morning. I did not go out.

24*th.*—Went to the hill-top. Sat a considerable time overlooking the country towards the sea. The air blew pleasantly round us. The landscape mildly interesting. The Welsh hills capped by a huge range of tumultuous white clouds. The sea, spotted with white, of a bluish grey in general, and streaked with darker lines. The near shores clear; scattered farm houses, half-concealed by green mossy orchards, fresh straw lying at the doors; hay-stacks in the fields. Brown fallows, the springing wheat, like a shade of green over the brown earth, and the choice meadow plots, full of sheep and lambs, of a soft and vivid green; a few

[1] This house was afterwards John Kenyon's,—to whom *Aurora Leigh* is dedicated,—and was subsequently the residence of the Rev. William Nichols, author of *The Quantocks and their Associations*.—ED.

wreaths of blue smoke, spreading along the ground; the oaks and beeches in the hedges retaining their yellow leaves; the distant prospect on the land side, islanded with sunshine; the sea, like a basin full to the margin; the dark fresh-ploughed fields; the turnips of a lively rough green. Returned through the wood.

25*th.*—I lay down in the morning, though the whole day was very pleasant, and the evening fine. We did not walk.

26*th.*—Coleridge came in the morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank[1]; walked with Coleridge nearly to Stowey after dinner. A very clear afternoon. We lay sidelong upon the turf, and gazed on the landscape till it melted into more than natural loveliness. The sea very uniform, of a pale greyish blue, only one distant bay, bright and blue as a sky; had there been a vessel sailing up it, a perfect image of delight. Walked to the top of a high hill to see a fortification. Again sat down to feed upon the prospect; a magnificent scene, *curiously* spread out for even minute inspection, though so extensive that the mind is afraid to calculate its bounds. A winter prospect shows every cottage, every farm, and the forms of distant trees, such as in summer have no distinguishing mark. On our return, Jupiter and Venus before us. While the twilight still overpowered the light of the moon, we were reminded that she was shining bright above our heads, by our faint shadows going before us. We had seen her on the tops of the hills, melting into the blue sky. Poole called while we were absent.

27*th.*—I walked to Stowey in the evening. Wm. and Basil went with me through the wood. The prospect bright, yet *mildly* beautiful. The sea big and white, swelled to the very shores, but round and high in the middle. Coleridge returned with me, as far as the wood. A very bright moonlight night. Venus almost

[1] Of Nether-Stowey, the agent of the Earl of Egmont.—Ed.

like another moon. Lost to us at Alfoxden long before she goes down the large white sea.

. . . . . .

March 1st.—We rose early. A thick fog obscured the distant prospect entirely, but the shapes of the nearer trees and the dome of the wood dimly seen and dilated. It cleared away between ten and eleven. The shapes of the mist, slowly moving along, exquisitely beautiful; passing over the sheep they almost seemed to have more of life than those quiet creatures. The unseen birds singing in the mist.[1]

2nd.—Went a part of the way home with Coleridge in the morning. Gathered fir apples afterwards under the trees.

3rd.—I went to the shoemaker's. William lay under the trees till my return. Afterwards went to the secluded farm house in search of eggs, and returned over the hill. A very mild, cloudy evening. The rose trees in the hedges and the elders budding.

4th.—Walked to Woodlands after dinner, a pleasant evening.

5th.—Gathered fir-apples. A thick fog came on. Walked to the baker's and the shoemaker's, and through the fields towards Woodlands. On our return, found Tom Poole in the parlour. He drank tea with us.

6th.—A pleasant morning, the sea white and bright, and full to the brim. I walked to see Coleridge in the evening. William went with me to the wood. Coleridge very ill. It was a mild, pleasant afternoon, but the evening became very foggy; when I was near Woodlands, the fog overhead became thin, and I saw the shapes of the Central Stars. Again it closed, and the whole sky was the same.

7th.—William and I drank tea at Coleridge's. A cloudy sky. Observed nothing particularly interesting —the distant prospect obscured. One only leaf upon

[1] Compare *The Recluse*, l. 91—

Her Voice was like a hidden Bird that sang. ED.

the top of a tree—the sole remaining leaf—danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind.[1]

8*th.*—Walked in the Park in the morning. I sate under the fir trees. Coleridge came after dinner, so we did not walk again. A foggy morning, but a clear sunny day.

9*th.*—A clear sunny morning, went to meet Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge. The day very warm.

10*th.*—Coleridge, Wm., and I walked in the evening to the top of the hill. We all passed the morning in sauntering about the park and gardens, the children playing about, the old man at the top of the hill gathering furze; interesting groups of human creatures, the young frisking and dancing in the sun, the elder quietly drinking in the life and soul of the sun and air.

11*th.*—A cold day. The children went down towards the sea. William and I walked to the top of the hills above Holford. Met the blacksmith. Pleasant to see the labourer on Sunday jump with the friskiness of a cow upon a sunny day.

12*th.*—Tom Poole returned with Coleridge to dinner, a brisk, cold, sunny day; did not walk.

13*th.*—Poole dined with us. William and I strolled into the wood. Coleridge called us into the house.

. . . . . .

15*th.*—I have neglected to set down the occurrences of this week, so I do not recollect how we disposed of ourselves to-day.

16*th.*—William, and Coleridge, and I walked in the Park a short time. I wrote to ——. William very ill, better in the evening; and we called round by Potsdam.

17*th.*—I do not remember this day.

18*th.*—The Coleridges left us. A cold, windy

[1] Did this suggest the lines in *Christabel*?—

> The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
> That dances as often as dance it can,
> Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
> On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky. ED.

morning. Walked with them half way. On our return, sheltered under the hollies, during a hail-shower. The withered leaves danced with the hailstones. William wrote a description of the storm.[1]

19*th.*—Wm. and Basil and I walked to the hill-tops, a very cold bleak day. We were met on our return by a severe hailstorm. William wrote some lines describing a stunted thorn.[2]

20*th.*—Coleridge dined with us. We went more than half way home with him in the evening. A very cold evening, but clear. The spring seemingly very little advanced. No green trees, only the hedges are budding, and looking very lovely.

21*st.*—We drank tea at Coleridge's. A quiet shower of snow was in the air during more than half our walk. At our return the sky partially shaded with clouds. The horned moon was set. Startled two night birds from the great elm tree.

22*nd.*—I spent the morning in starching and hanging out linen; walked *through* the wood in the evening, very cold.

23*rd.*—Coleridge dined with us. He brought his ballad finished.[3] We walked with him to the Miner's house. A beautiful evening, very starry, the horned moon.

24*th.*—Coleridge, the Chesters, and Ellen Cruikshank called. We walked with them through the wood. Went in the evening into the Coombe to get eggs; returned through the wood, and walked in the park. A duller night than last night: a sort of white shade over the blue sky. The stars dim. The spring continues to advance very slowly, no green trees, the hedges leafless; nothing green but the brambles that still retain their old

[1] See "A whirl-blast from behind the hill" in the "Poetical Works," vol. i. p. 238.—ED.

[2] See *The Thorn*, "Poetical Works," vol. i. p. 239.—ED.

[3] The ballad was finished by February 18, 1798. See *Early Recollections*, etc., by Joseph Cottle, vol. i. p. 307 (1837).—ED.

leaves, the evergreens, and the palms, which indeed are not absolutely green. Some brambles I observed to-day budding afresh, and those have shed their old leaves. The crooked arm of the old oak tree points upwards to the moon.

25*th.*—Walked to Coleridge's after tea. Arrived at home at one o'clock. The night cloudy but not dark.

26*th.*—Went to meet Wedgwood at Coleridge's after dinner. Reached home at half-past twelve, a fine moonlight night; half moon.

27*th.*—Dined at Poole's. Arrived at home a little after twelve, a partially cloudy, but light night, very cold.

28*th.*—Hung out the linen.

29*th.*—Coleridge dined with us.

30*th.*—Walked I know not where.

31*st.*—Walked.

April 1*st.*—Walked by moonlight.

2*nd.*—A very high wind. Coleridge came to avoid the smoke; stayed all night. We walked in the wood, and sat under the trees. The half of the wood perfectly still, while the wind was making a loud noise behind us. The still trees only gently bowed their heads, as if listening to the wind. The hollies in the thick wood unshaken by the blast; only, when it came with a greater force, shaken by the rain drops falling from the bare oaks above.

3*rd.*—Walked to Crookham, with Coleridge and Wm., to make the appeal. Left Wm. there, and parted with Coleridge at the top of the hill. A very stormy afternoon. . . .

4*th.*—Walked to the sea-side in the afternoon. A great commotion in the air, but the sea neither grand nor beautiful. A violent shower in returning. Sheltered under some fir trees at Potsdam.

5*th.*—Coleridge came to dinner. William and I walked in the wood in the morning. I fetched eggs from the Coombe.

6*th.*—Went a part of the way home with Coleridge. A pleasant warm morning, but a showery day. Walked a short distance up the lesser Coombe, with an intention of going to the source of the brook, but the evening closing in, cold prevented us. The Spring still advancing very slowly. The horse-chestnuts budding, and the hedgerows beginning to look green, but nothing fully expanded.

7*th.*—Walked before dinner up the Coombe, to the source of the brook, and came home by the tops of the hills; a showery morning, at the hill-tops; the view opened upon us very grand.

8*th.*—Easter Sunday. Walked in the morning in the wood, and half way to Stowey; found the air at first oppressively warm, afterwards very pleasant.

9*th.*—Walked to Stowey, a fine air in going, but very hot in returning. The sloe in blossom, the hawthorns green, the larches in the park changed from black to green in two or three days. Met Coleridge in returning.

10*th.*—I was hanging out linen in the evening. We walked to Holford. I turned off to the baker's, and walked beyond Woodlands, expecting to meet William, met him on the hill; a close warm evening . . . in bloom.

11*th.*—In the wood in the morning, walked to the top of the hill, then I went down into the wood. A pleasant evening, a fine air, the grass in the park becoming green, many trees green in the dell.

12*th.*—Walked in the morning in the wood. In the evening up the Coombe, fine walk. The Spring advances rapidly, multitudes of primroses, dog-violets, periwinkles, stitchwort.

13*th.*—Walked in the wood in the morning. In the evening went to Stowey. I staid with Mr. Coleridge. Wm. went to Poole's. Supped with Mr. Coleridge.

14*th.*—Walked in the wood in the morning. The evening very stormy, so we staid within doors. Mary Wollstonecraft's life, etc., came.

15*th.*—Set forward after breakfast to Crookham, and

returned to dinner at three o'clock. A fine cloudy morning. Walked about the squire's grounds. Quaint waterfalls about, about which Nature was very successfully striving to make beautiful what art had deformed —ruins, hermitages, etc. etc. In spite of all these things, the dell romantic and beautiful, though everywhere planted with unnaturalised trees. Happily we cannot shape the huge hills, or carve out the valleys according to our fancy.

16*th.*—New moon. William walked in the wood in the morning. I neglected to follow him. We walked in the park in the evening. . . .

17*th.*—Walked in the wood in the morning. In the evening upon the hill. Cowslips plentiful.

18*th.*—Walked in the wood, a fine sunny morning, met Coleridge returned from his brother's. He dined with us. We drank tea, and then walked with him nearly to Stowey. . . .

19*th.*— . . .

20*th.*—Walked in the evening up the hill dividing the Coombes. Came home the Crookham way, by the thorn, and the "little muddy pond." Nine o'clock at our return. William all the morning engaged in wearisome composition. The moon crescent. *Peter Bell* begun.

21*st*, 22*nd*, 23*rd.*— . . .

24*th.*—Walked a considerable time in the wood. Sat under the trees, in the evening walked on the top of the hill, found Coleridge on our return and walked with him towards Stowey.

25*th.*—Coleridge drank tea, walked with him to Stowey.

26*th.*—William went to have his picture taken.[1] I walked with him. Dined at home. Coleridge and he drank tea.

[1] This was the earliest portrait of Wordsworth by W. Shuter. It is now in the possession of Mrs. St. John, Ithaca, U.S.A.—ED.

27*th.*—Coleridge breakfasted and drank tea, strolled in the wood in the morning, went with him in the evening through the wood, afterwards walked on the hills: the moon, a many-coloured sea and sky.

28*th*, *Saturday*.—A very fine morning, warm weather all the week.

May 6*th*, *Sunday*.—Expected the painter, and Coleridge. A rainy morning—very pleasant in the evening. Met Coleridge as we were walking out. Went with him to Stowey; heard the nightingale; saw a glow-worm.

7*th*.—Walked in the wood in the morning. In the evening, to Stowey with Coleridge who called.

8*th*.—Coleridge dined, went in the afternoon to tea at Stowey. A pleasant walk home.

9*th*.— . . . Wrote to Coleridge.

Wednesday, 16*th May*.—Coleridge, William, and myself set forward to the Chedder rocks; slept at Bridgewater.

22*nd*, *Thursday*.[1]—Walked to Chedder. Slept at Cross.

[1] It is thus written in the MS., but the 22nd May 1798 was a *Tuesday*. If the entry refers to a *Thursday*, the day of the month should have been written 24th. Dorothy Wordsworth was not exact as to dates.—ED

II

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL

OF

DAYS SPENT AT HAMBURGH

IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER 1798

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL OF DAYS SPENT AT HAMBURGH, IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER 1798[1]

QUITTED London, Friday, 14th September 1798. Arrived at Yarmouth on Saturday noon, and sailed on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. Before we heaved the anchor I was consigned to the cabin, which I did not quit till we were in still water at the mouth of the Elbe, on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. I was surprised to find, when I came upon deck, that we could not see the shores, though we were in the river. It was to my eyes a still sea. But oh! the gentle breezes and the gentle motion! . . . As we advanced towards Cuxhaven the shores appeared low and flat, and thinly peopled; here and there a farm-house, cattle feeding, hay-stacks, a cottage, a windmill. Some vessels were at anchor at Cuxhaven, an ugly, black-looking place. Dismissed a part of our crew, and proceeded in the packet-boat up the river.

Cast anchor between six and seven o'clock. The moon shone upon the waters. The shores were visible with here and there a light from the houses. Ships lying at anchor not far from us. We[2] drank tea upon deck by the light of the moon. I enjoyed solitude and quietness, and many a recollected pleasure, hearing still

[1] This is not Dorothy's own title. Her Journal has no title.—ED.

[2] *i.e.* William and Dorothy Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Chester.—ED.

the unintelligible jargon of the many tongues that gabbled in the cabin. Went to bed between ten and eleven. The party playing at cards, but they were silent, and suffered us to go to sleep. At four o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the heaving of the anchor, and till seven, in the intervals of sleep, I enjoyed the thought that we were advancing towards Hamburgh; but what was our mortification on being told that there was a thick fog, and that we could not sail till it was dispersed. I went on to the deck. The air was cold and wet, the decks streaming, the shores invisible, no hope of clear weather. At ten however the sun appeared, and we saw the green shores. All became clear, and we set sail. Churches very frequent on the right, with spires red, blue, sometimes green; houses thatched or tiled, and generally surrounded with low trees. A beautiful low green island, houses, and wood. As we advanced, the left bank of the river became more interesting.

The houses warm and comfortable, sheltered with trees, and neatly painted. Blankenese, a village or town scattered over the sides of three hills, woody where the houses lie, and steep scars below; the houses half-con cealed by, and half-obtruding themselves from, the low trees. Naked boats with masts lying at the bare feet of the Blankenese hills. Houses more and more frequent as we approach Hamburgh. The banks of the Elbe more steep. Some gentlemen's seats after the English fashion. The spires of Altona and Hamburgh visible a considerable time. At Altona we took a boat, and rowed through the narrow passages of the Elbe, crowded with vessels of all nations. Landed at the Boom House, where we were received by porters, ready to carry our luggage to any part of the town. William went to seek lodgings, and the rest of the party guarded the luggage. Two boats were about to depart. An elegant English carriage was placed in one, and presently a very pretty woman, conducted by a gentleman, seated herself in it,

and they rowed off. The other contained a medley crew of all ages. There was an old woman, with a blue cap trimmed with broad silver lace, and tied under her chin. She had a short coloured cloak, etc. While we stood in the street, which was open on one side to the Elbe, I was much amused by the various employments and dresses of the people who passed before us. . . . There were Dutch women with immense straw bonnets, with flat crowns and rims in the shape of oyster shells, without trimming, or with only a plain riband round the crown, and literally as large as a small-sized umbrella. Hamburgher girls with white caps, with broad overhanging borders, crimped and stiff, and long lappets of riband. Hanoverians with round borders, showing all the face, and standing upright, a profusion of riband. . . . Fruit-women, with large straw hats in the shape of an inverted bowl, or white handkerchiefs tied round the head like a bishop's mitre. Jackets the most common, often the petticoat and jacket of different colours. The ladies without hats, in dresses of all fashions. Soldiers with dull-looking red coats, and immense cocked hats. The men little differing from the English, except that they have generally a pipe in their mouths. After waiting about an hour we saw Wm. appear. Two porters carried our luggage upon a sort of wheelbarrow, and we were conducted through dirty, ill-paved streets to an inn, where, with great difficulty, and after long seeking, lodgings had been procured for us

. . . . . .

Breakfasted with Mons. de Loutre. Chester and I went to the promenade. People of all ranks, and in various dresses, walking backwards and forwards. Ladies with small baskets hanging on their arms, long shawls of various colours thrown over their shoulders. The women of the lower order dressed with great modesty. . . . Went to the French theatre in the evening. . . . The piece a mixture of dull declamation and unmeaning rant. The ballet unintelligible to us, as

the story was carried on in singing. The body of the house very imperfectly lighted, which has a good effect in bringing out the stage, but the acting was not very amusing. . . .

Sunday.—William went in the boat to Harburgh. In our road to the boat we looked into one of the large churches. Service was just ended. The audience appeared to be simply composed of singing boys dressed in large cocked hats, and a few old women who sat in the aisles. . . . Met many bright-looking girls with white caps, carrying black prayer-books in their hands. . . . Coleridge went to Ratzeberg at five o'clock in the diligence. Chester accompanied me towards Altona. The streets wide and pleasant in that quarter of the town. Immense crowds of people walking for pleasure, and many pleasure-waggons passing and repassing. Passed through a nest of Jews. Were invited to view an exhibition of waxwork. The theatres open, and the billiard-tables attended. The walks very pleasing between Hamburgh and Altona. A large piece of ground planted with trees, and intersected by gravel walks. Music, cakes, fruit, carriages, and foot-passengers of all descriptions. A very good view of the shipping, and of Altona and the town and spires of Hamburgh. I could not but remark how much the prospect would have suffered by one of our English canopies of coal smoke. The ground on the opposite side of the Elbe appears marshy. There are many little canals or lines of water. While the sun was yet shining pleasantly, we were obliged to think perpetually to turn our eyes to the church clock. The gates are shut at half-past six o'clock, and there is no admittance into the city after that time. This idea deducts much from the pleasure of an evening walk. You are haunted by it long before the time has elapsed. . . .

Wednesday.—Dined with Mr. Klopstock. Had the pleasure of meeting his brother the poet, a venerable old man, retaining the liveliness and alertness of youth,

though he evidently cannot be very far from the grave. . . . The party talked with much interest of the French comedy, and seemed fond of music. The poet and his lady were obliged to depart soon after six. He sustained an animated conversation with William during the whole afternoon. Poor old man! I could not look upon him, the benefactor of his country, the father of German poetry, without emotion. . . .

During my residence in Hamburgh I have never seen anything like a quarrel in the streets but once, and that was so trifling that it would scarcely have been noticed in England. . . . In the shops (except the established booksellers and stationers) I have constantly observed a disposition to cheat, and take advantage of our ignorance of the language and money. . . .

Thursday, 28*th September*.—William and I set forward at twelve o'clock to Altona. . . . The Elbe in the vicinity of Hamburgh is so divided, and spread out, that the country looks more like a plain overflowed by heavy rain than the bed of a great river. We went about a mile and a half beyond Altona: the roads dry and sandy, and a causeway for foot-passengers. . . . The houses on the banks of the Elbe, chiefly of brick, seemed very warm and well built. . . .

The small cottage houses seemed to have little gardens, and all the gentlemen's houses were surrounded by gardens quaintly disposed in beds and curious knots, with ever-twisting gravel walks and bending poplars. The view of the Elbe and the spreading country must be very interesting in a fine sunset. There is a want of some atmospherical irradiation to give a richness to the view. On returning home we were accosted by the first beggar whom we have seen since our arrival at Hamburgh.

Friday, 29*th*.—Sought Coleridge at the bookseller's, and went to the Promenade. . . . All the Hamburghers full of Admiral Nelson's victory.

Called at a baker's shop. Put two shillings into

the baker's hands, for which I was to have had four small rolls. He gave me two. I let him understand that I was to have four, and with this view I took one shilling from him, pointed to it and to two loaves, and at the same time offering it to him. Again I took up two others. In a savage manner he half knocked the rolls out of my hand, and when I asked him for the other shilling he refused to return it, and would neither suffer me to take bread, nor give me back my money, and on these terms I quitted the shop. I am informed that it is the boast and glory of these people to cheat strangers, that when a feat of this kind is successfully performed the man goes from the shop into his house, and triumphantly relates it to his wife and family. The Hamburgh shopkeepers have three sorts of weights, and a great part of their skill, as shopkeepers, consists in calculating upon the knowledge of the buyer, and suiting him with scales accordingly. . . .

Saturday, 30th September.—The grand festival of the Hamburghers, dedicated to Saint Michael, observed with solemnity, but little festivity. Perhaps this might be partly owing to the raininess of the evening. In the morning the churches were opened very early. St. Christopher's was quite full between eight and nine o'clock. It is a large heavy-looking building, immense, without either grandeur or beauty; built of brick, and with few windows. . . . There are some pictures, . . one of the Saint fording the river with Christ upon his back—a giant figure, which amused me not a little. . . . Walked with Coleridge and Chester upon the promenade. . . . We took places in the morning in the Brunswick coach for Wednesday.

Sunday, 1st October.—Coleridge and Chester went to Ratzeberg at seven o'clock in the morning. . . . William and I set forward at half-past eleven with an intention of going to Blankenese. . . . The buildings all seem solid and warm in themselves, but still they look cold from their nakedness of trees. They are generally newly

built, and placed in gardens, which are planted in front with poplars and low shrubs, but the possessors seem to have no prospective view to a shelter for their children. They do not plant behind their houses. All the buildings of this character are near the road which runs at different distances from the edge of the bank which rises from the river. This bank is generally steep, scattered over with trees which are either not of ancient growth, or from some cause do not thrive, but serve very well to shelter and often conceal the more humble dwellings, which are close to the sandy bank of the river. . . . We saw many carriages. In one of them was Klopstock, the poet. There are many inns and eating-houses by the roadside. We went to a pretty village, or nest of houses about a league from Blankenese, and beyond to a large open field, enclosed on one side with oak trees, through which winds a pleasant gravel walk. On the other it is open to the river. . . . When we were within about a mile and a half or two miles of Altona, we turned out of the road to go down to the river, and pursued our way along the path that leads from house to house. These houses are low, never more than two storeys high, built of brick, or a mixture of brick and wood, and thatched or tiled. They have all window-shutters, which are painted frequently a gay light green, but always painted. We were astonished at the excessive neatness which we observed in the arrangement of everything within these houses. They have all window curtains as white as snow ; the floors of all that we saw were perfectly clean, and the brass vessels as bright as a mirror. . . . I imagine these houses are chiefly inhabited by sailors, pilots, boat-makers, and others whose business is upon the water.

Monday, October 2nd.—William called at Klopstock's to inquire the road into Saxony. Bought Burgher's poems, the price 6 marks. Sate an hour at Remnant's. Bought Percy's ancient poetry, 14 marks. Walked on the ramparts ; a very fine morning

III

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL

WRITTEN AT GRASMERE

(14TH MAY TO 21ST DECEMBER 1800)

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL, WRITTEN AT GRASMERE

May 14*th*, 1800.—Wm. and John set off into Yorkshire after dinner at half-past two o'clock, cold pork in their pockets. I left them at the turning of the Low-wood bay under the trees. My heart was so full that I could hardly speak to W. when I gave him a farewell kiss. I sate a long time upon a stone at the margin of the lake, and after a flood of tears my heart was easier. The lake looked to me, I knew not why, dull and melancholy, and the weltering on the shores seemed a heavy sound. I walked as long as I could amongst the stones of the shore. The wood rich in flowers; a beautiful yellow (palish yellow) flower, that looked thick, round, and double—and smelt very sweet (I supposed it was a ranunculus), crowfoot, the grassy-leaved rabbit-toothed white flower, strawberries, geraniums, scentless violets, anemones (two kinds), orchises, primroses, the heck-berry very beautiful, the crab coming out as a low shrub. Met a blind man, driving a very large beautiful bull, and a cow. He walked with two sticks. Came home by Clappersgate. The valley very green; many sweet views up to Rydale, when I could juggle away the fine houses; but they disturbed me, even more than when I have been happier; one beautiful view of the bridge, without Sir Michael's.[1] Sate down very often, though it

[1] *i.e.* Rydal Hall, the residence of Sir Michael le Fleming.—Ed.

was cold. I resolved to write a journal of the time till W. and J. return, and I set about keeping my resolve, because I will not quarrel with myself, and because I shall give William pleasure by it when he comes home again. At Rydale, a woman of the village, stout and well dressed, begged a half-penny. She had never she said done it before, but these hard times! Arrived at home, set some slips of privet, the evening cold, had a fire, my face now flame-coloured. It is nine o'clock. I shall now go to bed. . . . Oh that I had a letter from William.

. . . . . .

Friday Morning, 16*th.*—Warm and mild, after a fine night of rain. . . . The woods extremely beautiful with all autumnal variety and softness. I carried a basket for mosses, and gathered some wild plants. Oh! that we had a book of botany. All flowers now are gay and deliciously sweet. The primrose still pre-eminent among the later flowers of the spring. Foxgloves very tall, with their heads budding. I went forward round the lake at the foot of Loughrigg Fell. I was much amused with the busyness of a pair of stone-chats; their restless voices as they skimmed along the water, following each other, their shadows under them, and their returning back to the stones on the shore, chirping with the same unwearied voice. Could not cross the water, so I went round by the stepping-stones. . . . Rydale was very beautiful, with spear-shaped streaks of polished steel. . . . Grasmere very solemn in the last glimpse of twilight. It calls home the heart to quietness. I had been very melancholy in my walk back. I had many of my saddest thoughts, and I could not keep the tears within me. But when I came to Grasmere I felt that it did me good. I finished my letter to M. H. . . .

Saturday.—Incessant rain from morning till night. . . . Worked hard, and read *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and ballads. Sauntered a little in the garden. The skobby sate quietly in its nest, rocked by the wind, and beaten by the rain.

Sunday, 18*th.*—Went to church, slight showers, a cold air. The mountains from this window look much greener, and I think the valley is more green than ever. The corn begins to shew itself. The ashes are still bare. A little girl from Coniston came to beg. She had lain out all night. Her step-mother had turned her out of doors; her father could not stay at home "she flights so." Walked to Ambleside in the evening round the lake, the prospect exceeding beautiful from Loughrigg Fell. It was so green that no eye could weary of reposing upon it. The most beautiful situation for a house in the field next to Mr. Benson's. I was overtaken by two Cumberland people who complimented me upon my walking. They were going to sell cloth, and odd things which they make themselves, in Hawkshead and the neighbourhood. . . . Letters from Coleridge and Cottle. John Fisher[1] overtook me on the other side of Rydale. He talked much about the alteration in the times, and observed that in a short time there would be only two ranks of people, the very rich and the very poor, "for those who have small estates," says he, "are forced to sell, and all the land goes into one hand." Did not reach home till ten o'clock.

Monday.—Sauntered a good deal in the garden, bound carpets, mended old clothes, read *Timon of Athens*, dried linen. . . . Walked up into the Black Quarter.[2] I sauntered a long time among the rocks above the church. The most delightful situation possible

[1] Their neighbour at Town-End, who helped Wordsworth to make the steps up to the orchard, in Dove Cottage garden.—ED.

[2] I think that this name was given to a bit of the valley to the north-east of Grasmere village; but Mr. Gordon Wordsworth's opinion is that "'The Black Quarter' was simply the family nickname for Easedale. The phrase seems to disappear from the Journals as they got more accustomed to local names. It is an excellent description of the usual appearance of these fells, and makes a contrast to the name of the White Moss, which lay behind Dove Cottage; as Easedale lay in front, and was equally in their thoughts."—ED.

for a cottage, commanding two distinct views of the vale and of the lake, is among those rocks. . . . The quietness and still seclusion of the valley affected me even to producing the deepest melancholy. I forced myself from it. The wind rose before I went to bed. . . .

Tuesday Morning.—A fine mild rain. . . . Everything green and overflowing with life, and the streams making a perpetual song, with the thrushes, and all little birds, not forgetting the stone-chats. The post was not come in. I walked as far as Windermere, and met him there.

. . . . . .

Saturday, May 24th.—Walked in the morning to Ambleside. I found a letter from Wm. and one from Mary Hutchinson. Wrote to William after dinner, worked in the garden, sate in the evening under the trees.

Sunday.— . . . Read *Macbeth* in the morning; sate under the trees after dinner. . . . I wrote to my brother Christopher. . . . On my return found a letter from Coleridge and from Charles Lloyd, and three papers.

Monday, May 26th.— . . . Wrote letters to J. H., Coleridge, C. Ll., and W. I walked towards Rydale, and turned aside at my favourite field. The air and the lake were still. One cottage light in the vale, and so much of day left that I could distinguish objects, the woods, trees, and houses. Two or three different kinds of birds sang at intervals on the opposite shore. I sate till I could hardly drag myself away, I grew so sad. "When pleasant thoughts," etc.[1] . . .

Tuesday, 27th.—I walked to Ambleside with letters . . . only a letter for Coleridge. I expected a letter from Wm. It was a sweet morning, the ashes in the valley nearly in full leaf, but still to be distinguished, quite bare on the higher ground. . . .

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[1] Compare *Lines written in Early Spring*, "Poetical Works," vol. i. p. 269—

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind. ED.

Wednesday.—In the morning walked up to the rocks above Jenny Dockeray's. Sate a long time upon the grass; the prospect divinely beautiful. If I had three hundred pounds, and could afford to have a bad interest for my money, I would buy that estate, and we would build a cottage there to end our days in. I went into her garden and got white and yellow lilies, periwinkle, etc., which I planted. Sate under the trees with my work. Worked till between 7 and 8, and then watered the garden. A beautiful evening. The crescent moon hanging above Helm Crag.

Thursday.—In the morning worked in the garden a little. Read *King John.* Miss Simpson, and Miss Falcon, and Mr. S. came very early. Went to Mr. Gell's boat before tea. We fished upon the lake, and amongst us caught 13 Bass! . . .

Friday.—In the morning went to Ambleside, forgetting that the post does not come till the evening. How was I grieved when I was so informed. I walked back, resolving to go again in the evening. It rained very mildly and sweetly in the morning as I came home, but came on a wet afternoon and evening, and chilly. I caught Mr. Olliff's lad as he was going for letters. He brought me one from Wm. and 12 papers. I planted London Pride upon the wall, and many things on the borders. John sodded the wall. As I came past Rydale in the morning, I saw a heron swimming with only its neck out of water. It beat and struggled amongst the water, when it flew away, and was long in getting loose.

Saturday.—A sweet mild rainy morning. Grundy the carpet man called. I paid him £1 : 10s. Went to the blind man's for plants. I got such a load that I was obliged to leave my basket in the road, and send Molly for it. . . .

Sunday, June 1st.—Rain in the night. A sweet mild morning. Read ballads. Went to church. Singers from Wytheburn. Walked upon the hill above the house till dinner time. Went again to church. After tea,

went to Ambleside, round the Lakes. A very fine warm evening. I lay upon the steep of Loughrigg, my heart dissolved in what I saw: when I was not startled, but called from my reverie by a noise as of a child paddling without shoes. I looked up, and saw a lamb close to me. It approached nearer and nearer, as if to examine me, and stood a long time. I did not move. At last, it ran past me, and went bleating along the pathway, seeming to be seeking its mother. I saw a hare on the high road. . . .

Monday.—A cold dry windy morning. I worked in the garden, and planted flowers, etc. Sate under the trees after dinner till tea time. . . . I went to Ambleside after tea, crossed the stepping-stones at the foot of Grasmere, and pursued my way on the other side of Rydale and by Clappersgate. I sate a long time to watch the hurrying waves, and to hear the regularly irregular sound of the dashing waters. The waves round about the little Island seemed like a dance of spirits that rose out of the water, round its small circumference of shore. Inquired about lodgings for Coleridge, and was accompanied by Mrs. Nicholson as far as Rydale. This was very kind, but God be thanked, I want not society by a moonlight lake. It was near eleven when I reached home. I wrote to Coleridge, and went late to bed.

Wednesday.—. . . I walked to the lake-side in the morning, took up plants, and sate upon a stone reading ballads. In the evening I was watering plants, when Mr. and Miss Simpson called, and I accompanied them home, and we went to the waterfall at the head of the valley. It was very interesting in the twilight. I brought home lemon-thyme, and several other plants, and planted them by moonlight. I lingered out of doors in the hope of hearing my brother's tread.

Thursday.—I sate out of doors great part of the day and worked in the garden. Had a letter from Mr. Jackson, and wrote an answer to Coleridge. The little

birds busy making love, and pecking the blossoms and bits of moss off the trees. They flutter about and about, and thrid the trees as I lie under them.[1] I would not go far from home, expecting my brother. I rambled on the hill above the house, gathered wild thyme, and took up roots of wild columbine. Just as I was returning with my load, Mr. and Miss Simpson called. We went again upon the hill, got more plants, set them, and then went to the blind man's, for London Pride for Miss Simpson. I went up with them as far as the blacksmith's, a fine lovely moonlight night.

Friday.—Sate out of doors reading the whole afternoon, but in the morning I wrote to my aunt Cookson. In the evening I went to Ambleside with Coleridge's letter. It was a lovely night as the day had been. I went by Loughrigg and Clappersgate and just met the post at the turnpike. He told me there were two letters but none for me, so I was in no hurry and went round again by Clappersgate, crossed the stepping-stones and entered Ambleside at Matthew Harrison's. A letter from Jack Hutchinson, and one from Montagu, enclosing a £3 note. No William! I slackened my pace as I came near home, fearing to hear that he was not come. I listened till after one o'clock to every barking dog, cock-fighting, and other sports. Foxgloves just coming into blossom.

Saturday.—A very warm cloudy morning, threatening to rain. I walked up to Mr. Simpson's to gather gooseberries. It was a very fine afternoon. Little Tommy came down with me. We went up the hill, to gather sods and plants; and went down to the lake side, and took up orchises, etc. I watered the garden and weeded. I did not leave home, in the expectation of Wm. and John, and sitting at work till after 11 o'clock I heard a foot go to the front of the house, turn round, and open the gate. It was William! After our first joy was over, we got

[1] Compare *The Green Linnet*, in the "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 367.—ED.

some tea. We did not go to bed till 4 o'clock in the morning, so he had an opportunity of seeing our improvements. The birds were singing; and all looked fresh, though not gay. There was a greyness on earth and sky. We did not rise till near 10 in the morning. We were busy all day in writing letters to Coleridge, Montagu, etc. Mr. and Miss Simpson called in the evening. The little boy carried our letters to Ambleside. We walked with Mr. and Miss S. home, on their return. . . . We met John on our return home.

Monday 9th.—In the morning W. cut down the winter cherry tree. I sowed French beans and weeded. A coronetted landau went by, when we were sitting upon the sodded wall. The ladies (evidently tourists) turned an eye of interest upon our little garden and cottage. Went round to Mr. Gell's boat, and on to the lake to fish. We caught nothing. It was extremely cold. The reeds and bullrushes or bullpipes of a tender soft green, making a plain whose surface moved with the wind. The reeds not yet tall. The lake clear to the bottom, but saw no fish. In the evening I stuck peas, watered the garden, and planted brocoli. Did not walk, for it was very cold. A poor girl called to beg, who had no work, and was going in search of it to Kendal. She slept in Mr. Benson's . . . and went off after breakfast in the morning with 7d. and a letter to the Mayor of Kendal.

Tuesday 10th.—A cold, yet sunshiny morning. John carried letters to Ambleside. Wm. stuck peas. After dinner he lay down. John not at home. I stuck peas alone. Cold showers with hail and rain, but at half-past five, after a heavy rain, the lake became calm and very beautiful. Those parts of the water which were perfectly unruffled lay like green islands of various shapes. William and I walked to Ambleside to seek lodgings for C. No letters. No papers. It was a very cold cheerless evening. John had been fishing in Langdale and was gone to bed.

A very tall woman, tall much beyond the measure of tall women, called at the door. She had on a very long brown cloak and a very white cap, without bonnet. Her face was excessively brown, but it had plainly once been fair. She led a little bare-footed child about two years old by the hand, and said her husband, who was a tinker, was gone before with the other children. I gave her a piece of bread. Afterwards on my way to Ambleside, beside the bridge at Rydale, I saw her husband sitting by the roadside, his two asses feeding beside him, and the two young children at play upon the grass. The man did not beg. I passed on and about a quarter of a mile further I saw two boys before me, one about 10, the other about 8 years old, at play chasing a butterfly. They were wild figures, not very ragged, but without shoes and stockings. The hat of the elder was wreathed round with yellow flowers, the younger whose hat was only a rimless crown, had stuck it round with laurel leaves. They continued at play till I drew very near, and then they addressed me with the begging cant and the whining voice of sorrow. I said "I served your mother this morning." (The boys were so like the woman who had called at the door that I could not be mistaken.) "O!" says the elder, "you could not serve my mother for she's dead, and my father's on at the next town —he's a potter." I persisted in my assertion, and that I would give them nothing. Says the elder, "Let's away," and away they flew like lightning. They had however sauntered so long in their road that they did not reach Ambleside before me, and I saw them go up to Matthew Harrison's house with their wallet upon the elder's shoulder, and creeping with a beggar's complaining foot. On my return through Ambleside I met in the street the mother driving her asses, in the two panniers of one of which were the two little children, whom she was chiding and threatening with a wand which she used to drive on her asses, while the little things hung in wantonness over the pannier's edge. The woman had told me in the

morning that she was of Scotland, which her accent fully proved, but that she had lived (I think at Wigton), that they could not keep a house and so they travelled.[1]

Wednesday, 13th June.[2]—A very cold morning. We went on the lake to set pike floats with John's fish. W. and J. went first alone. Mr. Simpson called, and I accompanied him to the lake side. My brothers and I again went upon the water, and returned to dinner. We landed upon the island where I saw the whitest hawthorn I have seen this year, the generality of hawthorns are bloomless. I saw wild roses in the hedges. Wm. and John went to the pike floats. They brought in two pikes. I sowed kidney beans and spinnach. A cold evening. Molly stuck the peas. I weeded a little. Did not walk.

Thursday, 14th June.—William and I went upon the water to set pike floats. John fished under Loughrigg. We returned to dinner, two pikes boiled and roasted. A very cold air but warm sun. W. and I again went upon the water. We walked to Rydale after tea, and up to potter's. A cold night, but warmer.

Friday.—A rainy morning. W. and J. went upon the lake. Very warm, and pleasant gleams of sunshine. Caught a pike 7½ lbs. Went upon the water after tea, Mr. Simpson trolling.

Saturday.—A fine morning but cloudy. W. and John went upon the lake. I staid at home. We drank tea at Mr. Simpson's. Stayed till after 10 o'clock.

Sunday.—John walked to Coniston. W. and I sauntered in the garden. Afterwards walked by the lake side. A cold air. We pushed through the wood. Walked behind the fir grove, and returned to dinner. The farmer and the blacksmith from Hawkshead called.

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[1] Compare the poem *Beggars*, in the "Poetical Works," vol. ii. pp. 276-281.—ED.

[2] This and the two following dates are incorrectly given. They should be "Wednesday 11th, Thursday 12th, and Friday 13th June."—ED.

Monday.—Wm. and I went to Brathay by Little Langdale and Collath and Skelleth. It was a warm mild morning with threatening rain. The vale of Little Langdale looked bare and unlovely. Collath was wild and interesting, from the peat carts and peat gatherers. The valley all perfumed with the gale and wild thyme. The woods about the waterfall veined with rich yellow broom. A succession of delicious views from Skelleth to Brathay. We met near Skelleth a pretty little boy with a wallet over his shoulder. He came from Hawkshead and was going to "late a lock" of meal. He spoke gently and without complaint. When I asked him if he got enough to eat, he looked surprised, and said Nay. He was 7 years old but seemed not more than 5. We drank tea at Mr. Ibbetson's, and returned by Ambleside. Lent £3 : 9s. to the potter at Kendal. Met John on our return home at about 10 o'clock. Saw a primrose in blossom.

Tuesday.—We put the new window in. I ironed, and worked about a good deal in house and garden. In the evening we walked for letters. Found one for Coleridge at Rydale, and I returned much tired.

Wednesday.—We walked round the lake in the morning and in the evening to the lower waterfall at Rydale. It was a warm, dark, lowering evening.

Thursday.—A very hot morning. W. and I walked up to Mr. Simpson's. W. and old Mr. S. went to fish in Wytheburn water. I dined with John and lay under the trees. The afternoon changed from clear to cloudy, and to clear again. John and I walked up to the waterfall, and to Mr. Simpson's; and with Miss Simpson met the fishers. W. caught a pike weighing $4\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. There was a gloom almost terrible over Grasmere water and vale. A few drops fell but not much rain. No Coleridge, whom we fully expected.

Friday.—I worked in the garden in the morning. Wm. prepared pea sticks. Threatening for rain, but yet it comes not. On Wednesday evening a poor man called—a potter. He had been long ill, but was now recovered.

The parish would not help him, because he had implements of trade, etc. etc. We gave him 6d.

Saturday.—Walked up the hill to Rydale lake. Grasmere looked so beautiful that my heart was almost melted away. It was quite calm, only spotted with sparkles of light; the church visible. On our return all distant objects had faded away, all but the hills. The reflection of the light bright sky above Black Quarter was very solemn. . .

Sunday.— . . . In the evening I planted a honeysuckle round the yew tree. . . . No news of Coleridge. . . .

Monday.—Mr. Simpson called in the morning. W. and I went into Langdale to fish. The morning was very cold. I sate at the foot of the lake, till my head ached with cold. The view exquisitely beautiful, through a gate, and under a sycamore tree beside the first house going into Loughrigg. Elter-water looked barren, and the view from the church less beautiful than in winter. When W. went down to the water to fish, I lay under the wind, my head pillowed upon a mossy rock, and slept about 10 minutes, which relieved my headache. We ate our dinner together, and parted again. . . . W. went to fish for pike in Rydale. John came in when I had done tea and he and I carried a jug of tea to William. We met him in the old road from Rydale. He drank his tea upon the turf. The setting sun threw a red purple light upon the rocks, and stone walls of Rydale, which gave them a most interesting and beautiful appearance.

Tuesday.—W. went to Ambleside. John walked out. I made tarts, etc. Mrs. B. Simpson called and asked us to tea. I went to the view of Rydale, to meet William. W. and I drank tea at Mr. Simpson's. Brought down lemon-thyme, greens, etc. The old woman was very happy to see us, and we were so in the pleasure we gave. She was an affecting picture of patient disappointment, suffering under no particular affliction.

Wednesday.—A very rainy day. I made a shoe. Wm. and John went to fish in Langdale in the

evening. I went above the house, and gathered flowers, which I planted, foxgloves, etc. On Sunday[1] Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge and Hartley came. The day was very warm. We sailed to the foot of Loughrigg. They staid with us three weeks, and till the Thursday following, *i.e.* till the 23rd of July.[2] On the Friday preceding their departure, we drank tea at the island. The weather very delightful, and on the Sunday we made a great fire, and drank tea in Bainriggs with the Simpsons. I accompanied Mrs. C. to Wytheburne, and returned with W. to tea at Mr. Simpson's. It was exceedingly hot, but the day after, Friday 24th July,[3] still hotter. All the morning I was engaged in unpacking our Somersetshire goods. The house was a hot oven. I was so weary, I could not walk: so I went out, and sate with Wm. in the orchard. We had a delightful half-hour in the warm still evening.

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Saturday, 26*th*.—Still hotter. I sate with W. in the orchard all the morning, and made my shoe. . . .

Sunday, 27*th*.—Very warm. . . . I wrote out *Ruth* in the afternoon. In the morning, I read Mr. Knight's *Landscape*.[4] After tea we rowed down to Loughrigg Fell, visited the white foxglove, gathered wild strawberries, and walked up to view Rydale. We lay a long time looking at the lake; the shores all embrowned with the scorching sun. The ferns were turning yellow, that is, here and there one was quite turned. We walked round by Benson's wood home. The lake was now most still, and reflected the beautiful yellow and blue and

[1] Coleridge arrived at Grasmere on Sunday 29th June.—ED.

[2] The dates here given are confusing. S. T. C. says he was ill at Grasmere, and stayed a fortnight. In a letter to Tom Poole he says he arrived at Keswick on 24th July, which was a Thursday.—ED.

[3] That Friday was the 25th July. The two next dates were incorrectly entered by Dorothy.—ED.

[4] *The Landscape: a Didactic Poem in three Books.* By Richard Payne Knight. 1794.—ED.

purple and grey colours of the sky. We heard a strange sound in the Bainriggs wood, as we were floating on the water; it *seemed* in the wood, but it must have been above it, for presently we saw a raven very high above us. It called out, and the dome of the sky seemed to echo the sound. It called again and again as it flew onwards, and the mountains gave back the sound, seeming as if from their centre; a musical bell-like answering to the bird's hoarse voice. We heard both the call of the bird, and the echo, after we could see him no longer. . . .[1]

Monday.—Received a letter from Coleridge enclosing one from Mr. Davy about the *Lyrical Ballads.* Intensely hot. . . . William went into the wood, and altered his poems. . . .

. . . . . .

Thursday.—All the morning I was busy copying poems. Gathered peas, and in the afternoon Coleridge came. He brought the 2nd volume of the Anthology. The men went to bathe, and we afterwards sailed down to Loughrigg. Read poems on the water, and let the boat take its own course. We walked a long time upon Loughrigg. I returned in the grey twilight. The moon just setting as we reached home.

Friday, 1st August.—In the morning I copied *The Brothers.* Coleridge and Wm. went down to the lake. They returned, and we all went together to Mary Point, where we sate in the breeze, and the shade, and read Wm.'s poems. Altered *The Whirlblast,* etc. We drank tea in the orchard.

Saturday Morning, 2nd.—Wm. and Coleridge went to Keswick. John went with them to Wytheburn, and staid all day fishing, and brought home 2 small pikes at night. I accompanied them to Lewthwaite's cottage, and on my return papered Wm.'s room. . . . About 8 o'clock it gathered for rain, and I had the scatterings of a

[1] Compare *The Excursion,* book iv. ll. 1185-1195.—Ed.

shower, but afterwards the lake became of a glassy calmness, and all was still. I sate till I could see no longer, and then continued my work in the house.

Sunday Morning, 3*rd*.— . . . A heavenly warm evening, with scattered clouds upon the hills. There was a vernal greenness upon the grass, from the rains of the morning and afternoon. Peas for dinner.

Monday 4*th*.—Rain in the night. I tied up scarlet beans, nailed the honeysuckles, etc. etc. John was prepared to walk to Keswick all the morning. He seized a returned chaise and went after dinner. I pulled a large basket of peas and sent to Keswick by a returned chaise. A very cold evening. Assisted to spread out linen in the morning.

Tuesday 5*th*.—Dried the linen in the morning. The air still cold. I pulled a bag full of peas for Mrs. Simpson. Miss Simpson drank tea with me, and supped, on her return from Ambleside. A very fine evening. I sate on the wall making my shifts till I could see no longer. Walked half-way home with Miss Simpson.

Wednesday, 6*th August*.— . . . William came home from Keswick at eleven o'clock.

Thursday Morning, 7*th August*.— . . . William composing in the wood in the morning. In the evening we walked to Mary Point. A very fine sunset.

Friday Morning.—We intended going to Keswick, but were prevented by the excessive heat. Nailed up scarlet beans in the morning. . . . Walked over the mountains by Wattendlath. . . . A most enchanting walk. Wattendlath a heavenly scene. Reached Coleridge's at eleven o'clock.

Saturday Morning.—I walked with Coleridge in the Windy Brow woods.

Sunday.—Very hot. The C.'s went to church. We sailed upon Derwent in the evening.

Monday Afternoon.—Walked to Windy Brow.

Tuesday.— . . . Wm. and I walked along the Cockermouth road. He was altering his poems.

Wednesday.—Made the Windy Brow seat.

Thursday Morning.—Called at the Speddings. In the evening walked in the wood with W. Very very beautiful the moon.

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Sunday, 17th August.— . . . William read us *The Seven Sisters.*

. . . . . .

Saturday, 23rd.—A very fine morning. Wm. was composing all the morning. I shelled peas, gathered beans, and worked in the garden till ½ past 12. Then walked with Wm. in the wood. . . . The gleams of sunshine, and the stirring trees, and gleaming boughs, cheerful lake, most delightful. . . . Wm. read *Peter Bell* and the poem of *Joanna*, beside the Rothay by the roadside.

. . . . . .

Tuesday, 26th.— . . . A very fine solemn evening. The wind blew very fierce from the islands at Rydale. We went on the other side of Rydale, and sate a long time looking at the mountains, which were all black at Grasmere, and very bright in Rydale; Grasmere exceedingly dark, and Rydale of a light yellow green.

. . . . . .

Friday Evening [29th August].—We walked to Rydale to inquire for letters. We walked over the hill by the firgrove. I sate upon a rock, and observed a flight of swallows gathering together high above my head. They flew towards Rydale. We walked through the wood over the stepping-stones. The lake of Rydale very beautiful, partly still. John and I left Wm. to compose an inscription; that about the path. We had a very fine walk by the gloomy lake. There was a curious yellow reflection in the water, as of corn fields. There was no light in the clouds from which it appeared to come.

Saturday Morning, 30*th August.*— . . . William finished his Inscription of the Pathway, then walked in the wood ; and when John returned, he sought him, and they bathed together. I read a little of Boswell's *Life of Johnson.* I went to lie down in the orchard. I was roused by a shout that Anthony Harrison was come. We sate in the orchard till tea time. Drank tea early, and rowed down the lake which was stirred by breezes. We looked at Rydale, which was soft, cheerful, and beautiful. We then went to peep into Langdale. The Pikes were very grand. We walked back to the view of Rydale, which was now a dark mirror. We rowed home over a lake still as glass, and then went to George Mackareth's to hire a horse for John. A fine moonlight night. The beauty of the moon was startling, as it rose to us over Loughrigg Fell. We returned to supper at 10 o'clock. Thomas Ashburner brought us our 8th cart of coals since May 17th.

Sunday, 31*st.*— . . . A great deal of corn is cut in the vale, and the whole prospect, though not tinged with a general autumnal yellow, yet softened down into a mellowness of colouring, which seems to impart softness to the forms of hills and mountains. At 11 o'clock Coleridge came, when I was walking in the still clear moonshine in the garden. He came over Helvellyn. Wm. was gone to bed, and John also, worn out with his ride round Coniston. We sate and chatted till half-past three, . . . Coleridge read us a part of *Christabel.* Talked much about the mountains, etc. etc. . . .

Monday Morning, 1*st September.*—We walked in the wood by the lake. W. read *Joanna*, and the *Firgrove*, to Coleridge. They bathed. The morning was delightful, with somewhat of an autumnal freshness. After dinner, Coleridge discovered a rock-seat in the orchard. Cleared away brambles. Coleridge went to bed after tea. John and I followed Wm. up the

hill, and then returned to go to Mr. Simpson's. We borrowed some bottles for bottling rum. The evening somewhat frosty and grey, but very pleasant. I broiled Coleridge a mutton chop, which he ate in bed. Wm. was gone to bed. I chatted with John and Coleridge till near 12.

Tuesday, 2nd.—In the morning they all went to Stickle Tarn. A very fine, warm, sunny, beautiful morning. . . . The fair-day. . . . There seemed very few people and very few stalls, yet I believe there were many cakes and much beer sold. My brothers came home to dinner at 6 o'clock. We drank tea immediately after by candlelight. It was a lovely moonlight night. We talked much about a house on Helvellyn. The moonlight shone only upon the village. It did not eclipse the village lights, and the sound of dancing and merriment came along the still air. I walked with Coleridge and Wm. up the lane and by the church, and then lingered with Coleridge in the garden. John and Wm. were both gone to bed, and all the lights out.

Wednesday, 3rd September.—Coleridge, Wm., and John went from home, to go upon Helvellyn with Mr. Simpson. They set out after breakfast. I accompanied them up near the blacksmith's. . . . I then went to a funeral at John Dawson's. About 10 men and 4 women. Bread, cheese, and ale. They talked sensibly and cheerfully about common things. The dead person, 56 years of age, buried by the parish. The coffin was neatly lettered and painted black, and covered with a decent cloth. They set the corpse down at the door; and, while we stood within the threshold, the men with their hats off sang with decent and solemn countenances a verse of a funeral psalm. The corpse was then borne down the hill, and they sang till they had passed the Town-End. I was affected to tears while we stood in the house, the coffin lying before me. There were no near kindred, no children. When we got out of the dark house the sun was shining, and the prospect looked

as divinely beautiful as I ever saw it. It seemed more sacred than I had ever seen it, and yet more allied to human life. The green fields, neighbours of the churchyard, were as green as possible; and, with the brightness of the sunshine, looked quite gay. I thought she was going to a quiet spot, and I could not help weeping very much. When we came to the bridge, they began to sing again, and stopped during four lines before they entered the churchyard. . . . Wm. and John came home at 10 o'clock.

. . . . . .

Friday, 12*th September*.— . . . The fern of the mountains now spreads yellow veins among the trees; the coppice wood turns brown. William observed some affecting little things in Borrowdale. A decayed house with the tall, silent rocks seen through the broken windows. A sort of rough column put upon the gable end of a house, with a ball stone, smooth from the river, placed upon it for ornament. Near it, a stone like it, upon an old mansion, carefully hewn.

Saturday, 13*th September*. — Morning. William writing his Preface[1]—did not walk. Jones, and Mr. Palmer came to tea. . . .

Sunday morning, 14*th*.— . . . A lovely day. Read Boswell in the house in the morning, and after dinner under the bright yellow leaves of the orchard. The pear trees a bright yellow. The apple trees still green. A sweet lovely afternoon. . . .

Here I have long neglected my Journal. John came home in the evening, after Jones left. Jones returned again on the Friday, the 19th September. Jones stayed with us till Friday, 26th September. Coleridge came on Tuesday 23rd, and went home with Jones. Charles Lloyd called on Tuesday, 23rd.

Sunday, 28*th*.—We heard of the Abergavenny's arrival. . . .

[1] The Preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*.—Ed.

Monday, 29*th*.—John left us. Wm. and I parted with him in sight of Ullswater. It was a fine day, showery, but with sunshine and fine clouds. Poor fellow, my heart was right sad. I could not help thinking we should see him again, because he was only going to Penrith.

Tuesday, 30*th September*.—Charles Lloyd dined with us. We walked homewards with him after dinner. It rained very hard. Rydale was extremely wild, and we had a fine walk. We sate quietly and comfortably by the fire. I wrote the last sheet of Notes and Preface.[1] Went to bed at twelve o'clock.

Wednesday, 1*st October*.—A fine morning, a showery night. The lake still in the morning; in the forenoon flashing light from the beams of the sun, as it was ruffled by the wind. We corrected the last sheet.[1]

Thursday, 2*nd October*.—A very rainy morning. We walked after dinner to observe the torrents. I followed Wm. to Rydale. He afterwards went to Butterlip How. The Black Quarter looked marshy, and the general prospect was cold, but the *force* was very grand. The lichens are now coming out afresh. I carried home a collection in the afternoon. We had a pleasant conversation about the manners of the rich; avarice, inordinate desires, and the effeminacy, unnaturalness, and unworthy objects of education. The moonlight lay upon the hills like snow.

Friday, 3*rd October*.—Very rainy all the morning. Wm. walked to Ambleside after dinner. I went with him part of the way. He talked much about the object of his essay for the second volume of "L. B." . . . Amos Cottle's death in the *Morning Post*.

N.B.—When William and I returned from accompanying Jones, we met an old man almost double. He had on a coat, thrown over his shoulders, above his

[1] *i.e.* of the Notes and Preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*.—ED.

waistcoat and coat. Under this he carried a bundle, and had an apron on and a night-cap. His face was interesting. He had dark eyes and a long nose. John, who afterwards met him at Wytheburn, took him for a Jew. He was of Scotch parents, but had been born in the army. He had had a wife, and "she was a good woman, and it pleased God to bless us with ten children." All these were dead but one, of whom he had not heard for many years, a sailor. His trade was to gather leeches, but now leeches are scarce, and he had not strength for it. He lived by begging, and was making his way to Carlisle, where he should buy a few godly books to sell. He said leeches were very scarce, partly owing to this dry season, but many years they have been scarce. He supposed it owing to their being much sought after, that they did not breed fast, and were of slow growth. Leeches were formerly 2s. 6d. per 100; they are now 30s. He had been hurt in driving a cart, his leg broken, his body driven over, his skull fractured. He felt no pain till he recovered from his first insensibility. It was then late in the evening, when the light was just going away.[1]

Saturday, 4th October 1800.—A very rainy, or rather showery and gusty, morning; for often the sun shines. Thomas Ashburner could not go to Keswick. Read a part of Lamb's Play.[2] The language is often very beautiful, but too imitative in particular phrases, words, etc. The characters, except Margaret, unintelligible, and, except Margaret's, do not show themselves in action. Coleridge came in while we were at dinner, very wet. We talked till twelve o'clock. He had sate up all the night before, writing essays for the newspaper. . . . Exceedingly delighted with the second part of *Christabel.*

[1] Compare *Resolution and Independence*, in the "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 312.—ED.

[2] *Pride's Cure.* The title was afterwards changed to *John Woodvill.*—ED.

Sunday Morning, 5*th October*.—Coleridge read *Christabel* a second time; we had increasing pleasure. A delicious morning. Wm. and I were employed all the morning in writing an addition to the Preface. Wm. went to bed, very ill after working after dinner. Coleridge and I walked to Ambleside after dark with the letter. Returned to tea at 9 o'clock. Wm. still in bed, and very ill. Silver How in both lakes.

Monday.—A rainy day. Coleridge intending to go, but did not get off. We walked after dinner to Rydale. After tea read *The Pedlar*. Determined not to print *Christabel* with the L. B.

Tuesday.—Coleridge went off at eleven o'clock. I went as far as Mr. Simpson's. Returned with Mary.

Wednesday.—Frequent threatening of showers. Received a £5 note from Montagu. Wm. walked to Rydale. I copied a part of *The Beggar* in the morning. . . . A very mild moonlight night. Glow-worms everywhere.

. . . . . .

Friday, 10*th October*.—In the morning when I arose the mists were hanging over the opposite hills, and the tops of the highest hills were covered with snow. There was a most lovely combination at the head of the vale of the yellow autumnal hills wrapped in sunshine, and overhung with partial mists, the green and yellow trees, and the distant snow-topped mountains. It was a most heavenly morning. The Cockermouth traveller came with thread, hardware, mustard, etc. She is very healthy; has travelled over the mountains these thirty years. She does not mind the storms, if she can keep her goods dry. Her husband will not travel with an ass, because it is the tramper's badge; she would have one to relieve her from the weary load. She was going to Ulverston, and was to return to Ambleside Fair. . . . The fern among the rocks exquisitely beautiful. . . . Sent off *The Beggars*, etc., by Thomas Ashburner. . . . William sat up after me, writing *Point Rash Judgment*.

Saturday, 11*th*.—A fine October morning. Sat in

the house working all the morning. William composing. . . . After dinner we walked up Greenhead Gill in search of a sheepfold. We went by Mr. Olliff's, and through his woods. It was a delightful day, and the views looked excessively cheerful and beautiful, chiefly that from Mr. Olliff's field, where our own house is to be built. The colours of the mountains soft, and rich with orange fern; the cattle pasturing upon the hilltops; kites sailing in the sky above our heads; sheep bleating and in lines and chains and patterns scattered over the mountains. They come down and feed, on the little green islands in the beds of the torrents, and so may be swept away. The sheepfold is falling away. It is built nearly in the form of a heart unequally divided. Looked down the brook, and saw the drops rise upwards and sparkle in the air at the little falls. The higher sparkled the tallest. We walked along the turf of the mountain till we came to a track, made by the cattle which come upon the hills. . . .

Sunday, October 12th.—Sate in the house writing in the morning while Wm. went into the wood to compose. Wrote to John in the morning; copied poems for the L. B. In the evening wrote to Mrs. Rawson. Mary Jameson and Sally Ashburner dined. We pulled apples after dinner, a large basket full. We walked before tea by Bainriggs to observe the many-coloured foliage. The oaks dark green with yellow leaves, the birches generally still green, some near the water yellowish, the sycamore crimson and crimson-tufted, the mountain ash a deep orange, the common ash lemon-colour, but many ashes still fresh in their summer green. Those that were discoloured chiefly near the water. Wm. composing in the evening. Went to bed at 12 o'clock.

Monday, October 13th.—A grey day. Mists on the hills. We did not walk in the morning. I copied poems on the Naming of Places. A fair at Ambleside. Walked in the Black Quarter at night.

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Wednesday.—A very fine clear morning. After Wm. had composed a little, I persuaded him to go into the orchard. We walked backwards and forwards. The prospect most divinely beautiful from the seat; all colours, all melting into each other. I went in to put bread in the oven, and we both walked within view of Rydale. Wm. again composed at the sheepfold after dinner. I walked with him to Wytheburn, and he went on to Keswick. I drank tea, and supped at Mr. Simpson's. A very cold frosty air in returning. Mr. and Miss S. came with me. Wytheburn looked very wintry, but yet there was a foxglove blossoming by the roadside.

. . . . . .

Friday, 17th.—A very fine grey morning. The swan hunt. . . . I walked round the lake between ½ past 12, and ½ past one. . . . In my walk in the morning, I observed Benson's honey-suckles in flower, and great beauty. I found Wm. at home, where he had been almost ever since my departure. Coleridge had done nothing for the L. B. Working hard for Stuart.[1] Glow-worms in abundance.

Saturday.—A very fine October morning. William worked all the morning at the sheepfold, but in vain. He lay down in the afternoon till 7 o'clock, but could not sleep. . . . We did not walk all day. . . .

Sunday Morning.—We rose late, and walked directly after breakfast. The tops of Grasmere mountains cut off. Rydale very beautiful. The surface of the water quite still, like a dim mirror. The colours of the large island exquisitely beautiful, and the trees, still fresh and green, were magnified by the mists. The prospects on the west side of the Lake were very beautiful. We sate at the "two points"[2] looking up to Park's. The lowing of the cattle was echoed by a hollow voice in Knab Scar. We

[1] The editor of *The Morning Post.*—ED.
[2] Mary Point and Sarah Point.—ED.

returned home over the stepping-stones. Wm. got to work. . . .

Monday, 20*th.*—William worked in the morning at the sheepfold. After dinner we walked to Rydale, crossed the stepping-stones, and while we were walking under the tall oak trees the Lloyds called out to us. They went with us on the western side of Rydale. The lights were very grand upon the woody Rydale hills. Those behind dark and topped with clouds. The two lakes were divinely beautiful. Grasmere excessively solemn, the whole lake calm, and dappled with soft grey ripples. The Lloyds staid with us till 8 o'clock. We then walked to the top of the hill at Rydale. Very mild and warm. About 6 glow-worms shining faintly. We went up as far as the grove. When we came home the fire was out. We ate our supper in the dark, and went to bed immediately. William was disturbed in the night by the rain coming into his room, for it was a very rainy night. The ash leaves lay across the road.

Tuesday, 21*st.*— . . . Wm. had been unsuccessful in the morning at the sheepfold. The reflection of the ash scattered, and the tree stripped.

Wednesday Morning.— . . . Wm. composed without much success at the sheepfold. Coleridge came in to dinner. He had done nothing. We were very merry. C. and I went to look at the prospect from his seat. . . . Wm. read *Ruth*, etc., after supper. Coleridge *Christabel.*

Thursday, 23*rd.*—Coleridge and Stoddart went to Keswick. We accompanied them to Wytheburn. A wintry grey morning from the top of the Raise. Grasmere looked like winter, and Wytheburn still more so. . . . Wm. was not successful in composition in the evening.

Friday, 24*th.*—A very fine morning. We walked, before Wm. began to work, to the top of the Rydale hill. He was afterwards only partly successful in composition. After dinner we walked round Rydale lake, rich, calm, streaked, very beautiful. We went to the

top of Loughrigg. Grasmere sadly inferior. . . . The ash in our garden green, one close to it bare, the next nearly so.

Saturday.—A very rainy day. Wm. again unsuccessful. We could not walk, it was so very rainy. We read Rogers, Miss Seward, Cowper, etc.

Sunday.—Heavy rain all night, a fine morning after 10 o'clock. Wm. composed a good deal in the morning. . . .

Monday, 27th October.— . . . Wm. in the firgrove. I had before walked with him there for some time. It was a fine shelter from the wind. The coppices now nearly of one brown. An oak tree in a sheltered place near John Fisher's, not having lost any of its leaves, was quite brown and dry. . . . It was a fine wild moonlight night. Wm. could not compose much. Fatigued himself with altering.

Tuesday, 28th.— . . . We walked out before dinner to our favourite field. The mists sailed along the mountains, and rested upon them, enclosing the whole vale. In the evening the Lloyds came. We played a rubber at whist. . . .

Wednesday.—William worked at his poem all the morning. After dinner, Mr. Clarkson called. . . . Played at cards. . . . Mr. Clarkson slept here.

Thursday.—A rainy morning. Mr. C. went over Kirkstone. Wm. talked all day, and almost all night, with Stoddart. Mrs. and Miss Ll. called in the morning. I walked with them to Tail End.[1]

Friday Night.— . . . W. and I did not rise till 10 o'clock. . . . A very fine moonlight night. The moon shone like herrings in the water.

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Tuesday.— . . . Tremendous wind. The snow blew from Helvellyn horizontally like smoke. . . .

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[1] On the western side of Grasmere Lake.—ED.

Thursday, 6*th November*.— . . . Read *Point Rash Judgment*. . . .

Friday, 7*th November*.— . . . I working and reading *Amelia*. The Michaelmas daisy droops, the pansies are full of flowers, the ashes opposite are green all but one, but they have lost many of their leaves. The copses are quite brown. The poor woman and child from Whitehaven drank tea. . . .

Saturday, 8*th November*.—A rainy morning. A whirlwind came that tossed about the leaves, and tore off the still green leaves of the ashes. Wm. and I walked out at 4 o'clock. Went as far as Rothay Bridge. . . . The whole face of the country in a winter covering.

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Monday.— . . . Jupiter over the hilltops, the only star, like a sun, flashed out at intervals from behind a black cloud.

Tuesday Morning.— . . . William had been working at the sheepfold. . . . Played at cards. A mild night, partly clouded, partly starlight. The cottage lights. The mountains not very distinct.

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Thursday.—We sate in the house all the morning. Rainy weather, played at cards. A poor woman from Hawkshead begged, a widow of Grasmere. A merry African from Longtown. . . .

Friday.—Much wind, but a sweet mild morning. I nailed up trees. . . . Two letters from Coleridge, very ill. One from Sara H. . . .

Saturday Morning.—A terrible rain, so William prevented from going to Coleridge's. The afternoon fine. . . . We both set forward at five o'clock. A fine wild night. I walked with W. over the Raise. It was starlight. I parted with him very sad, unwilling not to go on. The hills, and the stars, and the white waters, with their ever varying yet ceaseless sound, were very impressive. I supped at the Simpsons'. Mr. S. walked home with me.

Sunday, 16*th November*.—A very fine warm sunny morning. A letter from Coleridge, and one from Stoddart. Coleridge better. . . . One beautiful ash tree sheltered, with yellow leaves, one low one quite green. A noise of boys in the rocks hunting some animal. Walked a little in the garden when I came home. Very pleasant now. Rain comes on. Mr. Jackson called in the evening, brought me a letter from C. and W.

Monday Morning.—A fine clear frosty morning with a sharp wind. I walked to Keswick. Set off at 5 minutes past 10, and arrived at ½ past 2. I found them all well.

On *Tuesday* morning W. and C. set off towards Penrith. Wm. met Sara Hutchinson at Threlkeld. They arrived at Keswick at tea time.

Wednesday.—We walked by the lake side and they went to Mr. Denton's. I called upon the Miss Cochyns.

Thursday.—We spent the morning in the town. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Peach dined with us.

Friday.—A very fine day. Went to Mrs. Greaves'. Mrs. C. and I called upon the Speddings. A beautiful crescent moon.

Saturday Morning.—After visiting Mr. Peach's Chinese pictures we set off to Grasmere. A threatening and rather rainy morning. Arrived at G. very dirty and a little wet at the closing in of evening.

Sunday.—Wm. not well. I baked bread and pie for dinner.

Monday.—A fine morning. Sara and I walked to Rydale. After dinner we went to Lloyd's, and drank tea, and supped. A sharp cold night, with sleet and snow.

Tuesday.—Read *Tom Jones*.

Wednesday.—. . . Wm. very well. We had a delightful walk up into Easedale. The tops of the mountains covered with snow, frosty and sunny, the roads slippery. A letter from Mary. The Lloyds drank tea. We walked with them near to Ambleside. A beautiful moonlight

night. Sara and I walked home. William very well, and highly poetical.

Thursday, 27th November.—Wrote to Tom Hutchinson to desire him to bring Mary with him. A thaw, and the ground covered with snow. Sara and I walked before dinner.

Friday.—Coleridge walked over. Miss Simpson drank tea with us. William walked home with her. Coleridge was very unwell. He went to bed before Wm.'s return.

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Sunday, 30th November.—A very fine clear morning. Snow upon the ground everywhere. Sara and I walked towards Rydale by the upper road, and were obliged to return, because of the snow. Walked by moonlight.

Monday.—A thaw in the night, and the snow was entirely gone. Coleridge unable to go home. We walked by moonlight.

Tuesday, 2nd December.—A rainy morning. Coleridge was obliged to set off. Sara and I met C. Lloyd and P. —turned back with them. I walked round the 2 lakes with Charles, very pleasant. We all walked to Ambleside. A pleasant moonlight evening, but not clear. It came on a terrible evening. Hail, and wind, and cold, and rain.

Wednesday, 3rd December.—We lay in bed till 11 o'clock. Wrote to John, and M. H. William and Sara and I walked to Rydale after tea. A very fine frosty night. Sara and W. walked round the other side.

Thursday.—Coleridge came in, just as we finished dinner. We walked after tea by moonlight to look at Langdale covered with snow, the Pikes not grand, but the Old Man[1] very impressive. Cold and slippery, but exceedingly pleasant. Sat up till half-past one.

Friday Morning.—Terribly cold and rainy. Coleridge and Wm. set forward towards Keswick, but the wind in

[1] Coniston 'Old Man.'—ED.

Coleridge's eyes made him turn back. Sara and I had a grand bread and cake baking. We were very merry in the evening, but grew sleepy soon, though we did not go to bed till twelve o'clock.

Saturday.—Wm. accompanied Coleridge to the foot of the Raise. A very pleasant morning. Sara and I accompanied him half-way to Keswick. Thirlemere was very beautiful, even more so than in summer. William was not well, had laboured unsuccessfully. . . . A letter from M. H.

Sunday.—A fine morning. I read. Sara wrote to Hartley, Wm. to Mary, I to Mrs. C. We walked just before dinner to the lakeside, and found out a seat in a tree. Windy, but very pleasant. Sara and Wm. walked to the waterfalls at Rydale.

Monday, 8th December.—A sweet mild morning. I wrote to Mrs. Cookson, and Miss Griffith.

Tuesday, 9th.—I dined at Lloyd's. Wm. drank tea. Walked home. A pleasant starlight frosty evening. Reached home at one o'clock. Wm. finished his poem to-day.

Wednesday, 10th.—Walked to Keswick. Snow upon the ground. A very fine day. Ate bread and ale at John Stanley's. Found Coleridge better. Stayed at Keswick till Sunday 14th December.

Wednesday.—A very fine day. Writing all the morning for William.

Thursday.—Mrs. Coleridge and Derwent came. Sweeping chimneys.

Friday.—Baking.

Saturday.—Coleridge came. Very ill, rheumatic, feverish. Rain incessantly.

Monday.—S. and Wm. went to Lloyd's. Wm. dined. It rained very hard when he came home.

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IV

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL
WRITTEN AT GRASMERE
(From 10th October 1801 to 31st December 1801)

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL, WRITTEN AT GRASMERE, FROM 10TH OCTOBER 1801 TO 31ST DECEMBER 1801

Saturday, 10*th October* 1801.—Coleridge went to Keswick, after we had built Sara's seat.

Thursday, 15*th.*— . . . Coleridge came in to Mr. Luff's while we were at dinner. William and I walked up Loughrigg Fell, then by the waterside. . . .

Saturday, 24*th.*—Attempted Fairfield, but misty, and we went no further than Green Head Gill to the sheepfold; mild, misty, beautifully soft. Wm. and Tom put out the boat. . . .

Sunday, 25*th.*—Rode to Legberthwaite with Tom, expecting Mary. . . . Went upon Helvellyn. Glorious sights. The sea at Cartmel. The Scotch mountains beyond the sea to the right. Whiteside large, and round, and very soft, and green, behind us. Mists above and below, and close to us, with the sun amongst them. They shot down to the coves. Left John Stanley's[1] at 10 minutes past 12. Returned thither ¼ past 4, drank tea, ate heartily. Before we went on Helvellyn we got bread and cheese. Paid 4/ for the whole. Reached home at nine o'clock. A soft grey evening; the light of the moon, but she did not shine on us. Mary and I sate in C.'s room a while.

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Tuesday, 10*th* [*November*].—Poor C. left us, and we came home together. We left Keswick at 2 o'clock

[1] The landlord of Wytheburn Inn.—ED.

and did not arrive at Grasmere till 9 o'clock. I burnt myself with Coleridge's aquafortis. C. had a sweet day for his ride. Every sight and every sound reminded me of him—dear, dear fellow, of his many walks to us by day and by night, of all dear things. I was melancholy, and could not talk, but at last I eased my heart by weeping—nervous blubbering says William. It is not so. O! how many, many reasons have I to be anxious for him.

Wednesday, 11*th*.— . . . Put aside dearest C.'s letters, and now, at about 7 o'clock, we are all sitting by a nice fire. Wm. with his book and a candle, and Mary writing to Sara.

November 16*th*.— . . . Wm. is now, at 7 o'clock, reading Spenser. Mary is writing beside me. The little syke[1] murmurs.[2] We are quiet and happy, but poor Peggy Ashburner coughs, as if she would cough her life away. I am going to write to Coleridge and Sara. Poor C.! I hope he was in London yesterday. . . .

Tuesday, 17*th*.—A very rainy morning. We walked into Easedale before dinner. The coppices a beautiful brown. The oaks many, a very fine leafy shade. We stood a long time to look at the corner birch tree. The wind was among the light thin twigs, and they yielded to it, this way and that.

Wednesday, 18*th*.—We sate in the house in the morning reading Spenser. Wm. and Mary walked to Rydale. Very pleasant moonlight. The lakes beautiful. The church an image of peace. Wm. wrote some lines upon it.[3] Mary and I walked as far as Sara's Gate before supper. We stood there a long time, the whole scene impressive. The mountains indistinct, the Lake calm and partly ruffled. A sweet sound of water falling into the quiet Lake.[2] A storm was gathering in Easedale,

[1] A Cumberland word for a rillet.—ED.

[2] Compare *To a Highland Girl*, l. 8—

A murmur near the silent lake. ED.

[3] Probably some of the lines afterwards included in *The Excursion*.—ED.

so we returned; but the moon came out, and opened to us the church and village. Helm Crag in shade, the larger mountains dappled like a sky. We stood long upon the bridge. Wished for Wm. . . .

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Friday, 20*th*.—We walked in the morning to Easedale. In the evening we had cheerful letters from Coleridge and Sara.

Saturday, 21*st*.—We walked in the morning, and paid one pound and 4d. for letters. William out of spirits. We had a pleasant walk and spent a pleasant evening. There was a furious wind and cold at night. Mr. Simpson drank tea with us, and helped William out with the boat. Wm. and Mary walked to the Swan, homewards, with him. A keen clear frosty night. I went into the orchard while they were out.

Sunday, 22*nd*.—We wrote to Coleridge.

. . . . .

Tuesday, 24*th*.— . . . It was very windy, and we heard the wind everywhere about us as we went along the lane, but the walls sheltered us. John Green's house looked pretty under Silver How. As we were going along we were stopped at once, at the distance perhaps of 50 yards from our favourite birch tree. It was yielding to the gusty wind with all its tender twigs. The sun shone upon it, and it glanced in the wind like a flying sunshiny shower. It was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a Spirit of water. The sun went in, and it resumed its purplish appearance, the twigs still yielding to the wind, but not so visibly to us. The other birch trees that were near it looked bright and cheerful, but it was a creature by its own self among them. . . . We went through the wood. It became fair. There was a rainbow which spanned the lake from the island-house to the foot of Bainriggs. The village looked populous and beautiful. Catkins are coming out; palm trees budding; the alder, with its plum-coloured buds. We came home over the

stepping-stones. The lake was foamy with white waves. I saw a solitary butter-flower in the wood. . . . Reached home at dinner time. Sent Peggy Ashburner some goose. She sent me some honey, with a thousand thanks. "Alas! the gratitude of men has," etc.[1] I went in to set her right about this, and sate a while with her. She talked about Thomas's having sold his land. "Ay," says she, "I said many a time he's not come fra London to buy our land, however." Then she told me with what pains and industry they had made up their taxes, interest, etc. etc., how they all got up at 5 o'clock in the morning to spin and Thomas carded, and that they had paid off a hundred pounds of the interest. She said she used to take such pleasure in the cattle and sheep. "O how pleased I used to be when they fetched them down, and when I had been a bit poorly I would gang out upon a hill and look over 't fields and see them, and it used to do me so much good you cannot think." Molly said to me when I came in, "Poor body! she's very ill, but one does not know how long she may last. Many a fair face may gang before her." We sate by the fire without work for some time, then Mary read a poem of Daniel. . . . Wm. read Spenser, now and then, a little aloud to us. We were making his waistcoat. We had a note from Mrs. C., with bad news from poor C.—very ill. William went to John's Grove. I went to find him. Moonlight, but it rained. . . . He had been surprised and terrified by a sudden rushing of winds, which seemed to bring earth sky and lake together, as if the whole were going to enclose him in. He was glad he was in a high road.

In speaking of our walk on Sunday evening, the 22nd November, I forgot to notice one most impressive sight. It was the moon and the moonlight seen through hurrying driving clouds immediately behind the Stone-Man upon the top of the hill, on the forest side. Every

[1] See, in the "Poetical Works," *Simon Lee*, ll. 95, 96, vol. i. p. 268.—ED.

tooth and every edge of rock was visible, and the Man stood like a giant watching from the roof of a lofty castle. The hill seemed perpendicular from the darkness below it. It was a sight that I could call to mind at any time, it was so distinct.

Wednesday, 25*th November*.—It was a showery morning and threatened to be a wettish day, but the sun shone once or twice. We were engaged to the Lloyds and Wm. and Mary were determined to go that it might be over. I accompanied them to the thorn beside Rydale water. I parted from them first at the top of the hill, and they called me back. It rained a little, and rained afterwards all the afternoon. I baked bread, and wrote to Sara Hutchinson and Coleridge. I passed a pleasant evening, but the wind roared so, and it was such a storm that I was afraid for them. They came in at nine o'clock, no worse for their walk, and cheerful, blooming, and happy.

Thursday, 26*th*.—Mr. Olliff called before Wm. was up to say that they would drink tea with us this afternoon. We walked into Easedale, to gather mosses, and to fetch cream. I went for the cream, and they sate under a wall. It was piercing cold.

. . . . . .

Thursday, 3*rd December* 1801.—Wm. walked into Easedale. Hail and snow. . . . I wrote a little bit of my letter to Coleridge. . . .

Friday, 4*th*.— . . . Wm. translating *The Prioress's Tale*. William and Mary walked after tea to Rydale. I finished the letter to Coleridge, and we received a letter from him and Sara. C.'s letter written in good spirits. A letter of Lamb's about George Dyer with it.[1]

Saturday, 5*th*.— . . . Wm. finished *The Prioress's Tale*, and after tea Mary and he wrote it out. . . .

Sunday, 6*th*.—A very fine beautiful sunshiny morning. Wm. worked a while at Chaucer, then we set

[1] An unprinted letter.—ED.

forward to walk into Easedale. . . . We walked backwards and forwards in the flat field, which makes the second course of Easedale, with that beautiful rock in the field beside us, and all the rocks and the woods and the mountains enclosing us round. The sun was shining among them, the snow thinly scattered upon the tops of the mountains. In the afternoon we sate by the fire: I read Chaucer aloud, and Mary read the first canto of *The Fairy Queen*. After tea Mary and I walked to Ambleside for letters. . . . It was a sober starlight evening. The stars not shining as it were with all their brightness when they were visible, and sometimes hiding themselves behind small greyish clouds, that passed soberly along. We opened C.'s letter at Wilcock's door. We thought we saw that he wrote in good spirits, so we came happily homewards where we arrived 2 hours after we left home. It was a sad melancholy letter, and prevented us all from sleeping.

Monday Morning, 7th.—We rose by candlelight. A showery unpleasant morning, after a downright rainy night. We determined, however, to go to Keswick if possible, and we set off a little after 9 o'clock. When we were upon the Raise, it snowed very much; and the whole prospect closed in upon us, like a moorland valley, upon a moor very wild. But when we were at the top of the Raise we saw the mountains before us. The sun shone upon them, here and there; and Wytheburn vale, though wild, looked soft. The day went on cheerfully and pleasantly. Now and then a hail shower attacked us; but we kept up a good heart, for Mary is a famous jockey. . . . We reached Greta Hall at about one o'clock. Met Mrs. C. in the field. Derwent in the cradle asleep. Hartley at his dinner. Derwent pale, the image of his father. Hartley well. We wrote to C. Mrs. C. left us at ½ past 2. We drank tea by ourselves, the children playing about us. Mary said to Hartley, "Shall I take Derwent with me?" "No," says H., "I cannot spare my little brother," in the

sweetest tone possible, "and he can't do without his mamma." "Well," says Mary, "why can't I be his mamma? Can't he have more mammas than one?" "No," says H. "What for?" "Because they do not love, and mothers do." "What is the difference between mothers and mammas?" Looking at his sleeves, "Mothers wear sleeves like this, pulling his own tight down, and mammas" (pulling them up, and making a bustle about his shoulders) "so." We parted from them at 4 o'clock. It was a little of the dusk when we set off. Cotton mills lighted up. The first star at Nadel Fell, but it was never dark. We rode very briskly. Snow upon the Raise. Reached home at seven o'clock. William at work with Chaucer, *The God of Love.* Sate latish. I wrote a letter to Coleridge.

Tuesday, 8th December 1801.—A dullish, rainyish morning. Wm. at work with Chaucer. I read Bruce's *Lochleven.* . . . William worked at *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale* till he was tired. . . .

Wednesday Morning, 9th December.— . . . I read *Palemon and Arcite.* . . . William writing out his alteration of Chaucer's *Cuckoo and Nightingale.* . . . When I had finished a letter to C., . . . Mary and I walked into Easedale, and backwards and forwards in that large field under George Rawnson's white cottage. We had intended gathering mosses, and for that purpose we turned into the green lane, behind the tailor's, but it was too dark to see the mosses. The river came galloping past the Church, as fast as it could come; and when we got into Easedale we saw Churn Milk Force, like a broad stream of snow. At the little footbridge we stopped to look at the company of rivers, which came hurrying down the vale, this way and that. It was a valley of streams and islands, with that great waterfall at the head, and lesser falls in different parts of the mountains, coming down to these rivers. We could hear the sound of the lesser falls, but we could not *see* them. We walked backwards and

forwards till all distant objects, except the white shape of the waterfall and the lines of the mountains, were gone. We had the crescent moon when we went out, and at our return there were a few stars that shone dimly, but it was a grey cloudy night.

Thursday, 10*th December*.— . . . We walked into Easedale to gather mosses, and then we went . . . up the Gill, beyond that little waterfall. It was a wild scene of crag and mountain. One craggy point rose above the rest irregular and rugged, and very impressive it was. We were very unsuccessful in our search after mosses. Just when the evening was closing in, Mr. Clarkson came to the door. It was a fine frosty evening. We played at cards.

. . . . . .

Saturday, 12*th*.— . . . Snow upon the ground. . . . All looked cheerful and bright. Helm Crag rose very bold and craggy, a Being by itself, and behind it was the large ridge of mountain, smooth as marble and snow white. All the mountains looked like solid stone, on our left, going from Grasmere, *i.e.* White Moss and Nab Scar. The snow hid all the grass, and all signs of vegetation, and the rocks showed themselves boldly everywhere, and seemed more stony than rock or stone. The birches on the crags beautiful, red brown and glittering. The ashes glittering spears with their upright stems. The hips very beautiful, and so good!! and, dear Coleridge! I ate twenty for thee, when I was by myself. I came home first. They walked too slow for me. Wm. went to look at Langdale Pikes. We had a sweet invigorating walk. Mr. Clarkson came in before tea. We played at cards. Sate up late. The moon shone upon the waters below Silver How, and above it hung, combining with Silver How on one side, a bowl-shaped moon, the curve downwards, the white fields, glittering roof of Thomas Ashburner's house, the dark yew tree, the white fields gay and beautiful. Wm. lay with his curtains open that he might see it.

Sunday, 13*th.*—Mr. Clarkson left us, leading his horse. . . . The boy brought letters from Coleridge, and from Sara. Sara in bad spirits about C.

Monday, 14*th December.*—Wm. and Mary walked to Ambleside in the morning to buy mouse-traps. . . . I wrote to Coleridge a very long letter while they were absent. Sate by the fire in the evening reading.

. . . . . .

Thursday, 17*th.*—Snow in the night and still snowing. . . . Ambleside looked excessively beautiful as we came out—like a village in another country; and the light cheerful mountains were seen, in the long distance, as bright and as clear as at mid-day, with the blue sky above them. We heard waterfowl calling out by the lake side. Jupiter was very glorious above the Ambleside hills, and one large star hung over the coombe of the hills on the opposite side of Rydale water.

Friday, 18*th December* 1801.—Mary and Wm. walked round the two lakes. I staid at home to make bread. I afterwards went to meet them, and I met Wm. Mary had gone to look at Langdale Pikes. It was a cheerful glorious day. The birches and all trees beautiful, hips bright red, mosses green. I wrote to Coleridge.

. . . . . .

Sunday, 20*th December.*—It snowed all day. It was a very deep snow. The brooms were very beautiful, arched feathers with wiry stalks pointed to the end, smaller and smaller. They waved gently with the weight of the snow.

Monday 21*st* being the shortest day, Mary walked to Ambleside for letters. It was a wearisome walk, for the snow lay deep upon the roads and it was beginning to thaw. I stayed at home. Wm. sate beside me, and read *The Pedlar.* He was in good spirits, and full of hope of what he should do with it. He went to meet Mary, and they brought four letters—two from Coleridge, one from Sara, and one from France. Coleridge's were

melancholy letters. He had been very ill. We were made very unhappy. Wm. wrote to him, and directed the letter into Somersetshire. I finished it after tea. In the afternoon Mary and I ironed.

Tuesday, 22*nd*.— . . . Wm. composed a few lines of *The Pedlar*. We talked about Lamb's tragedy as we went down the White Moss. We stopped a long time in going to watch a little bird with a salmon-coloured breast, a white cross or T upon its wings, and a brownish back with faint stripes. . . . It began to peck upon the road at the distance of four yards from us, and advanced nearer and nearer till it came within the length of W.'s stick, without any apparent fear of us. As we came up the White Moss, we met an old man, who I saw was a beggar by his two bags hanging over his shoulder; but, from half laziness, half indifference, and wanting to *try* him, if he would speak, I let him pass. He said nothing, and my heart smote me. I turned back, and said, "You are begging?" "Ay," says he. I gave him a halfpenny. William, judging from his appearance, joined in, "I suppose you were a sailor?" "Ay," he replied, "I have been 57 years at sea, 12 of them on board a man-of-war under Sir Hugh Palmer." "Why have you not a pension?" "I have no pension, but I could have got into Greenwich hospital, but all my officers are dead." He was 75 years of age, had a freshish colour in his cheeks, grey hair, a decent hat with a binding round the edge, the hat worn brown and glossy, his shoes were small thin shoes low in the quarters, pretty good. They had belonged to a gentleman. His coat was blue, frock shaped, coming over his thighs. It had been joined up at the seams behind with paler blue, to let it out, and there were three bell-shaped patches of darker blue behind, where the buttons had been. His breeches were either of fustian, or grey cloth, with strings hanging down, whole and tight. He had a checked shirt on, and a small coloured handkerchief tied round his neck. His bags were hung over each shoulder, and lay on each

side of him, below his breast. One was brownish and of coarse stuff, the other was white with meal on the outside, and his blue waistcoat was whitened with meal.

. . . . . .

We overtook old Fleming at Rydale, leading his little Dutchman-like grandchild along the slippery road. The same pace seemed to be natural to them both—the old man and the little child—and they went hand in hand, the grandfather cautious, yet looking proud of his charge. He had two patches of new cloth at the shoulder-blades of his faded claret-coloured coat, like eyes at each shoulder, not worn elsewhere. I found Mary at home in her riding-habit, all her clothes being put up. We were very sad about Coleridge. . . . We stopped to look at the stone seat at the top of the hill. There was a white cushion upon it, round at the edge like a cushion, and the rock behind looked soft as velvet, of a vivid green, and so tempting! The snow too looked as soft as a down cushion. A young foxglove, like a star, in the centre. There were a few green lichens about it, and a few withered brackens of fern here and there upon the ground near, all else was a thick snow; no footmark to it, not the foot of a sheep. . . .

We sate snugly round the fire. I read to them the Tale of Custance and the Syrian monarch, in the *Man of Lawe's Tale*, also some of the *Prologues*. . . .

Wednesday, 23*rd*.— . . . Mary wrote out the Tales from Chaucer for Coleridge. William worked at *The Ruined Cottage* and made himself very ill. . . . A broken soldier came to beg in the morning. Afterwards a tall woman, dressed somewhat in a tawdry style, with a long checked muslin apron, a beaver hat, and throughout what are called good clothes. Her daughter had gone before, with a soldier and his wife. She had buried her husband at Whitehaven, and was going back into Cheshire.

Thursday, 24*th*.—Still a thaw. Wm., Mary, and I sate comfortably round the fire in the evening, and read

Chaucer. Thoughts of last year. I took out my old Journal.

Friday, 25*th.*—*Christmas Day.* We received a letter from Coleridge. His letter made us uneasy about him. I was glad I was not by myself when I received it.

Saturday, 26*th.*— . . . We walked to Rydale. Grasmere Lake a beautiful image of stillness, clear as glass, reflecting all things. The wind was up, and the waters sounding. The lake of a rich purple, the fields a soft yellow, the island yellowish-green, the copses red-brown, the mountains purple. The church and buildings, how quiet they were! Poor Coleridge, Sara, and dear little Derwent here last year at this time. After tea we sate by the fire comfortably. I read aloud *The Miller's Tale.* Wrote to Coleridge. . . . Wm. wrote part of the poem to Coleridge.[1]

Sunday, 27*th.*—A fine soft beautiful mild day, with gleams of sunshine. William went to take in his boat. I sate in John's Grove a little while. Mary came home Mary wrote some lines of the third part of his poem, which he brought to read to us, when we came home. . . .

Monday, 28*th of December.*—William, Mary, and I set off on foot to Keswick. We carried some cold mutton in our pockets, and dined at John Stanley's, where they were making Christmas pies. The sun shone, but it was coldish. We parted from Wm. upon the Raise. He joined us opposite Sara's rock. He was busy in composition, and sate down upon the wall. We did not see him again till we arrived at John Stanley's. There we roasted apples in the room. After we had left John Stanley's, Wm. discovered that he had lost his gloves. He turned back, but they were gone. Wm. rested often. Once he left his Spenser, and Mary turned back for it, and found it upon the bank, where we had last rested.

[1] See *Stanzas, written in my Pocket Copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence*, "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 305.—ED.

. . . We reached Greta Hall at about ½ past 5 o'clock. The children and Mrs. C. well. After tea, message came from Wilkinson, who had passed us on the road, inviting Wm. to sup at the Oak. He went. Met a young man (a predestined Marquis) called Johnston. He spoke to him familiarly of the L. B. He had seen a copy presented by the Queen to Mrs. Harcourt. Said he saw them everywhere, and wondered they did not sell. We all went weary to bed. . . .

Tuesday, 29*th*.—A fine morning. A thin fog upon the hills which soon disappeared. The sun shone. Wilkinson went with us to the top of the hill. We turned out of the road at the second mile stone, and passed a pretty cluster of houses at the foot of St. John's Vale. The houses were among tall trees, partly of Scotch fir, and some naked forest trees. We crossed a bridge just below these houses, and the river winded sweetly along the meadows. Our road soon led us along the sides of dreary bare hills, but we had a glorious prospect to the left of Saddleback, half-way covered with snow, and underneath the comfortable white houses and the village of Threlkeld. These houses and the village want trees about them. Skiddaw was behind us, and dear Coleridge's desert home. As we ascended the hills it grew very cold and slippery. Luckily, the wind was at our backs, and helped us on. A sharp hail shower gathered at the head of Martindale, and the view upwards was very grand—wild cottages, seen through the hurrying hail-shower. The wind drove, and eddied about and about, and the hills looked large and swelling through the storm. We thought of Coleridge. O! the bonny nooks and windings and curlings of the beck down at the bottom of the steep green mossy banks. We dined at the public-house on porridge, with a second course of Christmas pies. We were well received by the landlady, and her little Jewish daughters were glad to see us again. The husband a very handsome man. While we were eating our dinner a traveller came in. He

had walked over Kirkstone that morning. We were much amused by the curiosity of the landlord and landlady to learn who he was, and by his mysterious manner of letting out a little bit of his errand, and yet telling nothing. He had business further up in the vale. He left them with this piece of information to work upon, and I doubt not they discovered who he was and all his business before the next day at that hour. The woman told us of the riches of a Mr. Walker, formerly of Grasmere. We said, "What, does he do nothing for his relations? He has a sickly sister at Grasmere." "Why," said the man, "I daresay if they had any sons to put forward he would do it for them, but he has children of his own."

(*N.B.*—His fortune is above £60,000, and he has two children ! !)

The landlord went about a mile and a half with us to put us in the right way. The road was often very slippery, the wind high, and it was nearly dark before we got into the right road. I was often obliged to crawl on all fours, and Mary fell many a time. A stout young man whom we met on the hills, and who knew Mr. Clarkson, very kindly set us into the right road, and we inquired again near some houses and were directed by a miserable, poverty-struck, looking woman, who had been fetching water, to go down a miry lane. We soon got into the main road and reached Mr. Clarkson's at tea time. Mary H. spent the next day with us, and we walked on Dunmallet before dinner, but it snowed a little. The day following, being New Year's Eve, we accompanied Mary to Stainton Bridge.

V

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL
WRITTEN AT GRASMERE
(From 1st January 1802 to 8th July 1802)

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL (FROM 1ST JANUARY 1802 TO 8TH JULY 1802)

New Year's Day.—We walked, Wm. and I, towards Martindale.

January 2nd.—It snowed all day. We walked near to Dalemain in the snow.

January 3rd.—Sunday. Mary brought us letters from Sara and Coleridge and we went with her homewards to . . . Parted at the stile on the Pooley side. Thomas Wilkinson dined with us and stayed supper.

I do not recollect how the rest of our time was spent exactly. We had a very sharp frost which broke on Friday the 15th January, or rather on the morning of Saturday 16th.

On Sunday the 17th we went to meet Mary. It was a mild gentle thaw. She stayed with us till Friday, 22nd January. On Thursday we dined at Mr. Myers's, and on Friday, 22nd, we parted from Mary. Before our parting we sate under a wall in the sun near a cottage above Stainton Bridge. The field in which we sate sloped downwards to a nearly level meadow, round which the Emont flowed in a small half-circle as at Sockburn.[1] The opposite bank is woody, steep as a wall, but not high, and above that bank the fields slope

[1] Sockburn, where Mary Wordsworth spent part of her girlhood, stands on a peninsula almost surrounded by the Tees.—ED.

gently, and irregularly down to it. These fields are surrounded by tall hedges, with trees among them, and there are clumps or grovelets of tall trees here and there. Sheep and cattle were in the fields. Dear Mary! there we parted from her. I daresay as often as she passes that road she will turn in at the gate to look at this sweet prospect. There was a barn and I think two or three cottages to be seen among the trees, and slips of lawn and irregular fields. During our stay at Mr. Clarkson's we walked every day, except that stormy Thursday. We dined at Thomas Wilkinson's on Friday the 15th, and walked to Penrith for Mary. The trees were covered with hoar-frost—grasses, and trees, and hedges beautiful; a glorious sunset; frost keener than ever. Next day thaw. Mrs. Clarkson amused us with many stories of her family and of persons whom she had known. I wish I had set them down as I heard them, when they were fresh in my memory. . . . Mrs. Clarkson knew a clergyman and his wife who brought up ten children upon a curacy, sent two sons to college, and he left £1000 when he died. The wife was very generous, gave food and drink to all poor people. She had a passion for feeding animals. She killed a pig with feeding it over much. When it was dead she said, "To be sure it's a great loss, but I thank God it did not die *clemmed*" (the Cheshire word for starved). Her husband was very fond of playing back-gammon, and used to play whenever he could get anybody to play with him. She had played much in her youth, and was an excellent player; but her husband knew nothing of this, till one day she said to him, "You're fond of back-gammon, come play with me." He was surprised. She told him she had kept it to herself, while she had a young family to attend to, but that now she would play with him! So they began to play, and played every night. Mr. C. told us many pleasant stories. His journey from London to Wisbech on foot when a schoolboy, knife and stick, postboy, etc., the white horse sleeping at the

turnpike gate, snoring of the turnpike man, clock ticking, the burring story, the story of the mastiff, bull-baiting by men at Wisbech.

On Saturday, January 23rd, we left Eusemere at 10 o'clock in the morning, I behind Wm. Mr. Clarkson on his Galloway.[1] The morning not very promising, the wind cold. The mountains large and dark, but only thinly streaked with snow; a strong wind. We dined in Grisdale on ham, bread, and milk. We parted from Mr. C. at one o'clock. It rained all the way home. We struggled with the wind, and often rested as we went along. A hail shower met us before we reached the Tarn, and the way often was difficult over the snow; but at the Tarn the view closed in. We saw nothing but mists and snow: and at first the ice on the Tarn below us cracked and split, yet without water, a dull grey white. We lost our path, and could see the Tarn no longer. We made our way out with difficulty, guided by a heap of stones which we well remembered. We were afraid of being bewildered in the mists, till the darkness should overtake us. We were long before we knew that we were in the right track, but thanks to William's skill we knew it long before we could see our way before us. There was no footmark upon the snow either of man or beast. We saw four sheep before we had left the snow region. The vale of Grasmere, when the mists broke away, looked soft and grave, of a yellow hue. It was dark before we reached home. O how happy and comfortable we felt ourselves, sitting by our own fire, when we had got off our wet clothes. We talked about the Lake of Como, read the *Descriptive Sketches*, looked about us, and felt that we were happy. . . .

Sunday, 24*th*.—We went into the orchard as soon as breakfast was over. Laid out the situation for our new room, and sauntered a while. Wm. walked in the morning. I wrote to Coleridge. . . .

[1] A Galloway pony.—Ed.

Monday, 25*th January*.— . . . Wm. tired with composition. . . .

Tuesday, 26*th*.— . . . We are going to walk, and I am ready and waiting by the kitchen fire for Wm. We set forward intending to go into Easedale, but the wind being loudish, and blowing down Easedale, we walked under Silver How for a shelter. We went a little beyond the Wyke; then up to John's Grove, where the storm of Thursday has made sad ravages. Two of the finest trees are uprooted, one lying with the turf about its root, as if the whole together had been pared by a knife. The other is a larch. Several others are blown aside, one is snapped in two. We gathered together a faggot. Wm. had tired himself with working. . . . We received a letter from Mary with an account of C.'s arrival in London. I wrote to Mary before bedtime. . . . Wm. wrote out part of his poem, and endeavoured to alter it, and so made himself ill. I copied out the rest for him. We went late to bed. Wm. wrote to Annette.[1]

Wednesday, 27*th*.—A beautiful mild morning; the sun shone; the lake was still, and all the shores reflected in it. I finished my letter to Mary. Wm. wrote to Stuart. I copied sonnets for him. Mr. Olliff called and asked us to tea to-morrow. We stayed in the house till the sun shone more dimly and we thought the afternoon was closing in, but though the calmness of the Lake was gone with the bright sunshine, yet it was delightfully pleasant. We found no letter from Coleridge. One from Sara which we sate upon the wall to read; a sweet long letter, with a most interesting account of Mr. Patrick. We cooked no dinner. Sate a while by the fire, and then drank tea at Frank Baty's. As we went past the Nab I was surprised to see the youngest child amongst them running about by itself, with a canny round fat face, and rosy cheeks. I called in. They

[1] See the "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 335.—ED.

gave me some nuts. Everybody surprised that we should come over Grisdale. Paid £1 : 3 : 3 for letters come since December 1st. Paid also about 8 shillings at Penrith. The bees were humming about the hive. William raked a few stones off the garden, his first garden labour this year. I cut the shrubs. When we returned from Frank's, Wm. wasted his mind in the Magazines. I wrote to Coleridge, and Mrs. C., closed the letters up to Samson. Then we sate by the fire, and were happy, only our tender thoughts became painful.[1] Went to bed at ½ past 11.

Thursday, 28*th*.—A downright rain. A wet night. Wm. wrote an epitaph, and altered one that he wrote when he was a boy. It cleared up after dinner. We were both in miserable spirits, and very doubtful about keeping our engagements to the Olliffs. We walked first within view of Rydale then to Lewthwaite's, then we went to Mr. Olliff. We talked a while. Wm. was tired. We then played at cards. Came home in the rain. Very dark. Came with a lantern. Wm. out of spirits and tired. He called at ¼ past 3 to know the hour.

Friday, 29*th January*.—Wm. was very unwell. Worn out with his bad night's rest. I read to him, to endeavour to make him sleep. Then I came into the other room, and I read the first book of *Paradise Lost*. After dinner we walked to Ambleside. . . . A heart-rending letter from Coleridge. We were sad as we could be. Wm. wrote to him. We talked about Wm.'s going to London. It was a mild afternoon. There was an unusual softness in the prospects as we went, a rich yellow upon the fields, and a soft grave purple on the waters. When we returned many stars were out, the clouds were moveless, in the sky soft purple, the lake of Rydale calm, Jupiter behind. Jupiter at least *we* call him, but William says we always

[1] Compare, in *Lines written in Early Spring*, vol. i. p. 269—

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind. ED.

call the largest star Jupiter. When we came home we both wrote to C. I was stupefied.

Saturday, *January* 30*th*.—A cold dark morning. William chopped wood. I brought it in a basket. . . . He asked me to set down the story of Barbara Wilkinson's turtle dove. Barbara is an old maid. She had two turtle doves. One of them died, the first year I think. The other continued to live alone in its cage for nine years, but for one whole year it had a companion and daily visitor—a little mouse, that used to come and feed with it; and the dove would caress and cower over it with its wings, and make a loving noise to it. The mouse, though it did not testify equal delight in the dove's company, was yet at perfect ease. The poor mouse disappeared, and the dove was left solitary till its death. It died of a short sickness, and was buried under a tree, with funeral ceremony by Barbara and her maidens, and one or two others.

On *Saturday*, 30*th*, Wm. worked at *The Pedlar* all the morning. He kept the dinner waiting till four o'clock. He was much tired. . . .

Sunday, 31*st*.—Wm. had slept very ill. He was tired. We walked round the two lakes. Grasmere was very soft, and Rydale was extremely beautiful from the western side. Nab Scar was just topped by a cloud which, cutting it off as high as it could be cut off, made the mountain look uncommonly lofty.[1] We sate down a long time in different places. I always love to walk that way, because it is the way I first came to Rydale and Grasmere, and because our dear Coleridge did also. When I came with Wm., 6 and ½ years ago, it was just at sunset. There was a rich yellow light on the waters, and the islands were reflected there. To-day it was grave and soft, but not perfectly calm. William says it was much such a day as when Coleridge came with

[1] Compare the poem *To the Clouds*, vol. viii. p. 142, and the Fenwick note to that poem.—ED.

him. The sun shone out before we reached Grasmere. We sate by the roadside at the foot of the Lake, close to Mary's dear name, which she had cut herself upon the stone. Wm. cut at it with his knife to make it plainer.[1] We amused ourselves for a long time in watching the breezes, some as if they came from the bottom of the lake, spread in a circle, brushing along the surface of the water, and growing more delicate as it were thinner, and of a *paler* colour till they died away. Others spread out like a peacock's tail, and some went right forward this way and that in all directions. The lake was still where these breezes were not, but they made it all alive. I found a strawberry blossom in a rock. The little slender flower had more courage than the green leaves, for *they* were but half expanded and half grown, but the blossom was spread full out. I uprooted it rashly, and I felt as if I had been committing an outrage, so I planted it again. It will have but a stormy life of it, but let it live if it can. We found Calvert here. I brought a handkerchief full of mosses, which I placed on the chimneypiece when Calvert was gone. He dined with us, and carried away the encyclopædias. After they were gone, I spent some time in trying to reconcile myself to the change, and in rummaging out and arranging some other books in their places. One good thing is this—there is a nice elbow place for Wm., and he may sit for the picture of John Bunyan any day. Mr. Simpson drank tea with us. We paid our rent to Benson. . . .

Monday, February 1st.—Wm. slept badly. I baked bread. William worked hard at *The Pedlar*, and tired himself. . . . There was a purplish light upon Mr. Olliff's house, which made me look to the other side of the vale, when I saw a strange stormy mist coming down the side of Silver How of a reddish purple colour. It soon came on a heavy rain. . . . A box with books

[1] This still exists, but is known to few.—ED.

came from London. I sate by W.'s bedside, and read in *The Pleasures of Hope* to him, which came in the box. He could not fall asleep.

Tuesday, *2nd February*.— . . . Wm. went into the orchard after breakfast, to chop wood. We walked into Easedale. . . . Walked backwards and forwards between Goody Bridge and Butterlip How. William wished to break off composition, but was unable, and so did himself harm. The sun shone, but it was cold. William worked at *The Pedlar*. After tea I read aloud the eleventh book of *Paradise Lost*. We were much impressed, and also melted into tears. The papers came in soon after I had laid aside the book—a good thing for my Wm. . . .

Wednesday, *3rd*.—A rainy morning. We walked to Rydale for letters. Found one from Mrs. Cookson and Mary H. It snowed upon the hills. We sate down on the wall at the foot of White Moss. Sate by the fire in the evening. Wm. tired, and did not compose. He went to bed soon, and could not sleep. I wrote to Mary H. Sent off the letter by Fletcher. Wrote also to Coleridge. Read Wm. to sleep after dinner, and read to him in bed till ½ past one.

Thursday, *4th*.— . . . Wm. thought a little about *The Pedlar*. Read Smollet's life.

Friday, *5th*.—A cold snowy morning. Snow and hail showers. We did not walk. Wm. cut wood a little. Sate up late at *The Pedlar*.

Saturday, *6th February*.— . . . Two very affecting letters from Coleridge; resolved to try another climate. I was stopped in my writing, and made ill by the letters. . . . Wrote again after tea, and translated two or three of Lessing's *Fables*.

Sunday, *7th*.—A fine clear frosty morning. The eaves drop with the heat of the sun all day long. The ground thinly covered with snow. The road black, rocks bluish. Before night the island was quite green. The sun had melted all the snow. Wm. working at

his poem. We sate by the fire, and did not walk, but read *The Pedlar*, thinking it done; but lo! though William could find fault with no one part of it, it was uninteresting, and must be altered. Poor Wm.!

Monday Morning, 8th February 1802.—It was very windy and rained hard all the morning. William worked at his poem and I read a little in Lessing and the grammar. A chaise came past.

After dinner (*i.e.* we set off at about ½ past 4) we went towards Rydale for letters. It was a "*cauld clash.*" The rain had been so cold that it hardly melted the snow. We stopped at Park's to get some straw in Wm.'s shoes. The young mother was sitting by a bright wood fire, with her youngest child upon her lap, and the other two sate on each side of the chimney. The light of the fire made them a beautiful sight, with their innocent countenances, their rosy cheeks, and glossy curling hair. We sate and talked about poor Ellis, and our journey over the Hawes. Before we had come to the shore of the Lake, we met our patient bow-bent friend, with his little wooden box at his back. "Where are you going?" said he. "To Rydale for letters." "I have two for you in my box." We lifted up the lid, and there they lay. Poor fellow, he straddled and pushed on with all his might; but we outstripped him far away when we had turned back with our letters. . . . I could not help comparing lots with him. He goes at that slow pace every morning, and after having wrought a hard day's work returns at night, however weary he may be, takes it all quietly, and, though perhaps he neither feels thankfulness nor pleasure, when he eats his supper, and has no luxury to look forward to but falling asleep in bed, yet I daresay he neither murmurs nor thinks it hard. He seems mechanised to labour. We broke the seal of Coleridge's letters, and I had light enough just to see that he was not ill. I put it in my pocket. At the top of the White Moss I took it to my bosom,—a safer place for it. The night was wild. There

was a strange mountain lightness, when we were at the top of the White Moss. I have often observed it there in the evenings, being between the two valleys. There is more of the sky there than any other place. It has a strange effect. Sometimes, along with the obscurity of evening, or night, it seems almost like a peculiar sort of light. There was not much wind till we came to John's Grove, then it roared right out of the grove, all the trees were tossing about. Coleridge's letter somewhat damped us. It spoke with less confidence about France. Wm. wrote to him. The other letter was from Montagu, with £8. Wm. was very unwell, tired when he had written. He went to bed and left me to write to M. H., Montagu, and Calvert, and Mrs. Coleridge. I had written in his letter to Coleridge. We wrote to Calvert to beg him not to fetch us on Sunday. Wm. left me with a little peat fire. It grew less. I wrote on, and was starved. At 2 o'clock I went to put my letters under Fletcher's door. I never felt such a cold night. There was a strong wind and it froze very hard. I gathered together all the clothes I could find (for I durst not go into the pantry for fear of waking Wm.). At first when I went to bed I seemed to be warm. I suppose because the cold air, which I had just left, no longer touched my body; but I soon found that I was mistaken. I could not sleep from sheer cold. I had baked pies and bread in the morning. Coleridge's letter contained prescriptions.

N.B.—The moon came out suddenly when we were at John's Grove, and a star or two besides.

Tuesday.—Wm. had slept better. He fell to work, and made himself unwell. We did not walk. A funeral came by of a poor woman who had drowned herself, some say because she was hardly treated by her husband; others that he was a very decent respectable man, and *she* but an indifferent wife. However this was, she had only been married to him last Whitsuntide and had had very indifferent health ever since. She had got up in the

night, and drowned herself in the pond. She had requested to be buried beside her mother, and so she was brought in a hearse. She was followed by several decent-looking men on horseback, her sister—Thomas Fleming's wife—in a chaise, and some others with her, and a cart full of women. Molly says folks thinks o' their mothers. Poor body, *she* has been little thought of by any body else. We did a little of Lessing. I attempted a fable, but my head ached; my bones were sore with the cold of the day before, and I was downright stupid. We went to bed, but not till Wm. had tired himself.

Wednesday, 10*th.*—A very snowy morning. . . . I was writing out the poem, as we hoped for a final writing. . . . We read the first part and were delighted with it, but Wm. afterwards got to some ugly place, and went to bed tired out. A wild, moonlight night.

Thursday, 11*th.*— . . . Wm. sadly tired and working at *The Pedlar*. . . . We made up a good fire after dinner, and Wm. brought his mattress out, and lay down on the floor. I read to him the life of Ben Jonson, and some short poems of his, which were too interesting for him, and would not let him go to sleep. I had begun with Fletcher, but he was too dull for me. Fuller says, in his *Life of Jonson* (speaking of his plays), "If his latter be not so spriteful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old, and all who desire to be old, should excuse him therein." He says he "beheld" wit-combats between Shakespeare and Jonson, and compares Shakespeare to an English man-of-war, Jonson to a great Spanish galleon. There is one affecting line in Jonson s epitaph on his first daughter—

> Here lies to each her parents ruth,
> Mary the daughter of their youth.
> At six months' end she parted hence,
> In safety of her innocence.

Two beggars to-day. I continued to read to Wm.

We were much delighted with the poem of *Penshurst*.[1] Wm. rose better. I was cheerful and happy. He got to work again.

Friday, 12*th*.—A very fine, bright, clear, hard frost. Wm. working again. I recopied *The Pedlar*, but poor Wm. all the time at work. . . . In the afternoon a poor woman came, she said, to beg, . . . but she has been used to go a-begging, for she has often come here. Her father lived to the age of 105. She is a woman of strong bones, with a complexion that has been beautiful, and remained very fresh last year, but now she looks broken, and her little boy—a pretty little fellow, and whom I have loved for the sake of Basil—looks thin and pale. I observed this to her. "Aye," says she, "we have all been ill. Our house was nearly unroofed in the storm, and we lived in it so for more than a week." The child wears a ragged drab coat and a fur cap. Poor little fellow, I think he seems scarcely at all grown since the first time I saw him. William was with me when we met him in a lane going to Skelwith Bridge. He looked very pretty. He was walking lazily, in the deep narrow lane, overshadowed with the hedgerows, his meal poke hung over his shoulder. He said he "was going a laiting." Poor creature! He now wears the same coat he had on at that time. When the woman was gone, I could not help thinking that we are not half thankful enough that we are placed in that condition of life in which we are. We do not so often bless God for this, as we wish for this £50, that £100, etc. etc. We have not, however, to reproach ourselves with ever breathing a murmur. This woman's was but a common case. The snow still lies upon the ground. Just at the closing in of the day, I heard a cart pass the door, and at the same time the dismal sound of a crying infant. I went to the window, and had light enough to see that a man was driving a cart, which seemed not to be very full, and that a woman with an infant in her

[1] By Ben Jonson.—Ed.

arms was following close behind and a dog close to her. It was a wild and melancholy sight. Wm. rubbed his table after candles were lighted, and we sate a long time with the windows unclosed, and almost finished writing *The Pedlar;* but poor Wm. wore himself out, and me out, with labour. We had an affecting conversation. Went to bed at 12 o'clock.

Saturday, 13*th.*—It snowed a little this morning. Still at work at *The Pedlar*, altering and refitting. We did not walk, though it was a very fine day. We received a present of eggs and milk from Janet Dockeray, and just before she went, the little boy from the Hill brought us a letter from Sara H., and one from the Frenchman in London. I wrote to Sara after tea, and Wm. took out his old newspapers, and the new ones came in soon after. We sate, after I had finished the letter, talking; and Wm. read parts of his *Recluse* aloud to me. . . .

Sunday, 14*th February.*—A fine morning. The sun shines out, but it has been a hard frost in the night. There are some little snowdrops that are afraid to pop their white heads quite out, and a few blossoms of hepatica that are half-starved. Wm. left me at work altering some passages of *The Pedlar*, and went into the orchard. The fine day pushed him on to resolve, and as soon as I had read a letter to him, which I had just received from Mrs. Clarkson, he said he would go to Penrith, so Molly was despatched for the horse. I worked hard, got the writing finished, and all quite trim. I wrote to Mrs. Clarkson, and put up some letters for Mary H., and off he went in his blue spencer, and a pair of new pantaloons fresh from London. . . . I then sate over the fire, reading Ben Jonson's *Penshurst*, and other things. Before sunset, I put on my shawl and walked out. The snow-covered mountains were spotted with rich sunlight, a palish buffish colour. . . . I stood at Sara's Gate, and when I came in view of Rydale, I cast a long look upon the mountains beyond. They were

very white, but I concluded that Wm. would have a very safe passage over Kirkstone, and I was quite easy about him. After dinner, a little before sunset, I walked out about 20 yards above Glow-worm Rock. I met a carman, a Highlander I suppose, with four carts, the first three belonging to himself, the last evidently to a man and his family who had joined company with him, and who I guessed to be potters. The carman was cheering his horses, and talking to a little lass about ten years of age who seemed to make him her companion. She ran to the wall, and took up a large stone to support the wheel of one of his carts, and ran on before with it in her arms to be ready for him. She was a beautiful creature, and there was something uncommonly impressive in the lightness and joyousness of her manner. Her business seemed to be all pleasure—pleasure in her own motions, and the man looked at her as if he too was pleased, and spoke to her in the same tone in which he spoke to his horses. There was a wildness in her whole figure, not the wildness of a Mountain lass, but of the Road lass, a traveller from her birth, who had wanted neither food nor clothes. Her mother followed the last cart with a lovely child, perhaps about a year old, at her back, and a good-looking girl, about fifteen years old, walked beside her. All the children were like the mother. She had a very fresh complexion, but she was blown with fagging up the steep hill, and the bairn that she carried. Her husband was helping the horse to drag the cart up by pushing it with his shoulder. I reached home, and read German till about 9 o'clock. I wrote to Coleridge. Went to bed at about 12 o'clock. . . . I slept badly, for my thoughts were full of Wm.

Monday, 15*th February*.—It snowed a good deal, and was terribly cold. After dinner it was fair, but I was obliged to run all the way to the foot of the White Moss, to get the least bit of warmth into me. I found a letter from C. He was much better, this was very satisfactory, but his letter was not an answer to Wm.'s which I

expected. A letter from Annette. I got tea when I reached home, and then set on reading German. I wrote part of a letter to Coleridge, went to bed and slept badly.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—A fine morning, but I had persuaded myself not to expect Wm., I believe because I was afraid of being disappointed. I ironed all day. He came just at tea time, had only seen Mary H. for a couple of hours between Eamont Bridge and Hartshorn Tree. Mrs. C. better. He had had a difficult journey over Kirkstone, and came home by Threlkeld. We spent a sweet evening. He was better, had altered *The Pedlar*. We went to bed pretty soon. Mr. Graham said he wished Wm. had been with him the other day—he was riding in a post-chaise and he heard a strange cry that he could not understand, the sound continued, and he called to the chaise driver to stop. It was a little girl that was crying as if her heart would burst. She had got up behind the chaise, and her cloak had been caught by the wheel, and was jammed in, and it hung there. She was crying after it, poor thing. Mr. Graham took her into the chaise, and her cloak was released from the wheel, but the child's misery did not cease, for her cloak was torn to rags; it had been a miserable cloak before, but she had no other, and it was the greatest sorrow that could befall her. Her name was Alice Fell.[1] She had no parents, and belonged to the next town. At the next town, Mr. G. left money with some respectable people in the town, to buy her a new cloak.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—A miserable nasty snowy morning. We did not walk, but the old man from the hill brought us a short letter from Mary H. I copied the second part of *Peter Bell*. . . .

Thursday, 18*th*.—A foggy morning. I copied third part of *Peter Bell* in W.'s absence, and began a letter to Coleridge. Wm. came in with a letter from Coleridge.

[1] See the poem *Alice Fell*, in the "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 273.—Ed.

. . . We talked together till 11 o'clock, when Wm. got to work, and was no worse for it. Hard frost.

. . . . . .

Saturday, 20*th*.— . . . I wrote the first part of *Peter Bell*. . . .

Sunday, 21*st*.—A very wet morning. I wrote the 2nd prologue to *Peter Bell*. . . . After dinner I wrote the 1st prologue. . . . Snowdrops quite out, but cold and winterly; yet, for all this, a thrush that lives in our orchard has shouted and sung its merriest all day long. . .

Monday, 22*nd*.—Wm. brought me 4 letters to read—from Annette and Caroline,[1] Mary and Sara, and Coleridge. . . . In the evening we walked to the top of the hill, then to the bridge. We hung over the wall, and looked at the deep stream below. It came with a full, steady, yet very rapid flow down to the lake. The sykes made a sweet sound everywhere, and looked very interesting in the twilight, and that little one above Mr. Olliff's house was very impressive. A ghostly white serpent line, it made a sound most distinctly heard of itself. The mountains were black and steep, the tops of some of them having snow yet visible.

Tuesday, 23*rd*.— . . . When we came out of our own doors, that dear thrush was singing upon the topmost of the smooth branches of the ash tree at the top of the orchard. How long it had been perched on that same tree I cannot tell, but we had heard its dear voice in the orchard the day through, along with a cheerful undersong made by our winter friends, the robins. As we came home, I picked up a few mosses by the roadside, which I left at home. We then went to John's Grove. There we sate a little while looking at the fading landscape. The lake, though the objects on the shore were fading, seemed brighter than when it is perfect day, and the island pushed itself upwards, distinct and large. All the shores marked. There was

[1] See "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 335.—Ed.

a sweet, sea-like sound in the trees above our heads. We walked backwards and forwards some time for dear John's sake, then walked to look at Rydale. Wm. now reading in Bishop Hall, I going to read German. We have a nice singing fire, with one piece of wood. . . .

Wednesday, 24*th.*—A rainy morning. William returned from Rydale very wet, with letters. He brought a short one from C., a very long one from Mary. Wm. wrote to Annette, to Coleridge. . . . I wrote a little bit to Coleridge. We sent off these letters by Fletcher. It was a tremendous night of wind and rain. Poor Coleridge! a sad night for a traveller such as he. God be praised he was in safe quarters. Wm. went out. He never felt a colder night.

Thursday, 25*th.*—A fine, mild, grey, beautiful morning. Wm. wrote to Montagu in the morning. . . . I reached home just before dark, brought some mosses and ivy, and then got tea, and fell to work at German. I read a good deal of Lessing's Essay. Wm. came home between 9 and 10 o'clock. We sat together by the fire till bedtime. Wm. not very much tired.

Friday, 26*th.*—A grey morning till 10 o'clock, then the sun shone beautifully. Mrs. Lloyd's children and Mrs. Luff came in a chaise, were here at 11 o'clock, then went to Mrs. Olliff. Wm. and I accompanied them to the gate. I prepared dinner, sought out *Peter Bell*, gave Wm. some cold meat, and then we went to walk. We walked first to Butterlip How, where we sate and overlooked the dale, no sign of spring but the red tints of the woods and trees. Sate in the sun. Met Charles Lloyd near the Bridge. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Luff walked home, the Lloyds stayed till 8 o'clock. We always get on better with conversation at home than elsewhere. The chaise-driver brought us a letter from M. H., a short one from C. We were perplexed about Sara's coming. I wrote to Mary. Wm. closed his letter to Montagu, and wrote to Calvert and Mrs. Coleridge. Birds sang divinely to-day Wm. better.

. . . . . .

Sunday, 28th February.—Wm. employed himself with *The Pedlar*. We got papers in the morning.

Monday.—A fine pleasant day, we walked to Rydale. I went on before for the letters, brought two from M. and S. H. We climbed over the wall and read them under the shelter of a mossy rock. We met Mrs. Lloyd in going. Mrs. Olliff's child ill. The catkins are beautiful in the hedges, the ivy is very green. Robert Newton's paddock is greenish—that is all we see of Spring; finished and sent off the letter to Sara, and wrote to Mary. Wrote again to Sara, and Wm. wrote to Coleridge. Mrs. Lloyd called when I was in bed.

Tuesday.[1]—A fine grey morning. . . . I read German, and a little before dinner Wm. also read. We walked on Butterlip How under the wind. It rained all the while, but we had a pleasant walk. The mountains of Easedale, black or covered with snow at the tops, gave a peculiar softness to the valley. The clouds hid the tops of some of them. The valley was populous and enlivened with streams. . . .

Wednesday.—I was so unlucky as to propose to re-write *The Pedlar*. Wm. got to work, and was worn to death. We did not walk. I wrote in the afternoon.

Thursday.—Before we had quite finished breakfast Calvert's man brought the horses for Wm. We had a deal to do, pens to make, poems to put in order for writing, to settle for the press, pack up; and the man came before the pens were made, and he was obliged to leave me with only two. Since he left me at half-past 11 (it is now 2) I have been putting the drawers into order, laid by his clothes which he had thrown here and there and everywhere, filed two months' newspapers and got my dinner, 2 boiled eggs and 2 apple tarts. I have set Molly on to clean the garden a little, and I myself have helped. I transplanted some snowdrops—the Bees are busy. Wm. has a nice bright day. It was hard

[1] March 2nd.—ED.

frost in the night. The Robins are singing sweetly. Now for my walk. I *will* be busy. I *will* look well, and be well when he comes back to me. O the Darling! Here is one of his bitter apples. I can hardly find it in my heart to throw it into the fire. . . . I walked round the two Lakes, crossed the stepping-stones at Rydale foot. Sate down where we always sit. I was full of thought about my darling. Blessings on him. I came home at the foot of our own hill under Loughrigg. They are making sad ravages in the woods. Benson's wood is going, and the woods above the River. The wind has blown down a small fir tree on the Rock, that terminates John's path. I suppose the wind of Wednesday night. I read German after tea. I worked and read the L. B., enchanted with the *Idiot Boy*. Wrote to Wm. and then went to bed. It snowed when I went to bed.

Friday.—First walked in the garden and orchard, a frosty sunny morning. After dinner I gathered mosses in Easedale. I saw before me sitting in the open field, upon his pack of rags, the old Ragman that I know. His coat is of scarlet in a thousand patches. When I came home Molly had shook the carpet and cleaned everything upstairs. When I see her so happy in her work, and exulting in her own importance, I often think of that affecting expression which she made use of to me one evening lately. Talking of her good luck in being in this house, "Aye, Mistress, them 'at's low laid would have been proud creatures could they but have seen where I is now, fra what they thought mud be my doom." I was tired when I reached home. I sent Molly Ashburner to Rydale. No letters. I was sadly mortified. I expected one fully from Coleridge. Wrote to William, read the L. B., got into sad thoughts, tried at German, but could not go on. Read L. B. Blessings on that brother of mine! Beautiful new moon over Silver How.

Saturday Morning.—A very cold sunshiny frost. I wrote *The Pedlar*, and finished it before I went to Mrs. Simpson's to drink tea. Miss S. at Keswick, but she

came home. Mrs. Jameson came in. I stayed supper. Fletcher's carts went past and I let them go with William's letter. Mr. B. S. came nearly home with me. I found letters from Wm., Mary, and Coleridge. I wrote to C. Sat up late, and could not fall asleep when I went to bed.

. . . . . .

Sunday Morning.—A very fine, clear frost. I stitched up *The Pedlar;* wrote out *Ruth;* read it with the alterations, then wrote Mary H. Read a little German, . . . and in came William, I did not expect him till to-morrow. How glad I was. After we had talked about an hour, I gave him his dinner. We sate talking and happy. He brought two new stanzas of *Ruth.* . . .

Monday Morning.—A soft rain and mist. We walked to Rydale for letters. The Vale looked very beautiful in excessive simplicity, yet, at the same time, in uncommon obscurity. The Church stood alone. No mountains behind. The meadows looked calm and rich, bordering on the still lake. Nothing else to be seen but lake and island. . . .

On Friday evening the moon hung over the northern side of the highest point of Silver How, like a gold ring snapped in two, and shaven off at the ends. Within this ring lay the circle of the round moon, as distinctly to be seen as ever the enlightened moon is. William had observed the same appearance at Keswick, perhaps at the very same moment, hanging over the Newland Fells. Sent off a letter to Mary H., also to Coleridge, and Sara, and rewrote in the evening the alterations of *Ruth*, which we sent off at the same time.

Tuesday Morning. — William was reading in Ben Jonson. He read me a beautiful poem on Love. . . . We sate by the fire in the evening, and read *The Pedlar* over. William worked a little, and altered it in a few places. . . .

Wednesday.— . . . Wm. read in Ben Jonson in the morning. I read a little German. We then walked to

Rydale. No letters. They are slashing away in Benson's wood. William has since tea been talking about publishing the Yorkshire Wolds Poem with *The Pedlar*.

Thursday.—A fine morning. William worked at the poem of *The Singing Bird*.[1] Just as we were sitting down to dinner we heard Mr. Clarkson's voice. I ran down, William followed. He was so finely mounted that William was more intent upon the horse than the rider, an offence easily forgiven, for Mr. Clarkson was as proud of it himself as he well could be. . . .

Friday.—A very fine morning. We went to see Mr. Clarkson off. The sun shone while it rained, and the stones of the walls and the pebbles on the road glittered like silver. . . . William finished his poem of *The Singing Bird*. In the meantime I read the remainder of Lessing. In the evening after tea William wrote *Alice Fell*. He went to bed tired, with a wakeful mind and a weary body. . . .

Saturday Morning.—It was as cold as ever it has been all winter, very hard frost. . . . William finished *Alice Fell*, and then wrote the poem of *The Beggar Woman*, taken from a woman whom I had seen in May (now nearly two years ago) when John and he were at Gallow Hill. I sate with him at intervals all the morning, took down his stanzas, etc. . . . After tea I read to William that account of the little boy belonging to the tall woman, and an unlucky thing it was, for he could not escape from those very words, and so he could not write the poem. He left it unfinished, and went tired to bed. In our walk from Rydale he had got warmed with the subject, and had half cast the poem.

Sunday Morning.—William . . . got up at nine o'clock, but before he rose he had finished *The Beggar Boy*, and while we were at breakfast . . . he wrote the poem *To a Butterfly!* He ate not a morsel, but sate

[1] First published in 1807, under the title of *The Sailor's Mother*.—Ed.

with his shirt neck unbuttoned, and his waistcoat open while he did it. The thought first come upon him as we were talking about the pleasure we both always feel at the sight of a butterfly. I told him that I used to chase them a little, but that I was afraid of brushing the dust off their wings, and did not catch them. He told me how they used to kill all the white ones when he went to school because they were Frenchmen. . . . I wrote it down and the other poems, and I read them all over to him. . . . William began to try to alter *The Butterfly*, and tired himself. . . .

Monday Morning.—We sate reading the poems, and I read a little German. . . . During W.'s absence a sailor who was travelling from Liverpool to Whitehaven called, he was faint and pale when he knocked at the door—a young man very well dressed. We sate by the kitchen fire talking with him for two hours. He told us interesting stories of his life. His name was Isaac Chapel. He had been at sea since he was 15 years old. He was by trade a sail-maker. His last voyage was to the coast of Guinea. He had been on board a slave ship, the captain's name Maxwell, where one man had been killed, a boy put to lodge with the pigs and was half eaten, set to watch in the hot sun till he dropped down dead. He had been away in North America and had travelled thirty days among the Indians, where he had been well treated. He had twice swam from a King's ship in the night and escaped. He said he would rather be in hell than be pressed. He was now going to wait in England to appear against Captain Maxwell. "O he's a Rascal, Sir, he ought to be put in the papers!" The poor man had not been in bed since Friday night. He left Liverpool at 2 o'clock on Saturday morning; he had called at a farm house to beg victuals and had been refused. The woman said she would give him nothing. "Won't you? Then I can't help it." He was excessively like my brother John.

Tuesday.— . . . William went up into the orchard,

. . . and wrote a part of *The Emigrant Mother*. After dinner I read him to sleep. I read Spenser. . . . We walked to look at Rydale. The moon was a good height above the mountains. She seemed far distant in the sky. There were two stars beside her, that twinkled in and out, and seemed almost like butterflies in motion and lightness. They looked to be far nearer to us than the moon.

Wednesday.—William went up into the orchard and finished the poem. I went and sate with W. and walked backwards and forwards in the orchard till dinner time. He read me his poem. I read to him, and my Beloved slept. A sweet evening as it had been a sweet day, and I walked quietly along the side of Rydale lake with quiet thoughts—the hills and the lake were still—the owls had not begun to hoot, and the little birds had given over singing. I looked before me and saw a red light upon Silver How as if coming out of the vale below,

> There was a light of most strange birth,
> A light that came out of the earth,
> And spread along the dark hill-side.

Thus I was going on when I saw the shape of my Beloved in the road at a little distance. We turned back to see the light but it was fading—almost gone. The owls hooted when we sate on the wall at the foot of White Moss; the sky broke more and more, and we saw the moon now and then. John Green passed us with his cart; we sate on. When we came in sight of our own dear Grasmere, the vale looked fair and quiet in the moonshine, the Church was there and all the cottages. There were huge slow-travelling clouds in the sky, that threw large masses of shade upon some of the mountains. We walked backwards and forwards, between home and Olliff's, till I was tired. William kindled, and began to write the poem. We carried cloaks into the orchard, and sate a while there. I left him, and he nearly finished the poem. I was tired to death, and went to bed before

him. He came down to me, and read the poem to me in bed. A sailor begged here to-day, going to Glasgow. He spoke cheerfully in a sweet tone.

Thursday.—Rydale vale was full of life and motion. The wind blew briskly, and the lake was covered all over with bright silver waves, that were there each the twinkling of an eye, then others rose up and took their place as fast as they went away. The rocks glittered in the sunshine. The crows and the ravens were busy, and the thrushes and little birds sang. I went through the fields, and sate half an hour afraid to pass a cow. The cow looked at me, and I looked at the cow, and whenever I stirred the cow gave over eating. . . . A parcel came in from Birmingham, with Lamb's play for us, and for C. . . . As we came along Ambleside vale in the twilight, it was a grave evening. There was something in the air that compelled me to serious thought—the hills were large, closed in by the sky. . . . Night was come on, and the moon was overcast. But, as I climbed the moss, the moon came out from behind a mountain mass of black clouds. O, the unutterable darkness of the sky, and the earth below the moon, and the glorious brightness of the moon itself! There was a vivid sparkling streak of light at this end of Rydale water, but the rest was very dark, and Loughrigg Fell and Silver How were white and bright, as if they were covered with hoar frost. The moon retired again, and appeared and disappeared several times before I reached home. Once there was no moonlight to be seen but upon the island-house and the promontory of the island where it stands. "That needs must be a holy place," etc. etc. I had many very exquisite feelings, and when I saw this lowly Building in the waters, among the dark and lofty hills, with that bright, soft light upon it, it made me more than half a poet. I was tired when I reached home, and could not sit down to reading. I tried to write verses, but alas! I gave up, expecting William, and went soon to bed.

Friday.—A very rainy morning. I went up into the lane to collect a few green mosses to make the chimney gay against my darling's return. Poor C., I did not wish for, or expect him, it rained so. . . . Coleridge came in. His eyes were a little swollen with the wind. I was much affected by the sight of him, he seemed half-stupefied. William came in soon after. Coleridge went to bed late, and William and I sate up till four o'clock. A letter from Sara sent by Mary. They disputed about Ben Jonson. My spirits were agitated very much.

Saturday.— . . . When I awoke the whole vale was covered with snow. William and Coleridge walked. . . . We had a little talk about going abroad. After tea William read *The Pedlar*. Talked about various things —christening the children, etc. etc. Went to bed at 12 o'clock.

Sunday.—Coleridge and William lay long in bed. We sent up to George Mackareth's for the horse to go to Keswick, but we could not have it. Went with C. to Borwick's where he left us. William very unwell. We had a sweet and tender conversation. I wrote to Mary and Sara.

Monday.—A rainy day. William very poorly. 2 letters from Sara, and one from poor Annette. Wrote to my brother Richard. We talked a good deal about C. and other interesting things. We resolved to see Annette, and that Wm. should go to Mary. Wm. wrote to Coleridge not to expect us till Thursday or Friday.

Tuesday.—A mild morning. William worked at *The Cuckoo* poem. I sewed beside him. . . . I read German, and, at the closing-in of day, went to sit in the orchard. William came to me, and walked backwards and forwards. We talked about C. Wm. repeated the poem to me. I left him there, and in 20 minutes he came in, rather tired with attempting to write. He is now reading Ben Jonson. I am going to read German. It is about 10 o'clock, a quiet night. The fire flutters, and the watch ticks. I hear nothing save the breathing of my Beloved

as he now and then pushes his book forward, and turns over a leaf. . . .

Wednesday.—It was a beautiful spring morning, warm, and quiet with mists. We found a letter from M. H. I made a vow that we would not leave this country for G. Hill.[1] . . . William altered *The Butterfly* as we came from Rydale. . . .

Thursday.— . . . No letter from Coleridge.

Friday.— . . . William wrote to Annette, then worked at *The Cuckoo.* . . . After dinner I sate 2 hours in the orchard. William and I walked together after tea, to the top of White Moss. I left Wm. and while he was absent I wrote out poems. I grew alarmed, and went to seek him. I met him at Mr. Olliff's. He has been trying, without success, to alter a passage—his *Silver How* poem. He had written a conclusion just before he went out. While I was getting into bed, he wrote *The Rainbow.*

Saturday.—A divine morning. At breakfast William wrote part of an ode. . . . We sate all day in the orchard.

Sunday.—We went to Keswick. Arrived wet to the skin. . . .

Monday.—Wm. and C. went to Armathwaite.

Tuesday, 30th March.—We went to Calvert's.

Wednesday, 31st March.— . . . We walked to Portinscale, lay upon the turf, and looked into the Vale of Newlands; up to Borrowdale, and down to Keswick—a soft Venetian view. Calvert and Wilkinsons dined with us. I walked with Mrs. W. to the Quaker's meeting, met Wm., and we walked in the field together.

Thursday, 1st April.—Mrs. C., Wm. and I went to the How. We came home by Portinscale.

Friday, 2nd.—Wm. and I sate all the morning in the field.

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[1] Gallow Hill, Yorkshire.—ED.

Saturday, 3*rd.*—Wm. went on to Skiddaw with C. We dined at Calvert's. . . .

Sunday, 4*th.*—We drove by gig to Water End. I walked down to Coleridge's. Mrs. Calvert came to Greta Bank to tea. William walked down with Mrs. Calvert, and repeated his verses to them. . . .

Monday, 5*th.*—We came to Eusemere. Coleridge walked with us to Threlkeld. . . .

. . . . . .

Monday, 12*th.*— . . . The ground covered with snow. Walked to T. Wilkinson's and sent for letters. The woman brought me one from William and Mary. It was a sharp, windy night. Thomas Wilkinson came with me to Barton, and questioned me like a catechiser all the way. Every question was like the snapping of a little thread about my heart. I was so full of thought of my half-read letter and other things. I was glad when he left me. Then I had time to look at the moon while I was thinking my own thoughts. The moon travelled through the clouds, tinging them yellow as she passed along, with two stars near her, one larger than the other. These stars grew and diminished as they passed from, or went into, the clouds. At this time William, as I found the next day, was riding by himself between Middleham and Barnard Castle. . . .

Tuesday, 13*th April.*—Mrs. C. waked me from sleep with a letter from Coleridge. . . . I walked along the lake side. The air was become still, the lake was of a bright slate colour, the hills darkening. The bays shot into the low fading shores. Sheep resting. All things quiet. When I returned *William* was come. The surprise shot through me. . . .

. . . . . .

Thursday, 15*th.*—It was a threatening, misty morning, but mild. We set off after dinner from Eusemere. Mrs. Clarkson went a short way with us, but turned back. The wind was furious, and we thought we must have returned. We first rested in the large boathouse,

then under a furze bush opposite Mr. Clarkson's. Saw the plough going in the field. The wind seized our breath. The lake was rough. There was a boat by itself floating in the middle of the bay below Water Millock. We rested again in the Water Millock Lane. The hawthorns are black and green, the birches here and there greenish, but there is yet more of purple to be seen on the twigs. We got over into a field to avoid some cows—people working. A few primroses by the roadside—woodsorrel flower, the anemone, scentless violets, strawberries, and that starry, yellow flower which Mrs. C. calls pile wort. When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the lake had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and about them; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up; but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of that one busy highway. We rested again and again. The bays were stormy, and we heard the waves at different distances, and in the middle of the water, like the sea. . . . All was cheerless and gloomy, so we faced the storm. At Dobson's I was very kindly treated by a young woman. The landlady looked sour, but it is her way. . . . William was sitting by a good fire when I came downstairs. He soon made his way to the library, piled up in a corner of the window. He brought out a

volume of Enfield's *Speaker*, another miscellany, and an odd volume of Congreve's plays. We had a glass of warm rum and water. We enjoyed ourselves, and wished for Mary. It rained and blew, when we went to bed.

Friday, 16*th April* (*Good Friday*).—When I undrew my curtains in the morning, I was much affected by the beauty of the prospect, and the change. The sun shone, the wind had passed away, the hills looked cheerful, the river was very bright as it flowed into the lake. The church rises up behind a little knot of rocks, the steeple not so high as an ordinary three-story house. Trees in a row in the garden under the wall. The valley is at first broken by little woody knolls that make retiring places, fairy valleys in the vale, the river winds along under these hills, travelling, not in a bustle but not slowly, to the lake. We saw a fisherman in the flat meadow on the other side of the water. He came towards us, and threw his line over the two-arched bridge. It is a bridge of a heavy construction, almost bending inwards in the middle, but it is grey, and there is a look of ancientry in the architecture of it that pleased me. As we go on the vale opens out more into one vale, with somewhat of a cradle bed. Cottages, with groups of trees, on the side of the hills. We passed a pair of twin children, two years old. Sate on the next bridge which we crossed—a single arch. We rested again upon the turf, and looked at the same bridge. We observed arches in the water, occasioned by the large stones sending it down in two streams. A sheep came plunging through the river, stumbled up the bank, and passed close to us. It had been frightened by an insignificant little dog on the other side. Its fleece dropped a glittering shower under its belly. Primroses by the road-side, pile wort that shone like stars of gold in the sun, violets, strawberries, retired and half-buried among the grass. When we came to the foot of Brothers Water, I left William sitting on the bridge,

and went along the path on the right side of the lake through the wood. I was delighted with what I saw. The water under the boughs of the bare old trees, the simplicity of the mountains, and the exquisite beauty of the path. There was one grey cottage. I repeated *The Glow-worm*, as I walked along. I hung over the gate, and thought I could have stayed for ever. When I returned, I found William writing a poem descriptive of the sights and sounds we saw and heard.[1] There was the gentle flowing of the stream, the glittering, lively lake, green fields without a living creature to be seen on them; behind us, a flat pasture with forty-two cattle feeding; to our left, the road leading to the hamlet. No smoke there, the sun shone on the bare roofs. The people were at work ploughing, harrowing, and sowing; . . . a dog barking now and then, cocks crowing, birds twittering, the snow in patches at the top of the highest hills, yellow palms, purple and green twigs on the birches, ashes with their glittering spikes quite bare. The hawthorn a bright green, with black stems under the oak. The moss of the oak glossy. We went on. Passed two sisters at work (they first passed us), one with two pitchforks in her hand, the other had a spade. We had some talk with them. They laughed long after we were gone, perhaps half in wantonness, half boldness. William finished his poem[1] before we got to the foot of Kirkstone. There were hundreds of cattle in the vale. There we ate our dinner. The walk up Kirkstone was very interesting. The becks among the rocks were all alive. William showed me the little mossy streamlet which he had before loved when he saw its bright green track in the snow. The view above Ambleside very beautiful. There we sate and looked down on the green vale. We watched the crows at a little distance from us become white as silver as they flew in the sunshine, and when they went still further,

[1] See "The Cock is crowing," etc., vol. ii. p. 293.—ED.

they looked like shapes of water passing over the green fields. The whitening of Ambleside church is a great deduction from the beauty of it, seen from this point. We called at the Luffs, the Boddingtons there. Did not go in, and went round by the fields. I pulled off my stockings, intending to wade the beck, but I was obliged to put them on, and we climbed over the wall at the bridge. The post passed us. No letters. Rydale Lake was in its own evening brightness: the Islands, and Points distinct. Jane Ashburner came up to us when we were sitting upon the wall. . . . The garden looked pretty in the half-moonlight, half-daylight, as we went up the vale. . . .

Saturday, 17*th*.—A mild warm rain. We sate in the garden all the morning. William dug a little. I transplanted a honey-suckle. The lake was still. The sheep on the island, reflected in the water, like the grey-deer we saw in Gowbarrow Park. We walked after tea by moonlight. I had been in bed in the afternoon, and William had slept in his chair. We walked towards Rydale backwards and forwards below Mr. Olliff's. The village was beautiful in the moonlight. Helm Crag we observed very distinct. The dead hedge round Benson's field bound together at the top by an interlacing of ash sticks, which made a chain of silver when we faced the moon. A letter from C. and also one from S. H. I saw a robin chasing a scarlet butterfly this morning.

Sunday, 18*th*.—Again a mild grey morning, with rising vapours. We sate in the orchard. William wrote the poem on *The Robin and the Butterfly*.[1] . . . William met me at Rydale . . . with the conclusion of the poem of the Robin. I read it to him in bed. We left out some lines.

. . . . . .

Tuesday, 20*th*.—A beautiful morning. The sun

[1] See vol. ii, p. 295.—Ed.

shone. William wrote a conclusion to the poem of the Butterfly :—

I've watched you now a full half-hour.[1]

I was quite out of spirits, and went into the orchard. When I came in, he had finished the poem. It was a beautiful afternoon. The sun shone upon the level fields, and they grew greener beneath the eye. Houses, village, all cheerful—people at work. We sate in the orchard and repeated *The Glow-worm* and other poems. Just when William came to a well or trough, which there is in Lord Darlington's park, he began to write that poem of *The Glow-worm; . . .* interrupted in going through the town of Staindrop, finished it about 2 miles and a half beyond Staindrop. He did not feel the jogging of the horse while he was writing ; but, when he had done, he felt the effect of it, and his fingers were cold with his gloves. His horse fell with him on the other side of St. Helens, Auckland. So much for *The Glow-worm.* It was written coming from Middleham on Monday, 12th April 1802. . . . On Tuesday 20th, when we were sitting after tea, Coleridge came to the door. I startled him with my voice. C. came up palish, but I afterwards found he looked well. William was not well, and I was in low spirits.

Wednesday, 21st.—William and I sauntered a little in the garden. Coleridge came to us, and repeated the verses he wrote to Sara. I was affected with them, and in miserable spirits.[2] The sunshine, the green fields, and the fair sky made me sadder ; even the little happy, sporting lambs seemed but sorrowful to me. The pile wort spread out on the grass a thousand shining stars. The primroses were there, and the remains of a few

[1] Published as a separate poem.—ED.

[2] Can these "Verses" have been the first draft of *Dejection, an Ode,* in its earliest and afterwards abandoned form? It is said to have been written on 2nd April 1802.—ED.

daffodils. The well, which we cleaned out last night, is still but a little muddy pond, though full of water. . . . Read Ferguson's life and a poem or two. . . .

Thursday, 22nd.—A fine mild morning. We walked into Easedale. The sun shone. Coleridge talked of his plan of sowing the laburnum in the woods. The waters were high, for there had been a great quantity of rain in the night. I was tired and sate under the shade of a holly tree that grows upon a rock, and looked down the stream. I then went to the single holly behind that single rock in the field, and sate upon the grass till they came from the waterfall. I saw them there, and heard William flinging stones into the river, whose roaring was loud even where I was. When they returned, William was repeating the poem :—

I have thoughts that are fed by the sun.

It had been called to his mind by the dying away of the stunning of the waterfall when he came behind a stone. . . .

Friday, 23rd April 1802.—It being a beautiful morning we set off at 11 o'clock, intending to stay out of doors all the morning. We went towards Rydale, and before we got to Tom Dawson's we determined to go under Nab Scar. Thither we went. The sun shone and we were lazy. Coleridge pitched upon several places to sit down upon, but we could not be all of one mind respecting sun and shade, so we pushed on to the foot of the Scar. It was very grand when we looked up, very stony, here and there a budding tree. William observed that the umbrella yew tree, that breasts the wind, had lost its character as a tree, and had become something like to solid wood. Coleridge and I pushed on before. We left William sitting on the stones, feasting with silence ; and Coleridge and I sat down upon a rocky seat—a couch it might be under the bower of William's eglantine, Andrew's Broom. He was below us, and we could see him. He came to us, and repeated

his poems[1] while we sate beside him upon the ground. He had made himself a seat in the crumbling ground. Afterwards we lingered long, looking into the vales; Ambleside vale, with the copses, the village under the hill, and the green fields; Rydale, with a lake all alive and glittering, yet but little stirred by breezes; and our dear Grasmere, making a little round lake of nature's own, with never a house, never a green field, but the copses and the bare hills enclosing it, and the river flowing out of it. Above rose the Coniston Fells, in their own shape and colour—not man's hills, but all for themselves, the sky and the clouds, and a few wild creatures. C. went to search for something new. We saw him climbing up towards a rock. He called us, and we found him in a bower—the sweetest that was ever seen. The rock on one side is very high, and all covered with ivy, which hung loosely about, and bore bunches of brown berries. On the other side it was higher than my head. We looked down on the Ambleside vale, that seemed to wind away from us, the village lying under the hill. The fir-tree island was reflected beautifully. About this bower there is mountain-ash, common-ash, yew-tree, ivy, holly, hawthorn, grasses, and flowers, and a carpet of moss. Above, at the top of the rock, there is another spot. It is scarce a bower, a little parlour only, not enclosed by walls, but shaped out for a resting-place by the rocks, and the ground rising about it. It had a sweet moss carpet. We resolved to go and plant flowers in both these places to-morrow. We wished for Mary and Sara. Dined late. After dinner Wm. and I worked in the garden. C. received a letter from Sara.

Saturday, 24*th*.—A very wet day. William called me out to see a waterfall behind the barberry tree. We walked in the evening to Rydale. Coleridge and I lingered behind. C. stopped up the little runnel by the

[1] See *The Waterfall and the Eglantine* and *The Oak and the Broom*, vol. ii. pp. 170, 174.—Ed

road-side to make a lake. We all stood to look at Glow-worm Rock—a primrose that grew there, and just looked out on the road from its own sheltered bower.[1] The clouds moved, as William observed, in one regular body like a multitude in motion—a sky all clouds over, not one cloud.[2] On our return it broke a little out, and we saw here and there a star. One appeared but for a moment in a pale blue sky.

Sunday, 25*th April.*—After breakfast we set off with Coleridge towards Keswick. Wilkinson overtook us near the Potter's, and interrupted our discourse. C. got into a gig with Mr. Beck, and drove away from us. A shower came on, but it was soon over. We spent the morning in the orchard reading the *Prothalamium* of Spenser; walked backwards and forwards. . . .

Monday, 26*th.*—I copied Wm.'s poems for Coleridge. . . .

Tuesday, 27*th.*—A fine morning. Mrs. Luff called. I walked with her to the boat-house. William met me at the top of the hill with his fishing-rod in his hand. I turned with him, and we sate on the hill looking to Rydale. I left him, intending to join him, but he came home, and said his lines would not stand the pulling; he had had several bites. We sate in the orchard. In the evening W. began to write *The Tinker;* we had a letter and verses from Coleridge.

Wednesday, 28*th April.*— . . . I copied *The Prioress's Tale.* William was in the orchard. I went to him; he worked away at his poem. . . . I happened to say that when I was a child I would not have pulled a strawberry blossom. I left him, and wrote out *The Manciple's Tale.* At dinner time he came in with the poem of *Children gathering Flowers*,[3] but it was not quite finished, and it kept him long off his dinner. It is now done. He

[1] See *The Primrose of the Rock*, vol. vii. p. 274.—ED.
[2] Compare *To the Clouds*, vol. viii. p. 142.—ED.
[3] See *Foresight*, vol. ii. p. 298.—ED.

is working at *The Tinker*. He promised me he would get his tea, and do no more, but I have got mine an hour and a quarter, and he has scarcely begun his. We have let the bright sun go down without walking. Now a heavy shower comes on, and I guess we shall not walk at all. I wrote a few lines to Coleridge. Then we walked backwards and forwards between our house and Olliff's. We talked about T. Hutchinson, and Bell Addison. William left me sitting on a stone. When we came in we corrected the Chaucers, but I could not finish them to-night.

Thursday, 29*th*.— . . . After I had written down *The Tinker*, which William finished this morning, Luff called. He was very lame, limped into the kitchen. He came on a little pony. We then went to John's Grove, sate a while at first; afterwards William lay, and I lay, in the trench under the fence—he with his eyes shut, and listening to the waterfalls and the birds. There was no one waterfall above another—it was a sound of waters in the air—the voice of the air. William heard me breathing, and rustling now and then, but we both lay still, and unseen by one another. He thought that it would be so sweet thus to lie in the grave, to hear the peaceful sounds of the earth, and just to know that our dear friends were near. The lake was still; there was a boat out. Silver How reflected with delicate purple and yellowish hues, as I have seen spar; lambs on the island, and running races together by the half-dozen, in the round field near us. The copses greenish, hawthorns green, . . . cottages smoking. As I lay down on the grass, I observed the glittering silver line on the ridge of the backs of the sheep, owing to their situation respecting the sun, which made them look beautiful, but with something of strangeness, like animals of another kind, as if belonging to a more splendid world. . . . I got mullins and pansies. . . .

Friday, *April* 30*th*.—We came into the orchard directly after breakfast, and sate there. The lake was

calm, the day cloudy. . . . Two fishermen by the lake side. William began to write the poem of *The Celandine*.[1] . . . Walked backwards and forwards with William—he repeated his poem to me, then he got to work again and could not give over. He had not finished his dinner till 5 o'clock. After dinner we took up the fur gown into the Hollins above. We found a sweet seat, and thither we will often go. We spread the gown, put on each a cloak, and there we lay. William fell asleep, he had a bad headache owing to his having been disturbed the night before, with reading C.'s letter. I did not sleep, but lay with half-shut eyes looking at the prospect as on a vision almost, I was so resigned[2] to it. Loughrigg Fell was the most distant hill, then came the lake, slipping in between the copses. Above the copse, the round swelling field; nearer to me, a wild intermixture of rocks, trees, and slacks of grassy ground. When we turned the corner of our little shelter, we saw the church and the whole vale. It is a blessed place. The birds were about us on all sides. Skobbies, robins, bull-finches. Crows now and then flew over our heads, as we were warned by the sound of the beating of the air above. We stayed till the light of day was going, and the little birds had begun to settle their singing. But there was a thrush not far off, that seemed to sing louder and clearer than the thrushes had sung when it was quite day. We came in at 8 o'clock, got tea, wrote to Coleridge, and I wrote to Mrs. Clarkson part of a letter. We went to bed at 20 minutes past 11, with prayers that William might sleep well.

Saturday, May 1st.—Rose not till half-past 8, a heavenly morning. As soon as breakfast was over, we went into the garden, and sowed the scarlet beans about the house. It was a clear sky.

[1] See vol. ii. p. 300.—ED.

[2] "Resigned" is curiously used in the Lake District. A woman there once told me that Mr. Ruskin was "very much resigned to his own company."—ED.

I sowed the flowers, William helped me. We then went and sate in the orchard till dinner time. It was very hot. William wrote *The Celandine.*[1] We planned a shed, for the sun was too much for us. After dinner, we went again to our old resting-place in the Hollins under the rock. We first lay under a holly, where we saw nothing but the holly tree, and a budding elm tree mossed, with the sky above our heads. But that holly tree had a beauty about it more than its own, knowing as we did where we were. When the sun had got low enough, we went to the Rock Shade. Oh, the overwhelming beauty of the vale below, greener than green! Two ravens flew high, high in the sky, and the sun shone upon their bellies and their wings, long after there was none of his light to be seen but a little space on the top of Loughrigg Fell. Heard the cuckoo to-day, this first of May. We went down to tea at 8 o'clock, and returned after tea. The landscape was fading: sheep and lambs quiet among the rocks. We walked towards King's, and backwards and forwards. The sky was perfectly cloudless. *N.B.* Is it often so? Three solitary stars in the middle of the blue vault, one or two on the points of the high hills. Wm. wrote *The Celandine*, second part, to-night.

Tuesday, 4*th May.*—Though William went to bed nervous, and jaded in the extreme, he rose refreshed. I wrote out *The Leech Gatherer* for him, which he had begun the night before, and of which he wrote several stanzas in bed this morning. [They started to walk to Wytheburn.] It was very hot. . . . We rested several times by the way,—read, and repeated *The Leech Gatherer.* . . . We saw Coleridge on the Wytheburn side of the water; he crossed the beck to us. Mr. Simpson was fishing there. William and I ate luncheon, and then went on towards the waterfall. It is a glorious

[1] Doubtless the second of the two poems, beginning thus—

Pleasures newly found are sweet.

ED.

wild solitude under that lofty purple crag. It stood upright by itself; its own self, and its shadow below, one mass; all else was sunshine. We went on further. A bird at the top of the crag was flying round and round, and looked in thinness and transparency, shape and motion like a moth. . . . We climbed the hill, but looked in vain for a shade, except at the foot of the great waterfall. We came down, and rested upon a moss-covered rock rising out of the bed of the river. There we lay, ate our dinner, and stayed there till about four o'clock or later. William and Coleridge repeated and read verses. I drank a little brandy and water, and was in heaven. The stag's horn is very beautiful and fresh, springing upon the fells; mountain ashes, green. We drank tea at a farm house. . . . We parted from Coleridge at Sara's crag, after having looked for the letters which C. carved in the morning. I kissed them all. William deepened the T with C.'s pen-knife. We sate afterwards on the wall, seeing the sun go down, and the reflections in the still water. C. looked well, and parted from us cheerfully, hopping upon the side stones. On the Raise we met a woman with two little girls, one in her arms, the other, about four years old, walking by her side, a pretty little thing, but half-starved. . . . Young as she was, she walked carefully with them. Alas, too young for such cares and such travels. The mother, when we accosted her, told us how her husband had left her, and gone off with another woman, and how she "*pursued*" them. Then her fury kindled, and her eyes rolled about. She changed again to tears. She was a Cockermouth woman, thirty years of age—a child at Cockermouth when I was. I was moved, and gave her a shilling. . . . We had the crescent moon with the "auld moon in her arms." We rested often, always upon the bridges. Reached home at about ten o'clock. . . . We went soon to bed. I repeated verses to William while he was in bed; he was soothed, and I left him. "This is the spot" over and over again.

Wednesday, 5th May.—A very fine morning, rather cooler than yesterday. We planted three-fourths of the bower. I made bread. We sate in the orchard. The thrush sang all day, as he always sings. I wrote to the Hutchinsons, and to Coleridge. Packed off *Thalaba.* William had kept off work till near bed-time, when we returned from our walk. Then he began again, and went to bed very nervous. We walked in the twilight, and walked till night came on. The moon had the old moon in her arms, but not so plain to be seen as the night before. When we went to bed it was a boat without the circle. I read *The Lover's Complaint* to William in bed, and left him composed.

Thursday, 6th May.—A sweet morning. We have put the finishing stroke to our bower, and here we are sitting in the orchard. It is one o'clock. We are sitting upon a seat under the wall, which I found my brother building up, when I came to him. . . . He had intended that it should have been done before I came. It is a nice, cool, shady spot. The small birds are singing, lambs bleating, cuckoos calling, the thrush sings by fits, Thomas Ashburner's axe is going quietly (without passion) in the orchard, hens are cackling, flies humming, the women talking together at their doors, plum and pear trees are in blossom—apple trees greenish —the opposite woods green, the crows are cawing, we have heard ravens, the ash trees are in blossom, birds flying all about us, the stitchwort is coming out, there is one budding lychnis, the primroses are passing their prime, celandine, violets, and wood sorrel for ever more, little geraniums and pansies on the wall. We walked in the evening to Tail End, to inquire about hurdles for the orchard shed. . . . When we came in we found a magazine, and review, and a letter from Coleridge, verses to Hartley, and Sara H. We read the review, etc. The moon was a perfect boat, a silver boat, when we were out in the evening. The birch tree is all over green in *small* leaf, more light and elegant than when it is full

out. It bent to the breezes, as if for the love of its own delightful motions. Sloe-thorns and hawthorns in the hedges.

Friday, 7th May.—William had slept uncommonly well, so, feeling himself strong, he fell to work at *The Leech Gatherer;* he wrote hard at it till dinner time, then he gave over, tired to death—he had finished the poem. I was making Derwent's frocks. After dinner we sate in the orchard. It was a thick, hazy, dull air. The thrush sang almost continually; the little birds were more than usually busy with their voices. The sparrows are now full fledged. The nest is so full that they lie upon one another; they sit quietly in their nest with closed mouths. I walked to Rydale after tea, which we drank by the kitchen fire. The evening very dull; a terrible kind of threatening brightness at sunset above Easedale. The sloe-thorn beautiful in the hedges, and in the wild spots higher up among the hawthorns. No letters. William met me. He had been digging in my absence, and cleaning the well. We walked up beyond Lewthwaites. A very dull sky; coolish; crescent moon now and then. I had a letter brought me from Mrs. Clarkson while we were walking in the orchard. I observed the sorrel leaves opening at about nine o'clock. William went to bed tired with thinking about a poem.

Saturday Morning, 8th May.—We sowed the scarlet beans in the orchard, and read *Henry V.* there. William lay on his back on the seat. . . . After dinner William added one to the orchard steps.

Sunday Morning, 9th May.—The air considerably colder to-day, but the sun shone all day. William worked at *The Leech Gatherer* almost incessantly from morning till tea-time. I copied *The Leech Gatherer* and other poems for Coleridge. I was oppressed and sick at heart, for he wearied himself to death. After tea he wrote two stanzas in the manner of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, and was tired out. Bad news of Coleridge.

Monday, 10th May.—A fine clear morning, but

coldish. William is still at work, though it is past ten o'clock; he will be tired out, I am sure. My heart fails in me. He worked a little at odd things, but after dinner he gave over. An affecting letter from Mary H. We sate in the orchard before dinner. . . . I wrote to Mary H. . . . I wrote to Coleridge, sent off reviews and poems. Went to bed at twelve o'clock. William did not sleep till three o'clock.

Tuesday, 11*th May*.—A cool air. William finished the stanzas about C. and himself. He did not go out to-day. Miss Simpson came in to tea, which was lucky enough, for it interrupted his labours. I walked with her to Rydale. The evening cool; the moon only now and then to be seen; the lake purple as we went; primroses still in abundance. William did not meet me. He completely finished his poem, I finished Derwent's frocks. We went to bed at twelve o'clock. . . .

Wednesday, 12*th May*.—A sunshiny, but coldish morning. We walked into Easedale. . . . We brought home heckberry blossom, crab blossom, the anemone nemorosa, marsh marigold, speedwell,—that beautiful blue one, the colour of the blue-stone or glass used in jewellery—with the beautiful pearl-like chives. Anemones are in abundance, and still the dear dear primroses, violets in beds, pansies in abundance, and the little celandine. I pulled a bunch of the taller celandine. Butterflies of all colours. I often see some small ones of a pale purple lilac, or emperor's eye colour, something of the colour of that large geranium which grows by the lake side. . . . William pulled ivy with beautiful berries. I put it over the chimney-piece. Sate in the orchard the hour before dinner, coldish. . . . In the evening we were sitting at the table writing, when we were roused by Coleridge's voice below. He had walked; looked palish, but was not much tired. We sate up till one o'clock, all together, then William went to bed, and I sate with C. in the sitting-room (where he slept) till a quarter past two o'clock. Wrote to M. H.

Thursday, 13*th May*.—The day was very cold, with snow showers. Coleridge had intended going in the morning to Keswick, but the cold and showers hindered him. We went with him after tea as far as the plantations by the roadside descending to Wytheburn. He did not look well when we parted from him. . . .

Friday, 14*th May*.—A very cold morning—hail and snow showers all day. We went to Brothers wood, intending to get plants, and to go along the shore of the lake to the foot. We did go a part of the way, but there was no pleasure in stepping along that difficult sauntering road in this ungenial weather. We turned again, and walked backwards and forwards in Brothers wood. William tired himself with seeking an epithet for the cuckoo. I sate a while upon my last summer seat, the mossy stone. William's, unemployed, beside me, and the space between, where Coleridge has so often lain. The oak trees are just putting forth yellow knots of leaves. The ashes with their flowers passing away, and leaves coming out; the blue hyacinth is not quite full blown; gowans are coming out; marsh marigolds in full glory; the little star plant, a star without a flower. We took home a great load of gowans, and planted them about the orchard. After dinner, I worked bread, then came and mended stockings beside William; he fell asleep. After tea I walked to Rydale for letters. It was a strange night. The hills were covered over with a slight covering of hail or snow, just so as to give them a hoary winter look with the black rocks. The woods looked miserable, the coppices green as grass, which looked quite unnatural, and they seemed half shrivelled up, as if they shrank from the air. O, thought I! what a beautiful thing God has made winter to be, by stripping the trees, and letting us see their shapes and forms. What a freedom does it seem to give to the storms! There were several new flowers out, but I had no pleasure in looking at them. I walked as fast as I could back again with my letter from S. H. . . . Met William at

the top of White Moss. . . . Near ten when we came in. William and Molly had dug the ground and planted potatoes in my absence. We wrote to Coleridge; sent off bread and frocks to the C.'s. Went to bed at half-past eleven. William very nervous. After he was in bed, haunted with altering *The Rainbow*.

. . . . . .

Saturday, 15*th*.—A very cold and cheerless morning. I sate mending stockings all the morning. I read in Shakespeare. William lay very late because he slept ill last night. It snowed this morning just like Christmas. We had a melancholy letter from Coleridge at bedtime. It distressed me very much, and I resolved upon going to Keswick the next day.

(The following is written on the blotting-paper opposite this date:—)

S. T. Coleridge.
Dorothy Wordsworth. William Wordsworth.
Mary Hutchinson. Sara Hutchinson.
William. Coleridge. Mary.
Dorothy. Sara.
16th May
1802.
John Wordsworth.

Sunday, 16*th*.—William was at work all the morning. I did not go to Keswick. A sunny, cold, frosty day. A snowstorm at night. We were a good while in the orchard in the morning.

Monday, 17*th May*.—William was not well, he went with me to Wytheburn water, and left me in a post-chaise. Hail showers, snow, and cold attacked me. The people were graving peats under Nadel Fell. A lark and thrush singing near Coleridge's house. Bancrofts there. A letter from M. H.

Tuesday, 18*th May*.—Terribly cold, Coleridge not well. Froude called, Wilkinsons called, C. and I

walked in the evening in the garden. Warmer in the evening. Wrote to M. and S.

Wednesday, 19*th May*.—A grey morning—not quite so cold. C. and I set off at half-past nine o'clock. Met William near the six-mile stone. We sate down by the road-side, and then went to Wytheburn water. Longed to be at the island. Sate in the sun. We drank tea at John Stanley's. The evening cold and clear. A glorious light on Skiddaw. I was tired. Brought a cloak down from Mr. Simpson's. Packed up books for Coleridge, then got supper, and went to bed.

Thursday, 20*th May*.—A frosty, clear morning. I lay in bed late. William got to work. I was somewhat tired. We sate in the orchard sheltered all the morning. In the evening there was a fine rain. We received a letter from Coleridge telling us that he wished us not to go to Keswick.

Friday, 21*st May*.—A very warm gentle morning, a little rain. William wrote two sonnets on Buonaparte, after I had read Milton's sonnets to him. In the evening he went with Mr. Simpson with Borwick's boat to gather ling in Bainrigg's. I plashed about the well, was much heated, and I think I caught cold.

Saturday, 22*nd May*.—A very hot morning. A hot wind, as if coming from a sand desert. We met Coleridge. He was sitting under Sara's rock. When we reached him he turned with us. We sate a long time under the wall of a sheep-fold. Had some interesting melancholy talk about his private affairs. We drank tea at a farmhouse. The woman was very kind. There was a woman with three children travelling from Workington to Manchester. The woman served them liberally. Afterwards she said that she never suffered any to go away without a trifle "sec as we have." The woman at whose house we drank tea the last time was rich and senseless—she said "she never served any but their own poor." C. came home with us. We sate

some time in the orchard. . . . Letters from S. and M. H.

Sunday.—I sat with C. in the orchard all the morning. . . . We walked in Bainrigg's after tea. Saw the juniper—umbrella shaped. C. went to S. and M. Points,[1] joined us on White Moss.

Monday, 24th May.—A very hot morning. We were ready to go off with Coleridge, but foolishly sauntered, and Miss Taylor and Miss Stanley called. William and Coleridge and I went afterwards to the top of the Raise.

I had sent off a letter to Mary by C. I wrote again, and to C.

Tuesday, 25th.— . . . Papers and short note from C.; again no sleep for William.

. . . .

Friday, 28th.— . . . William tired himself with hammering at a passage.

. . . We sate in the orchard. The sky cloudy, the air sweet and cool. The young bullfinches, in their party-coloured raiment, bustle about among the blossoms, and poise themselves like wire-dancers or tumblers, shaking the twigs and dashing off the blossoms.[2] There is yet one primrose in the orchard. The stitchwort is fading. The vetches are in abundance, blossoming and seeding. That pretty little wavy-looking dial-like yellow flower, the speedwell, and some others, whose names I do not yet know. The wild columbines are coming into beauty; some of the gowans fading. In the garden we have lilies, and many other flowers. The scarlet beans are up in crowds. It is now between eight and nine o'clock. It has rained sweetly for two hours and a half; the air is very mild. The heckberry blossoms are

[1] Mary Point and Sara Point; the "two heath-clad rocks" referred to in one of the "Poems on the Naming of Places." —Ed.

[2] Compare *The Green Linnet*, vol. ii. p. 367.—Ed.

dropping off fast, almost gone ; barberries are in beauty ; snowballs coming forward ; May roses blossoming.

Saturday, 29*th*.— . . . William finished his poem on going for Mary. I wrote it out. I wrote to Mary H., having received a letter from her in the evening. A sweet day. We nailed up the honeysuckles, and hoed the scarlet beans

. . . . . .

Monday, 31*st*.— . . . We sat out all the day. . . . I wrote out the poem on "Our Departure," which he seemed to have finished. In the evening Miss Simpson brought us a letter from M. H., and a complimentary and critical letter to W. from John Wilson of Glasgow.[1] . . .

Tuesday.—A very sweet day, but a sad want of rain. We went into the orchard after I had written to M. H. Then on to Mr. Olliff's intake. . . . The columbine was growing upon the rocks ; here and there a solitary plant, sheltered and shaded by the tufts and bowers of trees. It is a graceful slender creature, a female seeking retirement, and growing freest and most graceful where it is most alone. I observed that the more shaded plants were always the tallest. A short note and gooseberries from Coleridge. We walked upon the turf near John's Grove. It was a lovely night. The clouds of the western sky reflected a saffron light upon the upper end of the lake. All was still. We went to look at Rydale. There was an Alpine, fire-like red upon the tops of the mountains. This was gone when we came in view of the lake. But we saw the lake from a new and most beautiful point of view, between two little rocks, and behind a small ridge that had concealed it from us. This White Moss, a place made for all kinds of beautiful works of art and nature, woods and valleys, fairy valleys and fairy tarns, miniature mountains, alps above alps.

[1] Christopher North.—Ed.

Wednesday, 2nd June.—In the morning we observed that the scarlet beans were drooping in the leaves in great numbers, owing, we guess, to an insect. . . . Yesterday an old man called, a grey-headed man, above seventy years of age. He said he had been a soldier, that his wife and children had died in Jamaica. He had a beggar's wallet over his shoulders; a coat of shreds and patches, altogether of a drab colour; he was tall, and though his body was bent, he had the look of one used to have been upright. I talked a while, and then gave him a piece of cold bacon and a penny. Said he, "You're a fine woman!" I could not help smiling; I suppose he meant, "You're a kind woman." Afterwards a woman called, travelling to Glasgow. After dinner we went into Frank's field, crawled up the little glen, and planned a seat; . . . found a beautiful shell-like purple fungus in Frank's field. After tea we walked to Butterlip How, and backwards and forwards there. All the young oak tree leaves are dry as powder. A cold south wind, portending rain. . . .

Thursday, 3rd June 1802.—A very fine rain. I lay in my bed till ten o'clock. William much better than yesterday. We walked into Easedale. . . . The cuckoo sang, and we watched the little birds as we sate at the door of the cow-house. The oak copses are brown, as in autumn, with the late frosts. . . . We have been reading the life and some of the writings of poor Logan since dinner. There are many affecting lines and passages in his poem, *e.g.*

And everlasting longings for the lost.

. . . William is now sleeping with the window open, lying on the window seat. The thrush is singing. There are, I do believe, a thousand buds on the honeysuckle tree, all small and far from blowing, save one that is retired behind the twigs close to the wall, and as snug as a bird nest. John's rose tree is very beautiful, blended with the honeysuckle.

Yesterday morning William walked as far as the Swan with Aggy Fisher, who was going to attend upon Goan's dying infant. She said, "There are many heavier crosses than the death of an infant;" and went on, "There was a woman in this vale who buried four grown-up children in one year, and I have heard her say, when many years were gone by, that she had more pleasure in thinking of those four than of her living children, for as children get up and have families of their own, their duty to their parents *wears out and weakens.* She could trip lightly by the graves of those who died when they were young . . . as she went to church on a Sunday."

. . . A very affecting letter came from M. H., while I was sitting in the window reading Milton's *Penseroso* to William. I answered this letter before I went to bed.

. . . . . .

Saturday, 5th.—A fine showery morning. I made both pies and bread; but we first walked into Easedale, and sate under the oak trees, upon the mossy stones. There were one or two slight showers. The gowans were flourishing along the banks of the stream. The strawberry flower hanging over the brook; all things soft and green. In the afternoon William sate in the orchard. I went there; was tired, and fell asleep. We began the letter to John Wilson.

Sunday, 6th June.—A showery morning. We were writing the letter to John Wilson when Ellen came. . . . After dinner I walked into John Fisher's intake with Ellen. He brought us letters from Coleridge, Mrs. Clarkson, and Sara Hutchinson. . . .

Monday, 7th June.—I wrote to Mary H. this morning; sent the C. Indolence poem. Copied the letter to John Wilson, and wrote to my brother Richard and Mrs. Coleridge. In the evening I walked with Ellen to Butterlip How. . . . It was a very sweet evening; there was the cuckoo and the little birds; the copses still injured, but the trees in general looked most soft

and beautiful in tufts. . . . I went with Ellen in the morning to Rydale Falls. . . .

Tuesday, 8th June.—Ellen and I rode to Windermere. We had a fine sunny day, neither hot nor cold. I mounted the horse at the quarry. We had no difficulties or delays but at the gates. I was enchanted with some of the views. From the High Ray the view is very delightful, rich, and festive, water and wood, houses, groves, hedgerows, green fields, and mountains; white houses, large and small. We passed two or three new-looking statesmen's houses. The Curwens' shrubberies looked pitiful enough under the native trees. We put up our horses, ate our dinner by the water-side, and walked up to the Station. We went to the Island, walked round it, and crossed the lake with our horse in the ferry. The shrubs have been cut away in some parts of the island. I observed to the boatman that I did not think it improved. He replied: "We think it is, for one could hardly see the house before." It seems to me to be, however, no better than it was. They have made no natural glades; it is merely a lawn with a few miserable young trees, standing as if they were half-starved. There are no sheep, no cattle upon these lawns. It is neither one thing nor another—neither natural, nor wholly cultivated and artificial, which it was before. And that great house! Mercy upon us! if it *could* be concealed, it would be well for all who are not pained to see the pleasantest of earthly spots deformed by man. But it *cannot* be covered. Even the tallest of our old oak trees would not reach to the top of it. When we went into the boat, there were two men standing at the landing-place. One seemed to be about sixty, a man with a jolly red face; he looked as if he might have lived many years in Mr. Curwen's house. He wore a blue jacket and trousers, as the people who live close by Windermere, particularly at the places of chief resort. . . . He looked significantly at our boatman just as we were rowing off, and said, "Thomas,

mind you take the directions off that cask. You know what I mean. It will serve as a blind for them. *You* know. It was a blind business, both for you, and the coachman, . . . and all of us. Mind you take off the directions. 'A wink's as good as a nod with some folks;'" and then he turned round, looking at his companion with an air of self-satisfaction, and deep insight into unknown things! I could hardly help laughing outright at him. The laburnums blossom freely at the island, and in the shrubberies on the shore; they are blighted everywhere else. Roses of various sorts now out. The brooms were in full glory everywhere, "veins of gold" among the copses. The hawthorns in the valley fading away; beautiful upon the hills. We reached home at three o'clock. After tea William went out and walked and wrote that poem,

The sun has long been set, etc.

He . . . walked on our own path and wrote the lines; he called me into the orchard, and there repeated them to me. . . .

Wednesday, 9*th June*.— . . . The hawthorns on the mountain sides like orchards in blossom. . . .

Thursday, 10*th June*.— . . . Coleridge came in with a sack full of books, etc., and a branch of mountain ash. He had been attacked by a cow. He came over by Grisdale. A furious wind. . .

. . . . . .

Saturday, 12*th June*.—A rainy morning. Coleridge set off before dinner. We went with him to the Raise, but it rained, so we went no further. Sheltered under a wall. He would be sadly wet, for a furious shower came on just when we parted. . . .

Sunday, 13*th June*.—A fine morning. Sunshiny and bright, but with rainy clouds. William . . . has been altering the poem to Mary this morning. . . . I wrote out poems for our journey. . . . Mr. Simpson came when we were in the orchard in the morning, and

brought us a beautiful drawing which he had done. In the evening we walked, first on our own path. . . . It was a silent night. The stars were out by ones and twos, but no cuckoo, no little birds; the air was not warm, and we have observed that since Tuesday, 8th, when William wrote, "The sun has long been set," that we have had no birds singing after the evening is fairly set in. We walked to our new view of Rydale, but it put on a sullen face. There was an owl hooting in Bainrigg's. Its first halloo was so like a human shout that I was surprised, when it gave its second call tremulous and lengthened out, to find that the shout had come from an owl. The full moon (not quite full) was among a company of steady island clouds, and the sky bluer about it than the natural sky blue. William observed that the full moon, above a dark fir grove, is a fine image of the descent of a superior being. There was a shower which drove us into John's Grove before we had quitted our favourite path. We walked upon John's path before we went to view Rydale. . . .

Monday, 14*th.*— . . . William wrote to Mary and Sara about *The Leech Gatherer*, and wrote to both of them in one . . . and to Coleridge also. . . . I walked with William . . . on our own path. We were driven away by the horses that go on the commons; then we went to look at Rydale; walked a little in the fir grove; went again to the top of the hill, and came home. A mild and sweet night. William stayed behind me. I threw him the cloak out of the window. The moon overcast. He sate a few minutes in the orchard; came in sleepy, and hurried to bed. I carried him his bread and butter.

Tuesday, 15*th.*—A sweet grey, mild morning. The birds sing soft and low. William has not slept all night; it wants only ten minutes of ten, and he is in bed yet. After William rose we went and sate in the orchard till dinner time. We walked a long time in the evening upon our favourite path; the owls hooted, the night

hawk sang to itself incessantly, but there were no little birds, no thrushes. I left William writing a few lines about the night hawk and other images of the evening, and went to seek for letters. . . .

Wednesday, 16*th*.—We walked towards Rydale for letters. . . . One from Mary. We went up into Rydale woods and read it there. We sate near the old wall, which fenced a hazel grove, which William said was exactly like the filbert grove at Middleham. It is a beautiful spot, a sloping or rather steep piece of ground, with hazels growing "tall and erect" in clumps at distances, almost seeming regular, as if they had been planted. . . . I wrote to Mary after dinner, while William sate in the orchard. . . . I spoke of the little birds keeping us company, and William told me that that very morning a bird had perched upon his leg. He had been lying very still, and had watched this little creature. It had come under the bench where he was sitting. . . . He thoughtlessly stirred himself to look further at it, and it flew on to the apple tree above him. It was a little young creature that had just left its nest, equally unacquainted with man, and unaccustomed to struggle against the storms and winds. While it was upon the apple tree the wind blew about the stiff boughs, and the bird seemed bemazed, and not strong enough to strive with it. The swallows come to the sitting-room window as if wishing to build, but I am afraid they will not have courage for it; but I believe they will build in my room window. They twitter, and make a bustle, and a little cheerful song, hanging against the panes of glass with their soft white bellies close to the glass and their forked fish-like tails. They swim round and round, and again they come. . . . I do not now see the brownness that was in the coppices. The lower hawthorn blossoms passed away. Those on the hills are a faint white. The wild guelder-rose is coming out, and the wild roses. I have seen no honey-suckles yet. . . . Foxgloves are now frequent.

Thursday, 17*th*.— . . . When I came home I found William at work attempting to alter a stanza in the poem on our going for Mary, which I convinced him did not need altering. We sate in the house after dinner. In the evening walked on our favourite path. A short letter from Coleridge. William added a little to the Ode he is writing.[1]

Friday, 18*th June*.—When we were sitting after breakfast . . . Luff came in. He had rode over the Fells. He brought news about Lord Lowther's intention to pay all debts, etc., and a letter from Mr. Clarkson. He saw our garden, was astonished at the scarlet beans, etc. etc. etc. When he was gone, we wrote to Coleridge, M. H., and my brother Richard about the affair. William determined to go to Eusemere on Monday. . . .

Saturday, 19*th*.—The swallows were very busy under my window this morning. . . . Coleridge, when he was last here, told us that for many years, there being no Quaker meeting at Keswick, a single old Quaker woman used to go regularly alone every Sunday to attend the meeting-house, and there used to sit and perform her worship alone, in that beautiful place among those fir trees, in that spacious vale, under the great mountain Skiddaw!!! . . . On Thursday morning Miss Hudson of Workington called. She said, ". . . I sow flowers in the parks several miles from home, and my mother and I visit them, and watch them how they grow." This may show that botanists may be often deceived when they find rare flowers growing far from houses. This was a very ordinary young woman, such as in any town in the North of England one may find a score. I sate up a while after William. He then called me down to him. (I was writing to Mary H.) I read Churchill's *Rosciad*. Returned again to my writing, and did not go to bed till he called to me. The shutters were closed,

[1] Doubtless the *Ode, Intimations of Immortality*.—Ed.

but I heard the birds singing. There was our own thrush, shouting with an impatient shout; so it sounded to me. The morning was still, the twittering of the little birds was very gloomy. The owls had hooted a quarter of an hour before, now the cocks were crowing, it was near daylight, I put out my candle, and went to bed. . . .

Sunday, 20*th*.— . . . We were in the orchard a great part of the morning. After tea we walked upon our own path for a long time. We talked sweetly together about the disposal of our riches. We lay upon the sloping turf. Earth and sky were so lovely that they melted our very hearts. The sky to the north was of a chastened yet rich yellow, fading into pale blue, and streaked and scattered over with steady islands of purple, melting away into shades of pink. It was like a vision to me. . . .

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Tuesday morning.— . . . I walked to Rydale. I waited long for the post, lying in the field, and looking at the distant mountains, looking and listening to the river. I met the post. Letters from Montagu and Richard. I hurried back, forwarded these to William, and wrote to Montagu. When I came home I wrote to my brother Christopher. I could settle to nothing. . . . I read the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and began *As You Like It*.

Wednesday, 23*rd June*.— . . . A sunshiny morning. I walked to the top of the hill and sate under a wall near John's Grove, facing the sun. I read a scene or two in *As You Like It*. . . . Coleridge and Leslie came just as I had lain down after dinner. C. brought me William's letter. He had got well to Eusemere. Coleridge and I accompanied Leslie to the boat-house. It was a sullen, coldish evening, no sunshine; but after we had parted from Leslie a light came out suddenly that repaid us for all. It fell only upon one hill, and the island, but it arrayed the grass and trees in gem-like

brightness. I cooked Coleridge's supper. We sate up till one o'clock.

Thursday, 24th June.—I went with C. half way up the Raise. It was a cool morning. . . . William came in just when M. had left me. It was a mild, rainy evening. . . . We sate together talking till the first dawning of day; a happy time.

Friday, 25th June.— . . I went, just before tea, into the garden. I looked up at my swallow's nest, and it was gone. It had fallen down. Poor little creatures, they could not themselves be more distressed than I was. I went upstairs to look at the ruins. They lay in a large heap upon the window ledge; these swallows had been ten days employed in building this nest, and it seemed to be almost finished. I had watched them early in the morning, in the day many and many a time, and in the evenings when it was almost dark. I had seen them sitting together side by side in their unfinished nest, both morning and night. When they first came about the window they used to hang against the panes, with their white bellies and their forked tails, looking like fish; but then they fluttered and sang their own little twittering song. As soon as the nest was broad enough, a sort of ledge for them, they sate both mornings and evenings, but they did not pass the night there. I watched them one morning, when William was at Eusemere, for more than an hour. Every now and then there was a motion in their wings, a sort of tremulousness, and they sang a low song to one another.

. . . . . .

. . . It is now eight o'clock; I will go and see if my swallows are on their nest. Yes! there they are, side by side, both looking down into the garden. I have been out on purpose to see their faces. I knew by looking at the window that they were there. . . . Coleridge and William came in at about half-past eleven. They talked till after twelve.

Wednesday, 30th June.— . . . We met an old man

between the Raise and Lewthwaites. He wore a rusty but untorn hat, an excellent blue coat, waistcoat, and breeches, and good mottled worsted stockings. His beard was very thick and grey, of a fortnight's growth we guessed; it was a regular beard, like grey *plush*. His bundle contained Sheffield ware. William said to him, after we had asked him what his business was, "You are a very old man?" "Aye, I am eighty-three." I joined in, "Have you any children?" "Children? Yes, plenty. I have children and grand-children, and great grand-children. I have a great grand-daughter, a fine lass, thirteen years old." I then said, "Won't they take care of you?" He replied, much offended, "Thank God, I can take care of myself." He said he had been a servant of the Marquis of Granby—"O he was a good man; he's in heaven; I hope he is." He then told us how he shot himself at Bath, that he was with him in Germany, and travelled with him everywhere. "He was a famous boxer, sir." And then he told us a story of his fighting with his farmer. "He used always to call me bland and sharp." Then every now and then he broke out, "He was a good man! When we were travelling he never asked at the public-houses, as it might be there" (pointing to the "Swan"), "what we were to pay, but he would put his hand into his pocket and give them what he liked; and when he came out of the house he would say, Now, they would have charged me a shilling or tenpence. God help them, poor creatures!" I asked him again about his children, how many he had. Says he, "I cannot tell you" (I suppose he confounded children and grand-children together); "I have one daughter that keeps a boarding-school at Skipton, in Craven. She teaches flowering and marking. And another that keeps a boarding-school at Ingleton. I brought up my family under the Marquis." He was familiar with all parts of Yorkshire. He asked us where we lived. At Grasmere. "The bonniest dale in all England!" says the old man.

I bought a pair of scissors of him, and we sate together by the road-side. When we parted I tried to lift his bundle, and it was almost more than I could do. . . . After tea I wrote to Coleridge, and closed up my letter to M. H. We went soon to bed. A weight of children a poor man's blessing! . . .

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Friday, 2nd July.—A very rainy morning. . . . I left William, and wrote a short letter to M. H. and to Coleridge, and transcribed the alterations in *The Leech Gatherer*.

. . . . . .

Sunday, 4th July.— . . . William finished *The Leech Gatherer* to-day.

Monday, 5th July.—A very sweet morning. William stayed some time in the orchard. . . . I copied out *The Leech Gatherer* for Coleridge, and for us. Wrote to Mrs. Clarkson, M. H., and Coleridge. . . .

Tuesday, 6th July.— . . . We set off towards Rydale for letters. The rain met us at the top of the White Moss, and it came on very heavily afterwards. It drove past Nab Scar in a substantial shape, as if going Grasmere-wards as far as it could go. . . . The swallows have completed their beautiful nest. . . .

Wednesday, 7th.— . . . Walked on the White Moss. Glow-worms. Well for them children are in bed when they shine.

Thursday, 8th.— . . . When I was coming home, a post-chaise passed with a little girl behind in a patched, ragged cloak. In the afternoon, after we had talked a little, William fell asleep. I read the *Winter's Tale;* then I went to bed, but did not sleep. The swallows stole in and out of their nest, and sate there, *whiles* quite still, *whiles* they sung low for two minutes or more, at a time just like a muffled robin. William was looking at *The Pedlar* when I got up. He arranged it, and after tea I wrote it out—280 lines. . . . The moon was behind. William hurried me out in hopes that I should

see her. We walked first to the top of the hill to see Rydale. It was dark and dull, but our own vale was very solemn—the shape of Helm Crag was quite distinct, though black. We walked backwards and forwards on the White Moss path; there was a sky-like white brightness on the lake. The Wyke cottage light at the foot of Silver How. Glow-worms out, but not so numerous as last night. O, beautiful place! ' Dear Mary, William. The hour is come . . . I must prepare to go. The swallows, I must leave them, the well, the garden, the roses, all. Dear creatures! they sang last night after I was in bed; seemed to be singing to one another, just before they settled to rest for the night. Well, I must go. Farewell.[1]

[1] Several of the poems, referred to in this Journal, are difficult, if not impossible, to identify. *The Inscription of the Pathway*, finished on the 28th of August 1800; *The Epitaph*, written on the 28th January 1801; *The Yorkshire Wolds poem*, referred to on March 10th, 1802; also *The Silver Howe poem*, and that known in the Wordsworth household as *The Tinker*. It is possible that some of them were intentionally suppressed.—ED.

VI

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL WRITTEN AT GRASMERE

(9TH JULY 1802 TO 11TH JANUARY 1803)

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL (9TH JULY 1802 TO 11TH JANUARY 1803)

ON Friday morning, July 9th, William and I set forward to Keswick on our road to Gallow Hill. We had a pleasant ride, though the day was showery. . . . Coleridge met us at Sara's Rock. . . . We had been told by a handsome man, an inhabitant of Wytheburn, with whom he had been talking (and who seemed, by the bye, much pleased with his companion), that C. was waiting for us. We reached Keswick against tea-time. We called at Calvert's on the Saturday evening. . . . On Monday, 12th July, we went to Eusemere. Coleridge walked with us six or seven miles. He was not well, and we had a melancholy parting after having sate together in silence by the road-side. We turned aside to explore the country near Hutton-John, and had a new and delightful walk. The valley, which is subject to the decaying mansion that stands at its head, seems to join its testimony to that of the house, to the falling away of the family greatness, and the hedges are in bad condition. The land wants draining, and is overrun with brackens; yet there is a something everywhere that tells of its former possessors. The trees are left scattered about as if intended to be like a park, and these are very interesting, standing as they do upon the sides of the steep hills that slope down to the bed of the river, a little stony-bedded stream that spreads out to a considerable breadth

at the village of Dacre. A little above Dacre we came into the right road to Mr. Clarkson's, after having walked through woods and fields, never exactly knowing whether we were right or wrong. We learnt, however, that we had saved half-a-mile. We sate down by the river-side to rest, and saw some swallows flying about and under the bridge, and two little schoolboys were loitering among the scars seeking after their nests. We reached Mr. Clarkson's at about eight o'clock after a sauntering walk, having lingered and loitered and sate down together that we might be alone. Mr. and Mrs. C. were just come from Luff's.

We spent Tuesday, the 13th of July, at Eusemere; and on Wednesday morning, the 14th, we walked to Emont Bridge, and mounted the coach between Bird's Nest and Hartshorn Tree. . . . At Greta Bridge the sun shone cheerfully, and a glorious ride we had over Gaterly Moor. Every building was bathed in golden light. The trees were more bright than earthly trees, and we saw round us miles beyond miles—Darlington spire, etc. etc. We reached Leeming Lane at about nine o'clock: supped comfortably, and enjoyed our fire.

On Thursday morning, at a little before seven, being the 15th July, we got into a post-chaise and went to Thirsk to breakfast. We were well treated, but when the landlady understood that we were going to *walk* off, and leave our luggage behind, she threw out some saucy words in our hearing. The day was very hot, and we rested often and long before we reached the foot of the Hambledon Hills, and while we were climbing them, still oftener. . . . We were almost overpowered with thirst, when I heard the trickling of a little stream of water. I was before William, and I stopped till he came up to me. We sate a long time by this water, and climbed the hill slowly. I was footsore; the sun shone hot; the little Scotch cattle panted and tossed fretfully about. The view was hazy, and we could see nothing from the top of the hill but an indistinct wide-spreading country, full of trees, but the buildings, towns,

and houses were lost. We stopped to examine that curious stone, then walked along the flat common. . . . Arrived very hungry at Rivaux. Nothing to eat at the Millers, as we expected, but at an exquisitely neat farm-house we got some boiled milk and bread. This strengthened us, and I went down to look at the ruins. Thrushes were singing; cattle feeding among green-grown hillocks about the ruins. The hillocks were scattered over with *grovelets* of wild roses and other shrubs, and covered with wild flowers. I could have stayed in this solemn quiet spot till evening, without a thought of moving, but William was waiting for me, so in a quarter of an hour I went away. We walked upon Mr. Duncombe's terrace and looked down upon the Abbey. It stands in a larger valley among a brotherhood of valleys, of different length and breadth,—all woody, and running up into the hills in all directions. We reached Helmsly just at dusk. We had a beautiful view of the castle from the top of the hill, and slept at a very nice inn, and were well treated; floors as smooth as ice. On Friday morning, 16th July, we walked to Kirby. Met people coming to Helmsly fair. Were misdirected, and walked a mile out of our way. . . . A beautiful view above Pickering. . . . Met Mary and Sara seven miles from G. H. Sheltered from the rain; beautiful glen, spoiled by the large house; sweet church and churchyard. Arrived at Gallow Hill at seven o'clock.

Friday Evening, 16th July.— . . . Sara, Tom, and I rode up Bedale. Wm., Mary, Sara, and I went to Scarborough, and we walked in the Abbey pasture, and to Wykeham; and on Monday, the 26th, we went off with Mary in a post-chaise. We had an interesting ride over the Wolds, though it rained all the way. Single thorn bushes were scattered about on the turf, sheep-sheds here and there, and now and then a little hut. Swelling grounds, and sometimes a single tree or a clump of trees. . . . We passed through one or two little villages, embosomed in tall trees. After we had

parted from Mary, there were gleams of sunshine, but with showers. We saw Beverley in a heavy rain, and yet were much pleased with the beauty of the town. Saw the minster—a pretty, clean building, but injured very much with Grecian architecture. The country between Beverley and Hull very rich, but miserably flat —brick houses, windmills, houses again—dull and endless. Hull a frightful, dirty, brickhousey, tradesman-like, rich, vulgar place; yet the river—though the shores are so low that they can hardly be seen—looked beautiful with the evening lights upon it, and boats moving about. We walked a long time, and returned to our dull day-room but quiet evening one, to supper.

Tuesday, 20*th*.—Market day. Streets dirty, very rainy, did not leave Hull till four o'clock, and left Barton at about six; rained all the way almost. A beautiful village at the foot of a hill with trees. A gentleman's house converted into a lady's boarding-school. . . . We left Lincoln on Wednesday morning, 28th July, at six o'clock. It rained heavily, and we could see nothing but the antientry of some of the buildings as we passed along. The night before, however, we had seen enough to make us regret this. The minster stands at the edge of a hill overlooking an immense plain. The country very flat as we went along; the day mended. We went to see the outside of the minster while the passengers were dining at Peterborough; the west end very grand. . . .

On Thursday morning, 29th, we arrived in London. Wm. left me at the Inn. . . . After various troubles and disasters, we left London on Saturday morning at half-past five or six, the 31st of July. We mounted the Dover coach at Charing Cross. It was a beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river, and a multitude of little boats, made a most beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge. The houses were not overhung by their cloud of smoke, and they were spread out endlessly, yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a

fierce light, that there was even something like the purity of one of nature's own grand spectacles.[1]

We rode on cheerfully, now with the Paris diligence before us, now behind. We walked up the steep hills, a beautiful prospect everywhere, till we even reached Dover. At first the rich, populous, wide-spreading, woody country about London, then the River Thames, ships sailing, chalk cliffs, trees, little villages. Afterwards Canterbury, situated on a plain, rich and woody, but the city and cathedral disappointed me. Hop grounds on each side of the road some miles from Canterbury; then we came to a common, the race ground, an elevated plain, villages among trees in the bed of a valley at our right, and, rising above this valley, green hills scattered over with wood, neat gentlemen's houses. One white house, almost hid with green trees, which we longed for, and the parson's house, as neat a place as could be, which would just have suited Coleridge. No doubt we may have found one for Tom Hutchinson and Sara, and a good farm too. We halted at a half-way house—fruit carts under the shade of trees, seats for guests, a tempting place to the weary traveller. Still, as we went along, the country was beautiful and hilly, with cottages lurking under the hills, and their little plots of hop ground like vineyards. It was a bad hop year. A woman on the top of the coach said to me, "It is a sad thing for the poor people, for the hop-gathering is the woman's harvest; there is employment about the hops for women and children."

We saw the castle of Dover, and the sea beyond, four or five miles before we reached it. We looked at it through a long vale, the castle being upon an eminence, as it seemed, at the end of this vale, which opened to the sea. The country now became less fertile, but near Dover it seemed more rich again. Many buildings

[1] Compare the sonnet *Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September* 3, 1802, in vol. ii. p. 328.—ED.

stand on the flat fields, sheltered with tall trees. There is one old chapel that might have been there just in the same state in which it now is when this vale was as retired, and as little known to travellers as our own Cumberland mountain wilds thirty years ago. There was also a very old building on the other side of the road, which had a strange effect among the many new ones that are springing up everywhere. It seemed odd that it could have kept itself pure in its ancientry among so many upstarts. It was near dark when we reached Dover. We were told that a packet was about to sail, so we went down to the custom-house in half-an-hour—had our luggage examined, etc. etc., and then we drank tea with the Honourable Mr. Knox and his tutor. We arrived at Calais at four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 31st of July. We stayed in the vessel till half-past seven; then William went for letters at about half-past eight or nine. We found out Annette and C. chez Madame Avril dans la Rue de la Tête d'or. We lodged opposite two ladies, in tolerably decent-sized rooms, but badly furnished. . . . The weather was very hot. We walked by the sea-shore almost every evening with Annette and Caroline, or William and I alone. I had a bad cold, and could not bathe at first, but William did. It was a pretty sight to see as we walked upon the sands when the tide was low, perhaps a hundred people bathing about a quarter of a mile distant from us. And we had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed—seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud—the evening star and the glory of the sky.[1] The reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself, purple waves brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands.

[1] Compare the sonnet ("Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 330) beginning—

Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west.

ED.

The fort, a wooden building, at the entrance of the harbour at Calais, when the evening twilight was coming on, and we could not see anything of the building but its shape, which was far more distinct than in perfect daylight, seemed to be reared upon pillars of ebony, between which pillars the sea was seen in the most beautiful colours that can be conceived. Nothing in romance was ever half so beautiful. Now came in view, as the evening star sunk down, and the colours of the west faded away, the two lights of England, lighted up by Englishmen in our country to warn vessels off rocks or sands. These we used to see from the pier, when we could see no other distant objects but the clouds, the sky, and the sea itself—all was dark behind. The town of Calais seemed deserted of the light of heaven, but there was always light, and life, and joy upon the sea. One night I shall never forget—the day had been very hot, and William and I walked alone together upon the pier. The sea was gloomy, for there was a blackness over all the sky, except when it was overspread with lightning, which often revealed to us a distant vessel. Near us the waves roared and broke against the pier, and they were interfused with greenish fiery light. The more distant sea always black and gloomy. It was also beautiful, on the calm hot night, to see the little boats row out of harbour with wings of fire, and the sail boats with the fiery track which they cut as they went along, and which closed up after them with a hundred thousand sparkles, and streams of glow-worm light. Caroline was delighted.

On Sunday, the 29th of August, we left Calais at twelve o'clock in the morning, and landed at Dover at one on Monday the 30th. . . . It was very pleasant to me, when we were in the harbour at Dover, to breathe the fresh air, and to look up, and see the stars among the ropes of the vessel. The next day was very hot. We both bathed, and sate upon the Dover Cliffs, and looked upon France with many a melancholy and tender

thought. We could see the shores almost as plain as if it were but an English lake. We mounted the coach, and arrived in London at six, the 30th August. It was misty, and we could see nothing. We stayed in London till Wednesday the 22nd of September, and arrived at Gallow Hill on Friday.

September 24th.—Mary first met us in the avenue. She looked so fat and well that we were made very happy by the sight of her; then came Sara, and last of all Joanna. Tom was forking corn, standing upon the corn cart. We dressed ourselves immediately and got tea. The garden looked gay with asters and sweet peas. Jack and George came on Friday evening, 1st October. On Saturday, 2nd, we rode to Hackness, William, Jack, George, and Sara single. I behind Tom. On Sunday 3rd, Mary and Sara were busy packing.

On Monday, 4th October 1802, my brother William was married to Mary Hutchinson.[1] I slept a good deal of the night, and rose fresh and well in the morning. At a little after eight o'clock, I saw them go down the avenue towards the church. William had parted from me upstairs. When they were absent, my dear little Sara prepared the breakfast. I kept myself as quiet as I could, but when I saw the two men running up the walk, coming to tell us it was over, I could stand it no longer, and threw myself on the bed, where I lay in stillness, neither hearing nor seeing anything till Sara came upstairs to me, and said, "They are coming." This forced me from the bed where I lay, and I moved, I knew not how, straight forward, faster than my strength could carry me, till I met my beloved William, and fell upon his bosom. He and John Hutchinson led me to the house, and there I stayed to welcome my dear Mary. As soon as we had breakfasted, we departed. It rained when we set off. Poor Mary was much agitated, when

[1] It may not be a too trivial detail to note that Coleridge's *Dejection, an Ode*, appeared in *The Morning Post* on Wordsworth's marriage day.—ED.

she parted from her brothers and sisters, and her home. Nothing particular occurred till we reached Kirby. We had sunshine and showers, pleasant talk, love and cheerfulness. We were obliged to stay two hours at K. while the horses were feeding. We wrote a few lines to Sara, and then walked out; the sun shone, and we went to the churchyard after we had put a letter into the post-office for the *York Herald*. We sauntered about, and read the grave-stones. There was one to the memory of five children, who had all died within five years, and the longest lived had only lived four years. . . .

We left Kirby at about half-past two. There is not much variety of prospect from K. to Helmsley, but the country is very pleasant, being rich and woody, and Helmsley itself stands very sweetly at the foot of the rising grounds of Duncombe Park, which is scattered over with tall woods; and, lifting itself above the common buildings of the town, stands Helmsley Castle, now a ruin, formerly inhabited by the gay Duke of Buckingham. Every foot of the road was of itself interesting to us, for we had travelled along it on foot, William and I, when we went to fetch our dear Mary, and had sate upon the turf by the roadside more than once. Before we reached Helmsley, our driver told us that he could not take us any further, so we stopped at the same inn where we had slept before. My heart danced at the sight of its cleanly outside, bright yellow walls, casements overshadowed with jasmine, and its low, double gavel-ended front. . . . Mary and I warmed ourselves at the kitchen fire. We then walked into the garden, and looked over a gate, up to the old ruin which stands at the top of the mount, and round about it the moats are grown up into soft green cradles, hollows surrounded with green grassy hillocks, and these are overshadowed by old trees, chiefly ashes. I prevailed upon William to go up with me to the ruins. . . . The sun shone, it was warm and very pleasant. One part of the castle seems to be inhabited. There was a man mowing nettles in the open space

which had most likely once been the castle-court. There is one gateway exceedingly beautiful. Children were playing upon the sloping ground. We came home by the street. After about an hour's delay, we set forward again; had an excellent driver, who opened the gates so dexterously that the horses never stopped. Mary was very much delighted with the view of the castle from the point where we had seen it before. I was pleased to see again the little path which we had walked upon, the gate I had climbed over, and the road down which we had seen the two little boys drag a log of wood, and a team of horses struggle under the weight of a great load of timber. We had felt compassion for the poor horses that were under the governance of oppression and ill-judging drivers, and for the poor boys, who seemed of an age to have been able to have dragged the log of wood merely out of the love of their own activity, but from poverty and bad food they panted for weakness, and were obliged to fetch their father from the town to help them. Duncombe house looks well from the road —a large building, though I believe only two-thirds of the original design are completed. We rode down a very steep hill to Rivaux valley, with woods all round us. We stopped upon the bridge to look at the Abbey, and again when we had crossed it. Dear Mary had never seen a ruined abbey before except Whitby. We recognised the cottages, houses, and the little valleys as we went along. We walked up a long hill, the road carrying us up the cleft or valley with woody hills on each side of us. When we went to G. H. I had walked down the valley alone. William followed me.

Before we had crossed the Hambledon Hill, and reached the point overlooking Yorkshire, it was quite dark. We had not wanted, however, fair prospects before us, as we drove along the flat plain of the high hill. Far far off from us, in the western sky, we saw shapes of castles, ruins among groves, a great spreading wood, rocks, and single trees, a minster with its tower

unusually distinct, minarets in another quarter, and a round Grecian Temple also; the colours of the sky of a bright grey, and the forms of a sober grey, with a dome. As we descended the hill there was no distinct view, but of a great space; only near us we saw the wild (and as the people say) bottomless tarn in the hollow at the side of the hill. It seemed to be made visible to us only by its own light, for all the hill about us was dark. Before we reached Thirsk we saw a light before us, which we at first thought was the moon, then lime-kilns; but when we drove into the market-place it proved a large bonfire, with lads dancing round it, which is a sight I dearly love. The inn was like an illuminated house—every room full. We asked the cause, and were told by the girl that it was "Mr. John Bell's birthday, that he had heired his estate." The landlady was very civil. She did not recognise the despised foot-travellers. We rode on in the dark, and reached Leeming Lane at eleven o'clock. . . .

The next morning we set off at about half-past eight o'clock. It was a cheerful, sunny morning. . . . We had a few showers, but when we came to the green fields of Wensley, the sun shone upon them all, and the Ure in its many windings glittered as it flowed along under the green slopes of Middleham Castle. Mary looked about for her friend Mr. Place, and thought she had him sure on the contrary side of the vale from that on which we afterwards found he lived. We went to a new built house at Leyburn, the same village where William and I had dined on our road to Grasmere two years and three-quarters ago, but not the same house. The landlady was very civil, giving us cake and wine, but the horses being out we were detained at least two hours, and did not set off till two o'clock. We paid for thirty-five miles, *i.e.* to Sedbergh, but the landlady did not encourage us to hope to get beyond Hawes. . . . When we passed through the village of Wensley my heart melted away, with dear recollections—the bridge, the

little waterspout, the steep hill, the church. They are among the most vivid of my own inner visions, for they were the first objects that I saw after we were left to ourselves, and had turned our whole hearts to Grasmere as a home in which we were to rest. The vale looked most beautiful each way. To the left the bright silver stream inlaid the flat and very green meadows, winding like a serpent. To the right, we did not see it so far, it was lost among trees and little hills. I could not help observing, as we went along, how much more varied the prospects of Wensley Dale are in the summer time than I could have thought possible in the winter. This seemed to be in great measure owing to the trees being in leaf, and forming groves and screens, and thence little openings upon recesses and concealed retreats, which in winter only made a part of the one great vale. The beauty of the summer time here as much excels that of the winter, as the variety (owing to the excessive greenness) of the fields, and the trees in leaf half concealing, and—where they do not conceal—softening the hard bareness of the limey white roofs. One of our horses seemed to grow a little restive as we went through the first village, a long village on the side of a hill. It grew worse and worse, and at last we durst not go on any longer. We walked a while, and then the post boy was obliged to take the horse out, and go back for another. We seated ourselves again snugly in the post-chaise. The wind struggled about us and rattled the window, and gave a gentle motion to the chaise, but we were warm and at our ease within. Our station was at the top of a hill, opposite Bolton Castle, the Ure flowing beneath. William has since written a sonnet on this our imprisonment. Hard was thy durance, poor Queen Mary! compared with ours. . . .[1]

We had a sweet ride till we came to a public-house on the side of a hill, where we alighted and walked

[1] This sonnet was not thought worthy of being preserved.—ED.

down to see the waterfalls. The sun was not set, and the woods and fields were spread over with the yellow light of evening, which made their greenness a thousand times more green. There was too much water in the river for the beauty of the falls, and even the banks were less interesting than in winter. Nature had entirely got the better in her struggles against the giants who first cast the mould of these works; for, indeed, it is a place that did not in winter remind one of God, but one could not help feeling as if there had been the agency of some "mortal instruments," which Nature had been struggling against without making a perfect conquest. There was something so wild and new in this feeling, knowing, as we did in the inner man, that God alone had laid his hand upon it, that I could not help regretting the want of it; besides, it is a pleasure to a real lover of Nature to give winter all the glory he can, for summer *will* make its own way, and speak its own praises. We saw the pathway which William and I took at the close of evening, the path leading to the rabbit warren where we lost ourselves. Sloe farm, with its holly hedges, was lost among the green hills and hedgerows in general, but we found it out, and were glad to look at it again. William left us to seek the waterfalls. . . .

At our return to the inn, we found new horses and a new driver, and we went on nicely to Hawes, where we arrived before it was quite dark. . . . We rose at six o'clock—a rainy morning. . . . There was a very fine view about a mile from Hawes, where we crossed a bridge; bare and very green fields with cattle, a glittering stream, cottages, a few ill-grown trees, and high hills. The sun shone now. Before we got upon the bare hills, there was a hunting lodge on our right, exactly like Greta Hill, with fir plantations about it. We were very fortunate in the day, gleams of sunshine, passing clouds, that travelled with their shadows below them. Mary was much pleased with Garsdale. It was a dear place to William and me. We noted well the

public-house (Garsdale Hall) where we had baited, . . . and afterwards the mountain which had been adorned by Jupiter in his glory when we were here before. It was midday when we reached Sedbergh, and market day. We were in the same room where we had spent the evening together in our road to Grasmere. We had a pleasant ride to Kendal, where we arrived at two o'clock. The day favoured us. M. and I went to see the house where dear Sara had lived. . . . I am always glad to see Staveley; it is a place I dearly love to think of—the first mountain village that I came to with William when we first began our pilgrimage together. . . . Nothing particular occurred till we reached Ings chapel. The door was open, and we went in. It is a neat little place, with a marble floor and marble communion table, with a painting over it of the last supper, and Moses and Aaron on each side. The woman told us that "they had painted them as near as they could by the dresses as they are described in the Bible," and gay enough they are. The marble had been sent by Richard Bateman from Leghorn. The woman told us that a man had been at her house a few days before, who told her he had helped to bring it down the Red Sea, and she believed him gladly! . . . We . . . arrived at Grasmere at about six o'clock on Wednesday evening, the 6th of October 1802. . . . I cannot describe what I felt. . . . We went by candle light into the garden, and were astonished at the growth of the brooms, Portugal laurels, etc. etc. etc. The next day, Thursday, we unpacked the boxes. On Friday, 8th, . . . Mary and I walked first upon the hill-side, and then in John's Grove, then in view of Rydale, the first walk that I had taken with my sister.

. . . . . .

Monday, 11th.—A beautiful day. We walked to the Easedale hills to hunt waterfalls. William and Mary left me sitting on a stone on the solitary mountains, and went to Easedale tarn. . . . The approach to the tarn

is very beautiful. We expected to have found Coleridge at home, but he did not come till after dinner. He was well, but did not look so.

Tuesday, 12*th October*.—We walked with Coleridge to Rydale.

Wednesday, 13*th*.—Set forwards with him towards Keswick, and he prevailed us to go on. We consented, Mrs. C. not being at home. The day was delightful. . . .

Thursday, 14*th*.—We went in the evening to Calvert's. Moonlight. Stayed supper.

. . . . . .

Saturday, 16*th*.—Came home, Mary and I. William returned to Coleridge before we reached Nadel Fell. Mary and I had a pleasant walk. The day was very bright; the people busy getting in their corn. Reached home at about five o'clock. . . .

Sunday, 17*th*.—We had thirteen of our neighbours to tea. William came in just as we began tea.

. . . . . .

Saturday, 30*th October*.—William is gone to Keswick. Mary went with him to the top of the Raise. She is returned, and is now sitting near me by the fire. It is a breathless, grey day, that leaves the golden woods of autumn quiet in their own tranquillity, stately and beautiful in their decaying. The lake is a perfect mirror.

William met Stoddart at the bridge at the foot of Legberthwaite dale. . . . They surprised us by their arrival at four o'clock in the afternoon. . . . After tea, S. read Chaucer to us.

Monday, 31*st October*.[1]— . . . William and S. went to Keswick. Mary and I walked to the top of the hill and looked at Rydale. I was much affected when I stood upon the second bar of Sara's gate. The lake was perfectly still, the sun shone on hill and vale, the distant birch trees looked like large golden flowers.

[1] This should have been entered 1st November.—ED.

Nothing else in colour was distinct and separate, but all the beautiful colours seemed to be melted into one another, and joined together in one mass, so that there were no differences, though an endless variety, when one tried to find it out. The fields were of one sober yellow brown. . . .

. . . . . .

Tuesday, 2*nd November*.—William returned from Keswick.

. . . . . .

Friday, 5*th*.— . . . I wrote to Montagu, . . . and sent off letters to Miss Lamb and Coleridge. . . .

. . . . . .

Sunday, 7*th*.—Fine weather. Letters from Coleridge that he was gone to London. Sara at Penrith. I wrote to Mrs. Clarkson. William began to translate Ariosto.

Monday, 8*th*.—A beautiful day. William got to work again at Ariosto, and so continued all the morning, though the day was so delightful that it made my very heart long to be out of doors, and see and feel the beauty of the autumn in freedom. The trees on the opposite side of the lake are of a yellow brown, but there are one or two trees opposite our windows (an ash tree, for instance) quite green, as in spring. The fields are of their winter colour, but the island is as green as ever it was. . . . William is writing out his stanzas from Ariosto. . . . The evening is quiet. Poor Coleridge! Sara is at Keswick, I hope. . . . I have read one canto of Ariosto to-day. . . .

. . . . . .

24*th December*.—Christmas Eve. William is now sitting by me, at half-past ten o'clock. I have been . . . repeating some of his sonnets to him, listening to his own repeating, reading some of Milton's, and the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. It is a quick, keen frost. . . . Coleridge came this morning with Wedgwood. We all turned out . . . one by one, to meet him. He looked

well. We had to tell him of the birth of his little girl, born yesterday morning at six o'clock. William went with them to Wytheburn in the chaise, and M. and I met W. on the Raise. It was not an unpleasant morning. . . . The sun shone now and then, and there was no wind, but all things looked cheerless and distinct; no meltings of sky into mountains, the mountains like stone work wrought up with huge hammers. Last Sunday was as mild a day as I ever remember. . . . Mary and I went round the lakes. There were flowers of various kinds—the topmost bell of a foxglove, geraniums, daisies, a buttercup in the water (but this I saw two or three days before), small yellow flowers (I do not know their name) in the turf. A large bunch of strawberry blossoms. . . . It is Christmas Day, Saturday, 25th December 1802. I am thirty-one years of age. It is a dull, frosty day.

. . . On Thursday, 30th December, I went to Keswick. William rode before me to the foot of the hill nearest K. There we parted close to a little watercourse, which was then noisy with water, but on my return a dry channel. . . . We stopped our horse close to the hedge, opposite a tuft of primroses, three flowers in full blossom and a bud. They reared themselves up among the green moss. We debated long whether we should pluck them, and at last left them to live out their day, which I was right glad of at my return the Sunday following; for there they remained, uninjured either by cold or wet. I stayed at Keswick over New Year's Day, and returned on Sunday, the 2nd January. . . . William was alarmed at my long delay, and came to within three miles of Keswick. . . . Coleridge stayed with us till Tuesday, January 4th. W. and I . . . walked with him to Ambleside. We parted with him at the turning of the lane, he going on horseback to the top of Kirkstone. On Thursday 6th, C. returned, and on Friday, the 7th, he and Sara went to Keswick. W. accompanied them to the foot of Wytheburn. . . . It was a gentle

day, and when William and I returned home just before sunset, it was a heavenly evening. A soft sky was among the hills, and a summer sunshine above, and blending with this sky, for it was more like sky than clouds; the turf looked warm and soft.

. . . . . .

Monday, January 10th 1803.—I lay in bed to have a drench of sleep till one o'clock. Worked all day. . . . Ominously cold.

Tuesday, January 11th.—A very cold day, . . . but the blackness of the cold made us slow to put forward, and we did not walk at all. Mary read the Prologue to Chaucer's tales to me in the morning. William was working at his poem to C. Letter from Keswick and from Taylor on William's marriage. C. poorly, in bad spirits. . . . Read part of *The Knight's Tale* with exquisite delight. Since tea Mary has been down stairs copying out Italian poems for Stuart. William has been working beside me, and here ends this imperfect summary. . . .

VII

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
A TOUR MADE IN SCOTLAND
(A.D. 1803)

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOUR MADE IN SCOTLAND. A.D. 1803

FIRST WEEK

WILLIAM and I parted from Mary on Sunday afternoon, August 14th 1803; and William, Coleridge, and I left Keswick on Monday morning, the 15th, at twenty minutes after eleven o'clock. The day was very hot; we walked up the hills, and along all the rough road, which made our walking half the day's journey. Travelled under the foot of Carrock, a mountain covered with stones on the lower part; above, it is very rocky, but sheep pasture there; we saw several where there seemed to be no grass to tempt them. Passed the foot of Grisdale and Mosedale, both pastoral valleys, narrow, and soon terminating in the mountains—green, with scattered trees and houses, and each a beautiful stream. At Grisdale our horse backed upon a steep bank where the road was not fenced, just above a pretty mill at the foot of the valley; and we had a second threatening of a disaster in crossing a narrow bridge between the two dales; but this was not the fault of either man or horse. Slept at Mr. Younghusband's public-house, Hesket Newmarket. In the evening walked to Caldbeck Falls, a delicious spot in which to breathe out a summer's day —limestone rocks, hanging trees, pools, and water-breaks—caves and caldrons which have been honoured with fairy names, and no doubt continue in the fancy of the neighbourhood to resound with fairy revels.

Tuesday, August 16th.—Passed Rose Castle upon the Caldew, an ancient building of red stone with sloping gardens, an ivied gateway, velvet lawns, old garden walls, trim flower-borders with stately and luxuriant flowers. We walked up to the house and stood some minutes watching the swallows that flew about restlessly, and flung their shadows upon the sunbright walls of the old building; the shadows glanced and twinkled, interchanged and crossed each other, expanded and shrunk up, appeared and disappeared every instant; as I observed to William and Coleridge, seeming more like living things than the birds themselves. Dined at Carlisle; the town in a bustle with the assizes; so many strange faces known in former times and recognised, that it half seemed as if I ought to know them all, and, together with the noise, the fine ladies, etc., they put me into confusion. This day Hatfield was condemned. I stood at the door of the gaoler's house, where he was; William entered the house, and Coleridge saw him; I fell into conversation with a debtor, who told me in a dry way that he was "far over-learned," and another man observed to William that we might learn from Hatfield's fate "not to meddle with pen and ink." We gave a shilling to my companion, whom we found out to be a friend of the family, a fellow-sailor with my brother John "in Captain Wordsworth's ship." Walked upon the city walls, which are broken down in places and crumbling away, and most disgusting from filth. The city and neighbourhood of Carlisle disappointed me; the banks of the river quite flat, and, though the holms are rich, there is not much beauty in the vale from the want of trees—at least to the eye of a person coming from England, and, I scarcely know how, but to me the holms had not a *natural* look; there was something townish in their appearance, a dulness in their strong deep green. To Longtown—not very interesting, except from the long views over the flat country; the road rough, chiefly newly mended. Reached Longtown after

sunset, a town of brick houses belonging chiefly to the Graham family. Being in the form of a cross and not long, it had been better called Crosstown. There are several shops, and it is not a very small place; but I could not meet with a silver thimble, and bought a half-penny brass one. Slept at the Graham's Arms, a large inn. Here, as everywhere else, the people seemed utterly insensible of the enormity of Hatfield's offences; the ostler told William that he was quite a gentleman, paid every one genteelly, etc. etc. He and "Mary" had walked together to Gretna Green; a heavy rain came on when they were there; a returned chaise happened to pass, and the driver would have taken them up; but "Mr. Hope's" carriage was to be sent for; he did not choose to accept the chaise-driver's offer.

Wednesday, August 17th.—Left Longtown after breakfast. About half a mile from the town a guide-post and two roads, to Edinburgh and Glasgow; we took the left-hand road, to Glasgow. Here saw a specimen of the luxuriance of the heath-plant, as it grows in Scotland; it was in the enclosed plantations—perhaps sheltered by them. These plantations appeared to be not well grown for their age; the trees were stunted. Afterwards the road, treeless, over a peat-moss common —the Solway Moss; here and there an earth-built hut with its peat stack, a scanty growing willow hedge round the kail-garth, perhaps the cow pasturing near,—a little lass watching it,—the dreary waste cheered by the endless singing of larks.

We enter Scotland by crossing the river Sark; on the Scotch side of the bridge the ground is unenclosed pasturage; it was very green, and scattered over with that yellow flowered plant which we call grunsel; the hills heave and swell prettily enough; cattle feeding; a few corn fields near the river. At the top of the hill opposite is Springfield, a village built by Sir William Maxwell—a dull uniformity in the houses, as is usual when all built at one time, or belonging to one individual,

each just big enough for two people to live in, and in which a family, large or small as it may happen, is crammed. There the marriages are performed. Further on, though almost contiguous, is Gretna Green, upon a hill and among trees. This sounds well, but it is a dreary place; the stone houses dirty and miserable, with broken windows. There is a pleasant view from the churchyard over Solway Firth to the Cumberland mountains. Dined at Annan. On our left as we travelled along appeared the Solway Firth and the mountains beyond, but the near country dreary. Those houses by the roadside which are built of stone are comfortless and dirty; but we peeped into a clay "biggin" that was very "canny," and I daresay will be as warm as a swallow's nest in winter. The town of Annan made me think of France and Germany; many of the houses large and gloomy, the size of them outrunning the comforts. One thing which was like Germany pleased me: the shopkeepers express their calling by some device or painting; bread-bakers have biscuits, loaves, cakes, painted on their window-shutters; blacksmiths horses' shoes, iron tools, etc. etc.; and so on through all trades.

Reached Dumfries at about nine o'clock—market-day; met crowds of people on the road, and every one had a smile for us and our car. . . . The inn was a large house, and tolerably comfortable; Mr. Rogers and his sister, whom we had seen at our own cottage at Grasmere a few days before, had arrived there that same afternoon on their way to the Highlands; but we did not see them till the next morning, and only for about a quarter of an hour.

Thursday, *August* 18*th*.—Went to the churchyard where Burns is buried. A bookseller accompanied us. He showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation, whitewashed; dirty about the doors, as

almost all Scotch houses are; flowering plants in the windows.

Went on to visit his grave. He lies at a corner of the churchyard, and his second son, Francis Wallace, beside him. There is no stone to mark the spot; but a hundred guineas have been collected, to be expended on some sort of monument. "There," said the bookseller, pointing to a pompous monument, "there lies Mr. Such-a-one"—I have forgotten his name,—"a remarkably clever man; he was an attorney, and hardly ever lost a cause he undertook. Burns made many a lampoon upon him, and there they rest, as you see." We looked at the grave with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses:—

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career
Wild as the wave?—
Here let him pause, and through a tear
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name.

The churchyard is full of grave-stones and expensive monuments in all sorts of fantastic shapes—obelisk-wise, pillar-wise, etc. In speaking of Gretna Green, I forgot to mention that we visited the churchyard. The church is like a huge house; indeed, so are all the churches, with a steeple, not a square tower or spire,—a sort of thing more like a glass-house chimney than a Church of England steeple; grave-stones in abundance, few verses, yet there were some—no texts. Over the graves of married women the maiden name instead of that of the husband, "spouse" instead of "wife," and the place of abode preceded by "in" instead of "of." When

our guide had left us, we turned again to Burns's house. Mrs. Burns was gone to spend some time by the sea-shore with her children. We spoke to the servant-maid at the door, who invited us forward, and we sate down in the parlour. The walls were coloured with a blue wash; on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk, opposite to the window a clock, and over the desk a print from the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, which Burns mentions in one of his letters having received as a present. The house was cleanly and neat in the inside, the stairs of stone, scoured white, the kitchen on the right side of the passage, the parlour on the left. In the room above the parlour the poet died, and his son after him in the same room. The servant told us she had lived five years with Mrs. Burns, who was now in great sorrow for the death of "Wallace." She said that Mrs. Burns's youngest son was at Christ's Hospital.

We were glad to leave Dumfries, which is no agreeable place to them who do not love the bustle of a town that seems to be rising up to wealth. We could think of little else but poor Burns, and his moving about on that unpoetic ground. In our road to Brownhill, the next stage, we passed Ellisland at a little distance on our right, his farmhouse. We might there have had more pleasure in looking round, if we had been nearer to the spot; but there is no thought surviving in connexion with Burns's daily life that is not heart-depressing. Travelled through the vale of Nith, here little like a vale, it is so broad, with irregular hills rising up on each side, in outline resembling the old-fashioned valances of a bed. There is a great deal of arable land; the corn ripe; trees here and there—plantations, clumps, coppices, and a newness in everything. So much of the gorse and broom rooted out that you wonder why it is not all gone, and yet there seems to be almost as much gorse and broom as corn; and they grow one among another you know not how. Crossed the Nith; the vale becomes narrow, and very pleasant; corn fields, green hills, clay

cottages ; the river's bed rocky, with woody banks. Left the Nith about a mile and a half, and reached Brownhill, a lonely inn, where we slept. The view from the windows was pleasing, though some travellers might have been disposed to quarrel with it for its general nakedness ; yet there was abundance of corn. It is an open country—open, yet all over hills. At a little distance were many cottages among trees, that looked very pretty. Brownhill is about seven or eight miles from Ellisland. I fancied to myself, while I was sitting in the parlour, that Burns might have caroused there, for most likely his rounds extended so far, and this thought gave a melancholy interest to the smoky walls. It was as pretty a room as a thoroughly dirty one could be—a square parlour painted green, but so covered over with smoke and dirt that it looked not unlike green seen through black gauze. There were three windows, looking three ways, a buffet ornamented with tea-cups, a superfine largeish looking-glass with gilt ornaments spreading far and wide, the glass spotted with dirt, some ordinary alehouse pictures, and above the chimney-piece a print in a much better style—as William guessed, taken from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds—of some lady of quality, in the character of Euphrosyne. "Ay," said the servant-girl, seeing that we looked at it, "there's many travellers would give a deal for that, it's more admired than any in the house." We could not but smile ; for the rest were such as may be found in the basket of any Italian image and picture hawker.

William and I walked out after dinner ; Coleridge was not well, and slept upon the carriage cushions. We made our way to the cottages among the little hills and knots of wood, and then saw what a delightful country this part of Scotland might be made by planting forest trees. The ground all over heaves and swells like a sea ; but for miles there are neither trees nor hedgerows, only "mound" fences and tracts ; or slips of corn, potatoes, clover—with hay between, and barren land ;

but near the cottages many hills and hillocks covered with wood. We passed some fine trees, and paused under the shade of one close by an old mansion that seemed from its neglected state to be inhabited by farmers. But I must say that many of the "gentlemen's" houses which we have passed in Scotland have an air of neglect, and even of desolation. It was a beech, in the full glory of complete and perfect growth, very tall, with one thick stem mounting to a considerable height, which was split into four "thighs," as Coleridge afterwards called them, each in size a fine tree. Passed another mansion, now tenanted by a schoolmaster; many boys playing upon the lawn. I cannot take leave of the country which we passed through to-day, without mentioning that we saw the Cumberland mountains within half a mile of Ellisland, Burns's house, the last view we had of them. Drayton has prettily described the connexion which this neighbourhood has with ours when he makes Skiddaw say—

> Scurfell[1] from the sky,
> That Anadale[2] doth crown, with a most amorous eye,
> Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
> Oft threat'ning me with clouds, as I oft threat'ning him.

These lines recurred to William's memory, and we talked of Burns, and of the prospect he must have had, perhaps from his own door, of Skiddaw and his companions, indulging ourselves in the fancy that we *might* have been personally known to each other, and he have looked upon those objects with more pleasure for our sakes. We talked of Coleridge's children and family, then at the foot of Skiddaw, and our own new-born John a few miles behind it; while the grave of Burns's son, which we had just seen by the side of his father, and some stories heard at Dumfries respecting the dangers his surviving children were exposed to, filled us

[1] Criffel.—J. C. S. [2] Annandale.—J. C. S.

with melancholy concern, which had a kind of connexion with ourselves. In recollection of this, William long afterwards wrote the following Address to the sons of the ill-fated poet :—

Ye now are panting up life's hill,
'Tis twilight time of good and ill,
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display,
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

Strong-bodied if ye be to bear
Intemperance with less harm, beware,
But if your Father's wit ye share,
Then, then indeed,
Ye Sons of Burns, for watchful care
There will be need.

For honest men delight will take
To shew you favour for his sake,
Will flatter you, and Fool and Rake
Your steps pursue,
And of your Father's name will make
A snare for you.

Let no mean hope your souls enslave,
Be independent, generous, brave ;
Your Father such example gave,
And such revere,
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear.

Friday, August 19th.—Open country for a considerable way. Passed through the village of Thornhill, built by the Duke of Queensberry ; the "brother-houses" so small that they might have been built to stamp a character of insolent pride on his own huge mansion of Drumlanrigg, which is full in view on the opposite side of the Nith. This mansion is indeed very large ; but to us it appeared like a gathering together of little things. The roof is broken into a hundred pieces, cupolas, etc., in the shape of casters, conjuror's balls, cups, and the

like. The situation would be noble if the woods had been left standing; but they have been cut down not long ago, and the hills above and below the house are quite bare. About a mile and a half from Drumlanrigg is a turnpike gate at the top of a hill. We left our car with the man, and turned aside into a field where we looked down upon the Nith, which runs far below in a deep and rocky channel; the banks woody; the view pleasant down the river towards Thornhill, an open country—corn fields, pastures, and scattered trees. Returned to the turnpike house, a cold spot upon a common, black cattle feeding close to the door. Our road led us down the hill to the side of the Nith, and we travelled along its banks for some miles. Here were clay cottages perhaps every half or quarter of a mile. The bed of the stream rough with rocks; banks irregular, now woody, now bare; here a patch of broom, there of corn, then of pasturage; and hills green or heathy above. We were to have given our horse meal and water at a public-house in one of the hamlets we passed through, but missed the house, for, as is common in Scotland, it was without a sign-board. Travelled on, still beside the Nith, till we came to a turnpike house, which stood rather high on the hill-side, and from the door we looked a long way up and down the river. The air coldish, the wind strong.

We asked the turnpike man to let us have some meal and water. He had no meal, but luckily we had part of a feed of corn brought from Keswick, and he procured some hay at a neighbouring house. In the meantime I went into the house, where was an old man with a grey plaid over his shoulders, reading a newspaper. On the shelf lay a volume of the Scotch Encyclopædia, a History of England, and some other books. The old man was a caller by the way. The man of the house came back, and we began to talk. He was very intelligent; had travelled all over England, Scotland, and Ireland as a gentleman's servant, and now lived alone

in that lonesome place. He said he was tired of his bargain, for he feared he should lose by it. And he had indeed a troublesome office, for coal-carts without number were passing by, and the drivers seemed to do their utmost to cheat him. There is always something peculiar in the house of a man living alone. This was but half-furnished, yet nothing seemed wanting for *his* comfort, though a female who had travelled half as far would have needed fifty other things. He had no other meat or drink in the house but oat bread and cheese—the cheese was made with the addition of seeds—and some skimmed milk. He gave us of his bread and cheese, and milk, which proved to be sour.

We had yet ten or eleven miles to travel, and no food with us. William lay under the wind in a corn-field below the house, being not well enough to partake of the milk and bread. Coleridge gave our host a pamphlet, "The Crisis of the Sugar Colonies"; he was well acquainted with Burns's poems. There was a politeness and a manly freedom in this man's manners which pleased me very much. He told us that he had served a gentleman, a captain in the army—he did not know who he was, for none of his relations had ever come to see him, but he used to receive many letters—that he had lived near Dumfries till they would let him stay no longer, he made such havoc with the game; his whole delight from morning till night, and the long year through, was in field sports; he would be on his feet the worst days in winter, and wade through snow up to the middle after his game. If he had company he was in tortures till they were gone; he would then throw off his coat and put on an old jacket not worth half-a-crown. He drank his bottle of wine every day, and two if he had better sport than usual. Ladies sometimes came to stay with his wife, and he often carried them out in an Irish jaunting-car, and if they vexed him he would choose the dirtiest roads possible, and spoil their clothes by jumping in and out of the car, and treading upon

them. "But for all that"—and so he ended all—"he was a good fellow, and a clever fellow, and he liked him well." He would have ten or a dozen hares in the larder at once, he half maintained his family with game, and he himself was very fond of eating of the spoil—unusual with true heart-and-soul sportsmen.

The man gave us an account of his farm where he had lived, which was so cheap and pleasant that we thought we should have liked to have had it ourselves. Soon after leaving the turnpike house we turned up a hill to the right, the road for a little way very steep, bare hills, with sheep.

After ascending a little while we heard the murmur of a stream far below us, and saw it flowing downwards on our left, towards the Nith, and before us, between steep green hills, coming along a winding valley. The simplicity of the prospect impressed us very much. There was a single cottage by the brook side; the dell was not heathy, but it was impossible not to think of Peter Bell's Highland Girl.

We now felt indeed that we were in Scotland; there was a natural peculiarity in this place. In the scenes of the Nith it had not been the same as England, but yet not simple, naked Scotland. The road led us down the hill, and now there was no room in the vale but for the river and the road; we had sometimes the stream to the right, sometimes to the left. The hills were pastoral, but we did not see many sheep; green smooth turf on the left, no ferns. On the right the heath-plant grew in abundance, of the most exquisite colour; it covered a whole hill-side, or it was in streams and patches. We travelled along the vale without appearing to ascend for some miles; all the reaches were beautiful, in exquisite proportion, the hills seeming very high from being so near to us. It might have seemed a valley which nature had kept to herself for pensive thoughts and tender feelings, but that we were reminded at every turning of the road of something beyond by the coal-

carts which were travelling towards us. Though these carts broke in upon the tranquillity of the glen, they added much to the picturesque effect of the different views, which indeed wanted nothing, though perfectly bare, houseless, and treeless.

After some time our road took us upwards towards the end of the valley. Now the steeps were heathy all around. Just as we began to climb the hill we saw three boys who came down the cleft of a brow on our left; one carried a fishing-rod, and the hats of all were braided with honeysuckles; they ran after one another as wanton as the wind. I cannot express what a character of beauty those few honeysuckles in the hats of the three boys gave to the place: what bower could they have come from? We walked up the hill, met two well-dressed travellers, the woman barefoot. Our little lads before they had gone far were joined by some half-dozen of their companions, all without shoes and stockings. They told us they lived at Wanlockhead, the village above, pointing to the top of the hill; they went to school and learned Latin, Virgil, and some of them Greek, Homer, but when Coleridge began to inquire further, off they ran, poor things! I suppose afraid of being examined.

When, after a steep ascent, we had reached the top of the hill, we saw a village about half a mile before us on the side of another hill, which rose up above the spot where we were, after a descent, a sort of valley or hollow. Nothing grew upon this ground, or the hills above or below, but heather, yet round about the village —which consisted of a great number of huts, all alike, and all thatched, with a few larger slated houses among them, and a single modern-built one of a considerable size—were a hundred patches of cultivated ground, potatoes, oats, hay, and grass. We were struck with the sight of haycocks fastened down with aprons, sheets, pieces of sacking—as we supposed, to prevent the wind from blowing them away. We afterwards found that

this practice was very general in Scotland. Every cottage seemed to have its little plot of ground, fenced by a ridge of earth; this plot contained two or three different divisions, kail, potatoes, oats, hay; the houses all standing in lines, or never far apart; the cultivated ground was all together also, and made a very strange appearance with its many greens among the dark brown hills, neither tree nor shrub growing; yet the grass and the potatoes looked greener than elsewhere, owing to the bareness of the neighbouring hills; it was indeed a wild and singular spot—to use a woman's illustration, like a collection of patchwork, made of pieces as they might have chanced to have been cut by the mantua-maker, only just smoothed to fit each other, the different sorts of produce being in such a multitude of plots, and those so small and of such irregular shapes. Add to the strangeness of the village itself, that we had been climbing upwards, though gently, for many miles, and for the last mile and a half up a steep ascent, and did not know of any village till we saw the boys who had come out to play. The air was very cold, and one could not help thinking what it must be in winter, when those hills, now "red brown," should have their three months' covering of snow.

The village, as we guessed, is inhabited by miners; the mines belong to the Duke of Queensberry. The road to the village, down which the lads scampered away, was straight forward. I must mention that we met, just after we had parted from them, another little fellow, about six years old, carrying a bundle over his shoulder; he seemed poor and half starved, and was scratching his fingers, which were covered with the itch. He was a miner's son, and lived at Wanlockhead; did not go to school, but this was probably on account of his youth. I mention him because he seemed to be a proof that there was poverty and wretchedness among these people, though we saw no other symptom of it; and afterwards we met scores of the inhabitants of this

same village. Our road turned to the right, and we saw, at the distance of less than a mile, a tall upright building of grey stone, with several men standing upon the roof, as if they were looking out over battlements. It stood beyond the village, upon higher ground, as if presiding over it,—a kind of enchanter's castle, which it might have been, a place where Don Quixote would have gloried in. When we drew nearer we saw, coming out of the side of the building, a large machine or lever, in appearance like a great forge-hammer, as we supposed for raising water out of the mines. It heaved upwards once in half a minute with a slow motion, and seemed to rest to take breath at the bottom, ts motion being accompanied with a sound between a groan and "jike." There would have been something in this object very striking in any place, as it was impossible not to invest the machine with some faculty of intellect; it seemed to have made the first step from brute matter to life and purpose, showing its progress by great power. William made a remark to this effect, and Coleridge observed that it was like a giant with one idea. At all events, the object produced a striking effect in that place, where everything was in unison with it—particularly the building itself, which was turret-shaped, and with the figures upon it resembled much one of the fortresses in the wooden cuts of Bunyan's *Holy War*.

After ascending a considerable way we began to descend again; and now we met a team of horses dragging an immense tree to the lead mines, to repair or add to the building, and presently after we came to a cart, with another large tree, and one horse left in it, right in the middle of the highway. We were a little out of humour, thinking we must wait till the team came back. There were men and boys without number all staring at us; after a little consultation they set their shoulders to the cart, and with a good heave all at once they moved it, and we passed along. These people were decently dressed, and their manners decent; there was no hooting

or impudent laughter. Leadhills, another mining village, was the place of our destination for the night; and soon after we had passed the cart we came in sight of it. This village and the mines belong to Lord Hopetoun; it has more stone houses than Wanlockhead, one large old mansion, and a considerable number of old trees—beeches, I believe. The trees told of the coldness of the climate; they were more brown than green—far browner than the ripe grass of the little hay-garths. Here, as at Wanlockhead, were haycocks, hay-stacks, potato-beds, and kail-garths in every possible variety of shape, but, I suppose from the irregularity of the ground, it looked far less artificial—indeed, I should think that a painter might make several beautiful pictures in this village. It straggles down both sides of a mountain glen. As I have said, there is a large mansion. There is also a stone building that looks like a school, and the houses are single, or in clusters, or rows as it may chance.

We passed a decent-looking inn, the Hopetoun Arms; but the house of Mrs. Otto, a widow, had been recommended to us with high encomiums. We did not then understand Scotch inns, and were not quite satisfied at first with our accommodations, but all things were smoothed over by degrees; we had a fire lighted in our dirty parlour, tea came after a reasonable waiting; and the fire with the gentle aid of twilight, burnished up the room into cheerful comfort. Coleridge was weary; but William and I walked out after tea. We talked with one of the miners, who informed us that the building which we had supposed to be a school was a library belonging to the village. He said they had got a book into it a few weeks ago, which had cost thirty pounds, and that they had all sorts of books. "What! have you Shakespeare?" "Yes, we have that," and we found, on further inquiry, that they had a large library, of long standing, that Lord Hopetoun had subscribed liberally to it, and that gentlemen who came with him were in the habit of making larger or smaller donations.

Each man who had the benefit of it paid a small sum monthly—I think about fourpence.

The man we talked with spoke much of the comfort and quiet in which they lived one among another; he made use of a noticeable expression, saying that they were "very peaceable people considering they lived so much under-ground";—wages were about thirty pounds a year; they had land for potatoes, warm houses, plenty of coals, and only six hours' work each day, so that they had leisure for reading if they chose. He said the place was healthy, that the inhabitants lived to a great age; and indeed we saw no appearance of ill-health in their countenances; but it is not common for people working in lead mines to be healthy; and I have since heard that it is *not* a healthy place. However this may be, they are unwilling to allow it; for the landlady the next morning, when I said to her "You have a cold climate," replied, "Ay, but it is *varra halesome*." We inquired of the man respecting the large mansion; he told us that it was built, as we might see, in the form of an H, and belonged to the Hopetouns, and they took their title from thence,[1] and that part of it was used as a chapel. We went close to it, and were a good deal amused with the building itself, standing forth in bold contradiction of the story which I daresay every man of Leadhills tells, and every man believes, that it is in the shape of an H; it is but half an H, and one must be very accommodating to allow it even *so* much, for the legs are far too short.

We visited the burying-ground, a plot of land not very small, crowded with graves, and upright grave-stones, over-looking the village and the dell. It was now the closing in of evening. Women and children were gathering in the linen for the night, which was bleaching

[1] There is some mistake here. The Hopetoun title was not taken from any place in the Leadhills, much less from the house shaped like an H.—J. C. S.

by the burn-side;—the graves overgrown with grass, such as, by industrious culture, had been raised up about the houses; but there were bunches of heather here and there, and with the blue-bells that grew among the grass the small plot of ground had a beautiful and wild appearance.

William left me, and I went to a shop to purchase some thread; the woman had none that suited me; but she would send a "*wee* lad" to the other shop. In the meantime I sat with the mother, and was much pleased with her manner and conversation. She had an excellent fire, and her cottage, though very small, looked comfortable and cleanly; but remember I saw it only by firelight. She confirmed what the man had told us of the quiet manner in which they lived; and indeed her house and fireside seemed to need nothing to make it a cheerful happy spot, but health and good humour. There was a bookishness, a certain formality in this woman's language, which was very remarkable. She had a dark complexion, dark eyes, and wore a very white cap, much over her face, which gave her the look of a French woman, and indeed afterwards the women on the roads frequently reminded us of French women, partly from the extremely white caps of the elder women, and still more perhaps from a certain gaiety and party-coloured appearance in their dress in general. White bed-gowns are very common, and you rarely meet a young girl with either hat or cap; they buckle up their hair often in a graceful manner.

I returned to the inn, and went into the kitchen to speak with the landlady; she had made a hundred hesitations when I told her we wanted three beds. At last she confessed she *had* three beds, and showed me into a parlour which looked damp and cold, but she assured me in a tone that showed she was unwilling to be questioned further, that all *her* beds were well aired. I sat a while by the kitchen fire with the landlady, and began to talk to her; but, much as I had heard in her

praise—for the shopkeeper had told me she was a varra discreet woman—I cannot say that her manners pleased me much. But her servant made amends, for she was as pleasant and cheerful a lass as was ever seen; and when we asked her to do anything, she answered, "Oh yes," with a merry smile, and almost ran to get us what we wanted. She was about sixteen years old: wore shoes and stockings, and had her hair tucked up with a comb. The servant at Brownhill was a coarse-looking wench, barefoot and bare-legged. I examined the kitchen round about; it was crowded with furniture, drawers, cupboards, dish-covers, pictures, pans, and pots, arranged without order, except that the plates were on shelves, and the dish-covers hung in rows; these were very clean, but floors, passages, staircase, everything else dirty. There were two beds in recesses in the wall; above one of them I noticed a shelf with some books:—it made me think of Chaucer's Clerke of Oxenforde:—

> Liever had he at his bed's head
> Twenty books clothed in black and red.

They were baking oat-bread, which they cut into quarters, and half-baked over the fire, and half-toasted before it. There was a suspiciousness about Mrs. Otto, almost like ill-nature; she was very jealous of any inquiries that might appear to be made with the faintest idea of a comparison between Leadhills and any other place, except the advantage was evidently on the side of Leadhills. We had nice honey to breakfast. When ready to depart, we learned that we might have seen the library, which we had not thought of till it was too late, and we were very sorry to go away without seeing it.

Saturday, *August* 20*th*.—Left Leadhills at nine o'clock, regretting much that we could not stay another day, that we might have made more minute inquiries respecting the manner of living of the miners, and been able to form an estimate, from our own observation, of the

degree of knowledge, health, and comfort that there was among them. The air was keen and cold; we might have supposed it to be three months later in the season and two hours earlier in the day. The landlady had not lighted us a fire; so I was obliged to get myself toasted in the kitchen, and when we set off I put on both grey cloak and spencer.

Our road carried us down the valley, and we soon lost sight of Leadhills, for the valley made a turn almost immediately, and we saw two miles, perhaps, before us; the glen sloped somewhat rapidly—heathy, bare, no hut or house. Passed by a shepherd, who was sitting upon the ground, reading, with the book on his knee, screened from the wind by his plaid, while a flock of sheep were feeding near him among the rushes and coarse grass—for, as we descended we came among lands where grass grew with the heather. Travelled through several reaches of the glen, which somewhat resembled the valley of Menock on the other side of Wanlockhead; but it was not near so beautiful; the forms of the mountains did not melt so exquisitely into each other, and there was a coldness, and, if I may so speak, a want of simplicity in the surface of the earth; the heather was poor, not covering a whole hill-side; not in luxuriant streams and beds interveined with rich verdure; but patchy and stunted, with here and there coarse grass and rushes. But we soon came in sight of a spot that impressed us very much. At the lower end of this new reach of the vale was a decayed tree, beside a decayed cottage, the vale spreading out into a level area which was one large field, without fence and without division, of a dull yellow colour; the vale seemed to partake of the desolation of the cottage, and to participate in its decay. And yet the spot was in its nature so dreary that one would rather have wondered how it ever came to be tenanted by man, than lament that it was left to waste and solitude. Yet the encircling hills were so exquisitely formed that it was impossible to conceive anything more

lovely than this place would have been if the valley and hill-sides had been interspersed with trees, cottages, green fields, and hedgerows. But all was desolate ; the one large field which filled up the area of the valley appeared, as I have said, in decay, and seemed to retain the memory of its connexion with man in some way analogous to the ruined building ; for it was as much of a field as Mr. King's best pasture scattered over with his fattest cattle.

We went on, looking before us, the place losing nothing of its hold upon our minds, when we discovered a woman sitting right in the middle of the field, alone, wrapped up in a grey cloak or plaid. She sat motionless all the time we looked at her, which might be nearly half an hour. We could not conceive why she sat there, for there were neither sheep nor cattle in the field ; her appearance was very melancholy. In the meantime our road carried us nearer to the cottage, though we were crossing over the hill to the left, leaving the valley below us, and we perceived that a part of the building was inhabited, and that what we had supposed to be *one* blasted tree was eight trees, four of which were entirely blasted ; the others partly so, and round about the place was a little potato and cabbage garth, fenced with earth. No doubt, that woman had been an inhabitant of the cottage. However this might be, there was so much obscurity and uncertainty about her, and her figure agreed so well with the desolation of the place, that we were indebted to the chance of her being there for some of the most interesting feelings that we had ever had from natural objects connected with man in dreary solitariness.

We had been advised to go along the *new* road, which would have carried us down the vale ; but we met some travellers who recommended us to climb the hill, and go by the village of Crawfordjohn as being much nearer. We had a long hill, and after having reached the top, steep and bad roads, so we continued

to walk for a considerable way. The air was cold and clear—the sky blue. We walked cheerfully along in the sunshine, each of us alone, only William had the charge of the horse and car, so he sometimes took a ride, which did but poorly recompense him for the trouble of driving. I never travelled with more cheerful spirits than this day. Our road was along the side of a high moor. I can always walk over a moor with a light foot; I seem to be drawn more closely to nature in such places than anywhere else; or rather I feel more strongly the power of nature over me, and am better satisfied with myself for being able to find enjoyment in what unfortunately to many persons is either dismal or insipid. This moor, however, was more than commonly interesting; we could see a long way, and on every side of us were larger or smaller tracts of cultivated land. Some were extensive farms, yet in so large a waste they did but look small, with farm-houses, barns, etc., others like little cottages, with enough to feed a cow, and supply the family with vegetables. In looking at these farms we had always one feeling. Why did the plough stop there? Why might not they as well have carried it twice as far? There were no hedgerows near the farms, and very few trees. As we were passing along, we saw an old man, the first we had seen in a Highland bonnet, walking with a staff at a very slow pace by the edge of one of the moorland corn-fields; he wore a grey plaid, and a dog was by his side. There was a scriptural solemnity in this man's figure, a sober simplicity which was most impressive. Scotland is the country above all others that I have seen, in which a man of imagination may carve out his own pleasures. There are so many *inhabited* solitudes, and the employments of the people are so immediately connected with the places where you find them, and their dresses so simple, so much alike, yet, from their being folding garments, admitting of an endless variety, and falling often so gracefully.

After some time we descended towards a broad vale,

passed one farm-house, sheltered by fir trees, with a burn close to it; children playing, linen bleaching. The vale was open pastures and corn-fields unfenced, the land poor. The village of Crawfordjohn on the slope of a hill a long way before us to the left. Asked about our road of a man who was driving a cart; he told us to go through the village, then along some fields, and we should come to a "herd's house by the burn side." The highway was right through the vale, unfenced on either side; the people of the village, who were making hay, all stared at us and our carriage. We inquired the road of a middle-aged man, dressed in a shabby black coat, at work in one of the hay fields; he looked like the minister of the place, and when he spoke we felt assured that he was so, for he was not sparing of hard words, which, however, he used with great propriety, and he spoke like one who had been accustomed to dictate. Our car wanted mending in the wheel, and we asked him if there was a blacksmith in the village. "Yes," he replied, but when we showed him the wheel he told William that he might mend it himself without a blacksmith, and he would put him in the way; so he fetched hammer and nails and gave his directions, which William obeyed, and repaired the damage entirely to his own satisfaction and the priest's, who did not offer to lend any assistance himself; not as if he would not have been willing in case of need; but as if it were more natural for him to dictate, and because he thought it more fit that William should do it himself. He spoke much about the propriety of every man's lending all the assistance in his power to travellers, and with some ostentation of self-praise. Here I observed a honeysuckle and some flowers growing in a garden, the first I had seen in Scotland. It is a pretty cheerful-looking village, but must be very cold in winter; it stands on a hillside, and the vale itself is very high ground, unsheltered by trees.

Left the village behind us, and our road led through

arable ground for a considerable way, on which were growing very good crops of corn and potatoes. Our friend accompanied us to show us the way, and Coleridge and he had a scientific conversation concerning the uses and properties of lime and other manures. He seemed to be a well-informed man; somewhat pedantic in his manners; but this might be only the difference between Scotch and English.[1]

Soon after he had parted from us, we came upon a stony, rough road over a black moor; and presently to the "herd's house by the burn side." We could hardly cross the burn dry-shod, over which was the only road to the cottage. In England there would have been stepping-stones or a bridge; but the Scotch need not be afraid of wetting their bare feet. The hut had its little kail-garth fenced with earth; there was no other enclosure—but the common, heathy with coarse grass. Travelled along the common for some miles, before we joined the great road from Longtown to Glasgow—saw on the bare hill-sides at a distance, sometimes a solitary farm, now and then a plantation, and one very large wood, with an appearance of richer ground above; but it was so very high we could not think it possible. Having descended considerably, the common was no longer of a peat-mossy brown heath colour, but grass with rushes was its chief produce; there was sometimes a solitary hut, no enclosures except the kail-garth, and sheep pasturing in flocks, with shepherd-boys tending them. I remember one boy in particular; he had no hat on, and only had a grey plaid wrapped about him. It is nothing to describe, but on a bare moor, alone with his sheep, standing, as he did, in utter quietness and silence, there was something uncommonly impressive in his appearance, a solemnity which recalled to our minds the old man in the corn-field. We passed many people

[1] Probably the Rev. John Aird, minister of the parish, 1801-1815.—J. C. S.

who were mowing, or raking the grass of the common; it was little better than rushes; but they did not mow straight forward, only here and there, where it was the best; in such a place hay-cocks had an uncommon appearance to us.

After a long descent we came to some plantations which were not far from Douglas Mill. The country for some time had been growing into cultivation, and now it was a wide vale with large tracts of corn; trees in clumps, no hedgerows, which always make a country look bare and unlovely. For my part, I was better pleased with the desert places we had left behind, though no doubt the inhabitants of this place think it "a varra bonny spot," for the Scotch are always pleased with their own abode, be it what it may; and afterwards at Edinburgh, when we were talking with a bookseller of our travels, he observed that it was "a fine country near Douglas Mill." Douglas Mill is a single house, a large inn, being one of the regular stages between Longtown and Glasgow, and therefore a fair specimen of the best of the country inns of Scotland. As soon as our car stopped at the door we felt the difference. At an English inn of this size, a waiter, or the master or mistress, would have been at the door immediately, but we remained some time before anybody came; then a barefooted lass made her appearance, but she only looked at us and went away. The mistress, a remarkably handsome woman, showed us into a large parlour; we ordered mutton-chops, and I finished my letter to Mary; writing on the same window-ledge on which William had written to me two years before.

After dinner, William and I sat by a little mill-race in the garden. We had left Leadhills and Wanlockhead far above us, and now were come into a warmer climate; but there was no richness in the face of the country. The shrubs looked cold and poor, and yet there were some very fine trees within a little distance of Douglas Mill, so that the reason, perhaps, why the few low shrubs

and trees which were growing in the gardens seemed to be so unluxuriant, might be, that there being no hedgerows, the general appearance of the country was naked, and I could not help seeing the same coldness where, perhaps, it did not exist in itself to any great degree, for the corn crops are abundant, and I should think the soil is not bad. While we were sitting at the door, two of the landlady's children came out; the elder, a boy about six years old, was running away from his little brother, in petticoats; the ostler called out, "Sandy, tak' your wee brither wi' you"; another voice from the window, "Sawny, dinna leave your wee brither"; the mother then came, "Alexander, tak' your wee brother by the hand"; Alexander obeyed, and the two went off in peace together. We were charged eightpence for hay at this inn, another symptom of our being in Scotland. Left Douglas Mill at about three o'clock; travelled through an open corn country, the tracts of corn large and unenclosed. We often passed women or children who were watching a single cow while it fed upon the slips of grass between the corn. William asked a strong woman, about thirty years of age, who looked like the mistress of a family—I suppose moved by some sentiment of compassion for her being so employed,—if the cow would eat the corn if it were left to itself: she smiled at his simplicity. It is indeed a melancholy thing to see a full-grown woman thus waiting, as it were, body and soul devoted to the poor beast; yet even this is better than working in a manufactory the day through.

We came to a moorish tract; saw before us the hills of Loch Lomond, Ben Lomond and another, distinct each by itself. Not far from the roadside were some benches placed in rows in the middle of a large field, with a sort of covered shed like a sentry-box, but much more like those boxes which the Italian puppet-showmen in London use. We guessed that it was a pulpit or tent for preaching, and were told that a sect met there occasion-

ally, who held that toleration was unscriptural, and would have all religions but their own exterminated. I have forgotten what name the man gave to this sect; we could not learn that it differed in any other respect from the Church of Scotland. Travelled for some miles along the open country, which was all without hedgerows, sometimes arable, sometimes moorish, and often whole tracts covered with grunsel.[1] There was one field, which one might have believed had been sown with grunsel, it was so regularly covered with it—a large square field upon a slope, its boundary marked to our eyes only by the termination of the bright yellow; contiguous to it were other fields of the same size and shape, one of clover, the other of potatoes, all equally regular crops. The oddness of this appearance, the grunsel being uncommonly luxuriant, and the field as yellow as gold, made William laugh. Coleridge was melancholy upon it, observing that there was land enough wasted to rear a healthy child.

We left behind us, considerably to the right, a single high mountain;[2] I have forgotten its name; we had had it long in view. Saw before us the river Clyde, its course at right angles to our road, which now made a turn, running parallel with the river; the town of Lanerk in sight long before we came to it. I was somewhat disappointed with the first view of the Clyde. the banks, though swelling and varied, had a poverty in their appearance, chiefly from the want of wood and hedgerows. Crossed the river and ascended towards Lanerk, which stands upon a hill. When we were within about a mile of the town, William parted from Coleridge and me, to go to the celebrated waterfalls. Coleridge did not attempt to drive the horse; but led him all the way. We inquired for the best inn, and were told that the New Inn was the best; but that they had very "genteel apartments" at the Black Bull, and made less charges,

[1] Ragweed.—J. C. S. [2] Tinto.—J. C. S.

and the Black Bull was at the entrance of the town, so we thought we would stop there, as the horse was obstinate and weary. But when we came to the Black Bull we had no wish to enter the apartments; for it seemed the abode of dirt and poverty, yet it was a large building. The town showed a sort of French face, and would have done much more, had it not been for the true British tinge of coal-smoke; the doors and windows dirty, the shops dull, the women too seemed to be very dirty in their dress. The town itself is not ugly; the houses are of grey stone, the streets not very narrow, and the market-place decent. The New Inn is a handsome old stone building, formerly a gentleman's house We were conducted into a parlour, where people had been drinking; the tables were unwiped, chairs in disorder, the floor dirty, and the smell of liquors was most offensive. We were tired, however, and rejoiced in our tea.

The evening sun was now sending a glorious light through the street, which ran from west to east; the houses were of a fire red, and the faces of the people as they walked westward were almost like a blacksmith when he is at work by night. I longed to be out, and meet with William, that we might see the Falls before the day was gone. Poor Coleridge was unwell, and could not go. I inquired my road, and a little girl told me she would go with me to the porter's lodge, where I might be admitted. I was grieved to hear that the Falls of the Clyde were shut up in a gentleman's grounds, and to be viewed only by means of lock and key. Much, however, as the pure feeling with which one would desire to visit such places is disturbed by useless, impertinent, or even unnecessary interference with nature, yet when I was there the next morning I seemed to feel it a less disagreeable thing than in smaller and more delicate spots, if I may use the phrase. My guide, a sensible little girl, answered my inquiries very prettily. She was eight years old, read in the "Collection," a book which

all the Scotch children whom I have questioned read in. I found it was a collection of hymns; she could repeat several of Dr. Watts'. We passed through a great part of the town, then turned down a steep hill, and came in view of a long range of cotton mills,[1] the largest and loftiest I had ever seen; climbed upwards again, our road leading us along the top of the left bank of the river; both banks very steep and richly wooded. The girl left me at the porter's lodge. Having asked after William, I was told that no person had been there, or could enter but by the gate. The night was coming on, therefore I did not venture to go in, as I had no hope of meeting William. I had a delicious walk alone through the wood; the sound of the water was very solemn, and even the cotton mills in the fading light of evening had somewhat of the majesty and stillness of the natural objects. It was nearly dark when I reached the inn. I found Coleridge sitting by a good fire, which always makes an inn room look comfortable. In a few minutes William arrived; he had heard of me at the gate, and followed as quickly as he could, shouting after me. He was pale and exceedingly tired.

After he had left us he had taken a wrong road, and while looking about to set himself right had met with a barefooted boy, who said he would go with him. The little fellow carried him by a wild path to the upper of the Falls, the Boniton Linn, and coming down unexpectedly upon it, he was exceedingly affected by the solemn grandeur of the place. This fall is not much admired or spoken of by travellers; you have never a full, breast view of it; it does not make a complete self-satisfying place, an abode of its own, as a perfect waterfall seems to me to do; but the river, down which you look through a long vista of steep and ruin-like rocks, the roaring of the waterfall, and the solemn evening lights, must have been most impressive. One

[1] New Lanark, Robert Owen's mills.—J. C. S.

of the rocks on the near bank, even in broad daylight, as we saw it the next morning, is exactly like the fractured arch of an abbey. With the lights and shadows of evening upon it, the resemblance must have been much more striking.

William's guide was a pretty boy, and he was exceedingly pleased with him. Just as they were quitting the waterfall, William's mind being full of the majesty of the scene, the little fellow pointed to the top of a rock, "There's a fine slae-bush there." "Ay," said William, "but there are no slaes upon it," which was true enough; but I suppose the child remembered the slaes of another summer, though, as he said, he was but "half seven years old," namely, six and a half. He conducted William to the other fall, and as they were going along a narrow path, they came to a small cavern, where William lost him, and looking about, saw his pretty figure in a sort of natural niche fitted for a statue, from which the boy jumped out laughing, delighted with the success of his trick. William told us a great deal about him, while he sat by the fire, and of the pleasure of his walk, often repeating, "I wish you had been with me." Having no change, he gave the boy sixpence, which was certainly, if he had formed any expectations at all, far beyond them; but he received it with the utmost indifference, without any remark of surprise or pleasure; most likely he did not know how many halfpence he could get for it, and twopence would have pleased him more. My little girl was delighted with the sixpence I gave her, and said she would buy a book with it on Monday morning. What a difference between the manner of living and education of boys and of girls among the lower classes of people in towns! she had never seen the Falls of the Clyde, nor had ever been further than the porter's lodge; the boy, I daresay, knew every hiding-place in every accessible rock, as well as the fine "slae bushes" and the nut trees.

SECOND WEEK

Sunday, August 21st.—The morning was very hot, a morning to tempt us to linger by the water-side. I wished to have had the day before us, expecting so much from what William had seen; but when we went there, I did not desire to stay longer than till the hour which we had prescribed to ourselves; for it was a rule not to be broken in upon, that the person who conducted us to the Falls was to remain by our side till we chose to depart. We left our inn immediately after breakfast. The lanes were full of people going to church; many of the middle-aged women wore long scarlet cardinals, and were without hats: they brought to my mind the women of Goslar as they used to go to church in their silver or gold caps, with their long cloaks, black or coloured.

The banks of the Clyde from Lanerk to the Falls rise immediately from the river; they are lofty and steep, and covered with wood. The road to the Falls is along the top of one of the banks, and to the left you have a prospect of the open country, corn fields and scattered houses. To the right, over the river, the country spreads out, as it were, into a plain covered over with hills, no one hill much higher than another, but hills all over; there were endless pastures overgrown with broom, and scattered trees, without hedges or fences of any kind, and no distinct footpaths. It was delightful to see the lasses in gay dresses running like cattle among the broom, making their way straight forward towards the river, here and there as it might chance. They waded across the stream, and, when they had reached the top of the opposite bank, sat down by the road-side, about half a mile from the town, to put on their shoes and cotton stockings, which they brought tied up in pocket-handkerchiefs. The porter's lodge is about a mile from Lanerk, and the lady's house —for the whole belongs to a lady, whose name I have

forgotten[1]—is upon a hill at a little distance. We walked, after we had entered the private grounds, perhaps two hundred yards along a gravel carriage-road, then came to a little side gate, which opened upon a narrow gravel path under trees, and in a minute and a half, or less, were directly opposite to the great waterfall. I was much affected by the first view of it. The majesty and strength of the water, for I had never before seen so large a cataract, struck me with astonishment, which died away, giving place to more delightful feelings; though there were some buildings that I could have wished had not been there, though at first unnoticed. The chief of them was a neat, white, lady-like house,[2] very near to the waterfall. William and Coleridge however were in a better and perhaps wiser humour, and did not dislike the house; indeed, it was a very nice-looking place, with a moderate-sized garden, leaving the green fields free and open. This house is on the side of the river opposite to the grand house and the pleasure-grounds. The waterfall Cora Linn is composed of two falls, with a sloping space, which *appears* to be about twenty yards between, but is much more. The basin which receives the fall is enclosed by noble rocks, with trees, chiefly hazels, birch, and ash growing out of their sides whenever there is any hold for them; and a magnificent resting-place it is for such a river; I think more grand than the Falls themselves.

After having stayed some time, we returned by the same footpath into the main carriage-road, and soon came upon what William calls an ell-wide gravel walk, from which we had different views of the Linn. We sat upon a bench, placed for the sake of one of these views, whence we looked down upon the waterfall, and over the open country, and saw a ruined tower, called Wallace's Tower, which stands at a very little distance from the fall, and is an interesting object. A lady and

[1] Lady Mary Ross.—J. C. S. [2] Corehouse.—J. C. S.

gentleman, more expeditious tourists than ourselves, came to the spot; they left us at the seat, and we found them again at another station above the Falls. Coleridge, who is always good-natured enough to enter into conversation with anybody whom he meets in his way, began to talk with the gentleman, who observed that it was a *majestic* waterfall. Coleridge was delighted with the accuracy of the epithet, particularly as he had been settling in his own mind the precise meaning of the words grand, majestic, sublime, etc., and had discussed the subject with William at some length the day before. "Yes, sir," says Coleridge, "it *is* a majestic waterfall." "Sublime and beautiful," replied his friend. Poor Coleridge could make no answer, and, not very desirous to continue the conversation, came to us and related the story, laughing heartily.

The distance from one Linn to the other may be half a mile or more, along the same ell-wide walk. We came to a pleasure-house, of which the little girl had the key; she said it was called the Fog-house, because it was lined with "fog," namely moss. On the outside it resembled some of the huts in the prints belonging to Captain Cook's Voyages, and within was like a hay-stack scooped out. It was circular, with a dome-like roof, a seat all round fixed to the wall, and a table in the middle,—seat, wall, roof, and table all covered with moss in the neatest manner possible. It was as snug as a bird's nest; I wish we had such a one at the top of our orchard, only a great deal smaller. We afterwards found that huts of the same kind were common in the pleasure-grounds of Scotland; but we never saw any that were so beautifully wrought as this. It had, however, little else to recommend it, the situation being chosen without judgment; there was no prospect from it, nor was it a place of seclusion and retirement, for it stood close to the ell-wide gravel walk. We wished we could have shoved it about a hundred yards further on, when we arrived at a bench which was also close to the

walk, for just below the bench, the walk elbowing out into a circle, there was a beautiful spring of clear water, which we could see rise up continually, at the bottom of a round stone basin full to the brim, the water gushing out at a little outlet and passing away under the walk. A reason was wanted for placing the hut where it is; what a good one would this little spring have furnished for bringing it hither! Along the whole of the path were openings at intervals for views of the river, but, as almost always happens in gentlemen's grounds, they were injudiciously managed; you were prepared for a dead stand—by a parapet, a painted seat, or some other device.

We stayed some time at the Boniton Fall, which has one great advantage over the other falls, that it is at the termination of the pleasure-grounds, and we see no traces of the boundary-line; yet, except under some accidental circumstances, such as a sunset like that of the preceding evening, it is greatly inferior to the Cora Linn. We returned to the inn to dinner. The landlord set the first dish upon the table, as is common in England, and we were well waited upon. This first dish was true Scottish—a boiled sheep's head, with the hair singed off; Coleridge and I ate heartily of it; we had barley broth, in which the sheep's head had been boiled. A party of tourists whom we had met in the pleasure-grounds drove from the door while we were waiting for dinner; I guess they were fresh from England, for they had stuffed the pockets of their carriage with bundles of heather, roots and all, just as if Scotland grew no heather but on the banks of the Clyde. They passed away with their treasure towards Loch Lomond. A party of boys, dressed all alike in blue, very neat, were standing at the chaise-door; we conjectured they were charity scholars; but found on inquiry that they were apprentices to the cotton factory; we were told that they were well instructed in reading and writing. We had seen in the morning a flock of

girls dressed in grey coming out of the factory, probably apprentices also.

After dinner set off towards Hamilton, but on foot, for we had to turn aside to the Cartland Rocks, and our car was to meet us on the road. A guide attended us, who might almost in size, and certainly in activity, have been compared with William's companion who hid himself in the niche of the cavern. His method of walking and very quick step soon excited our attention. I could hardly keep up with him; he paddled by our side, just reaching to my shoulder, like a little dog, with his long snout pushed before him—for he had an enormous nose, and walked with his head foremost. I said to him, "How quick you walk!" he replied, "*That* was *not* quick walking," and when I asked him what he called so, he said "Five miles an hour," and then related in how many hours he had lately walked from Lanerk to Edinburgh, done some errands, and returned to Lanerk —I have forgotten the particulars, but it was a very short time—and added that he had an old father who could walk at the rate of four miles an hour, for twenty-four miles, any day, and had never had an hour's sickness in his life. "Then," said I, "he has not drunk much strong liquor?" "Yes, enough to drown him." From his eager manner of uttering this, I inferred that he himself was a drinker; and the man who met us with the car told William that he gained a great deal of money as an errand-goer, but spent it all in tippling. He had been a shoe-maker, but could not bear the confinement on account of a weakness in his chest.

The neighbourhood of Lanerk is exceedingly pleasant; we came to a sort of district of glens or little valleys that cleave the hills, leaving a cheerful, open country above them, with no superior hills, but an undulating surface. Our guide pointed to the situation of the Cartland Crags. We were to cross a narrow valley, and walk down on the other side, and then we should be at the spot; but the little fellow made a sharp turn down a footpath to

the left, saying, "We must have some conversation here." He paddled on with his small pawing feet till we came right opposite to a gentleman's house on the other side of the valley, when he halted, repeating some words, I have forgotten what, which were taken up by the most distinct echo I ever heard—this is saying little: it was the most distinct echo that it is possible to conceive. It shouted the names of our fireside friends in the very tone in which William and Coleridge spoke; but it seemed to make a joke of me, and I could not help laughing at my own voice, it was so shrill and pert, exactly as if some one had been mimicking it very successfully, with an intention of making me ridiculous. I wished Joanna had been there to laugh, for the echo is an excellent laugher, and would have almost made her believe that it was a true story which William has told of her and the mountains. We turned back, crossed the valley, went through the orchard and plantations belonging to the gentleman's house. By the bye, we observed to our guide that the echo must bring many troublesome visitors to disturb the quiet of the owner of that house, "Oh no," said he, "he glories in much company." He was a native of that neighbourhood, had made a moderate fortune abroad, purchased an estate, built the house, and raised the plantations; and further, had made a convenient walk through his woods to the Cartland Crags. The house was modest and neat, and though not adorned in the best taste, and though the plantations were of fir, we looked at it with great pleasure, there was such true liberality and kind-heartedness in leaving his orchard path open, and his walks unobstructed by gates. I hope this goodness is not often abused by plunderers of the apple-trees, which were hung with tempting apples close to the path.

At the termination of the little valley, we descended through a wood along a very steep path to a muddy stream running over limestone rocks; turned up to the

left along the bed of the stream, and soon we were closed in by rocks on each side. They were very lofty—of limestone, trees starting out of them, high and low, overhanging the stream or shooting up towards the sky. No place of the kind could be more beautiful if the stream had been clear, but it was of a muddy yellow colour; had it been a large river, one might have got the better of the unpleasantness of the muddy water in the grandeur of its roaring, the boiling up of the foam over the rocks, or the obscurity of its pools.

We had been told that the Cartland Crags were better worth going to see than the Falls of the Clyde. I did not think so; but I have seen rocky dells resembling this before, with clear water instead of that muddy stream, and never saw anything like the Falls of the Clyde. It would be a delicious spot to have near one's house; one would linger out many a day in the cool shade of the caverns, and the stream would soothe one by its murmuring; still, being an old friend, one would not love it the less for its homely face. Even we, as we passed along, could not help stopping for a long while to admire the beauty of the lazy foam, for ever in motion, and never moved away, in a still place of the water, covering the whole surface of it with streaks and lines and ever-varying circles. Wild marjoram grew upon the rocks in great perfection and beauty; our guide gave me a bunch, and said he should come hither to collect a store for tea for the winter, and that it was "varra halesome": he drank none else. We walked perhaps half a mile along the bed of the river; but it might *seem* to be much further than it was, owing to the difficulty of the path, and the sharp and many turnings of the glen. Passed two of Wallace's Caves. There is scarce a noted glen in Scotland that has not a cave for Wallace or some other hero. Before we left the river the rocks became less lofty, turned into a wood through which was a convenient path upwards, met the owner of the house and the echo-ground, and thanked him for the pleasure

which he had provided for us and other travellers by making such pretty pathways.

It was four o'clock when we reached the place where the car was waiting. We were anxious to be off, as we had fifteen miles to go; but just as we were seating ourselves we found that the cushions were missing. William was forced to go back to the town, a mile at least, and Coleridge and I waited with the car. It rained, and we had some fear that the evening would be wet, but the rain soon ceased, though the sky continued gloomy—an unfortunate circumstance, for we had to travel through a beautiful country, and of that sort which is most set off by sunshine and pleasant weather.

Travelled through the Vale or *Trough* of the Clyde, as it is called, for ten or eleven miles, having the river on our right. We had fine views both up and down the river for the first three or four miles, our road being not close to it, but above its banks, along the open country, which was here occasionally intersected by hedgerows.

Left our car in the road, and turned down a field to the Fall of Stonebyres, another of the falls of the Clyde, which I had not heard spoken of; therefore it gave me the more pleasure. We saw it from the top of the bank of the river at a little distance. It has not the imposing majesty of Cora Linn; but it has the advantage of being left to itself, a grand solitude in the heart of a populous country. We had a prospect above and below it, of cultivated grounds, with hay-stacks, houses, hills; but the river's banks were lonesome, steep, and woody, with rocks near the fall.

A little further on, came more into company with the river; sometimes we were close to it, sometimes above it, but always at no great distance; and now the vale became more interesting and amusing. It is very populous, with villages, hamlets, single cottages, or farm-houses embosomed in orchards, and scattered over with gentlemen's houses, some of them very ugly, tall and obtrusive, others neat and comfortable. We seemed

now to have got into a country where poverty and riches were shaking hands together; pears and apples, of which the crop was abundant, hung over the road, often growing in orchards unfenced; or there might be bunches of broom along the road-side in an interrupted line, that looked like a hedge till we came to it and saw the gaps. Bordering on these fruitful orchards perhaps would be a patch, its chief produce being gorse or broom. There was nothing like a moor or common anywhere; but small plots of uncultivated ground were left high and low, among the potatoes, corn, cabbages, which grew intermingled, now among trees, now bare. The Trough of the Clyde is, indeed, a singular and very interesting region; it is somewhat like the upper part of the vale of Nith, but above the Nith is much less cultivated ground —without hedgerows or orchards, or anything that looks like a rich country. We met crowds of people coming from the kirk; the lasses were gaily dressed, often in white gowns, coloured satin bonnets, and coloured silk handkerchiefs, and generally with their shoes and stockings in a bundle hung on their arm. Before we left the river the vale became much less interesting, resembling a poor English country, the fields being large, and unluxuriant hedges.

It had been dark long before we reached Hamilton, and William had some difficulty in driving the tired horse through the town. At the inn they hesitated about being able to give us beds, the house being brimfull—lights at every window. We were rather alarmed for our accommodations during the rest of the tour, supposing the house to be filled with *tourists;* but they were in general only regular travellers; for out of the main road from town to town we saw scarcely a carriage, and the inns were empty. There was nothing remarkable in the treatment we met with at this inn, except the lazy impertinence of the waiter. It was a townish place, with a great larder set out; the house throughout dirty.

Monday, August 22nd.—Immediately after breakfast walked to the Duke of Hamilton's house to view the picture-gallery, chiefly the famous picture of Daniel in the Lions' Den, by Rubens. It is a large building, without grandeur, a heavy, lumpish mass, after the fashion of the Hopetoun H,[1] only five times the size, and with longer legs, which makes it gloomy. We entered the gate, passed the porter's lodge, where we saw nobody, and stopped at the front door, as William had done two years before with Sir William Rush's family. We were met by a little mean-looking man, shabbily dressed, out of livery, who, we found, was the porter. After scanning us over, he told us that we ought not to have come to that door. We said we were sorry for the mistake, but as one of our party had been there two years before, and was admitted by the same entrance, we had supposed it was the regular way. After many hesitations, and having kept us five minutes waiting in the large hall, while he went to consult with the housekeeper, he informed us that we could not be admitted at that time, the housekeeper being unwell; but that we might return in an hour: he then conducted us through long gloomy passages to an obscure door at the corner of the house. We asked if we might be permitted to walk in the park in the meantime; and he told us that this would not be agreeable to the Duke's family. We returned to the inn discontented enough, but resolved not to waste an hour, if there were anything else in the neighbourhood worth seeing. The waiter told us there was a curious place called Baroncleugh, with gardens cut out in rocks, and we determined to go thither. We had to walk through the town, which may be about as large as Penrith, and perhaps a mile further, along a dusty turnpike road. The morning was hot,

[1] The house belonging to the Earls of Hopetoun at Leadhills, not that which bears this name about twelve miles from Edinburgh.—J. C. S.

sunny, and windy, and we were half tired before we reached the place; but were amply repaid for our trouble.

The general face of the country near Hamilton is much in the ordinary English style; not very hilly, with hedgerows, corn fields, and stone houses. The Clyde is here an open river with low banks, and the country spreads out so wide that there is no appearance of a regular vale. Baroncleugh is in a beautiful deep glen through which runs the river Avon, a stream that falls into the Clyde. The house stands very sweetly in complete retirement; it has its gardens and terraces one above another, with flights of steps between, box-trees and yew-trees cut in fantastic shapes, flower-borders and summer-houses; and, still below, apples and pears were hanging in abundance on the branches of large old trees, which grew intermingled with the natural wood, elms, beeches, etc., even to the water's edge. The whole place is in perfect harmony with the taste of our ancestors, and the yews and hollies are shaven as nicely, and the gravel walks and flower-borders kept in as exact order, as if the spirit of the first architect of the terraces still presided over them. The opposite bank of the river is left in its natural wildness, and nothing was to be seen higher up but the deep dell, its steep banks being covered with fine trees, a beautiful relief or contrast to the garden, which is one of the most elaborate old things ever seen, a little hanging garden of Babylon.

I was sorry to hear that the owner of this sweet place did not live there always. He had built a small thatched house to eke out the old one: it was a neat dwelling, with no false ornaments. We were exceedingly sorry to quit this spot, which is left to nature and past times, and should have liked to have pursued the glen further up; we were told that there was a ruined castle; and the walk itself must be very delightful; but we wished to reach Glasgow in good time, and had to go again to Hamilton House. Returned to the town by a much

shorter road, and were very angry with the waiter for not having directed us to it; but he was too great a man to speak three words more than he could help.

We stopped at the proper door of the Duke's house, and seated ourselves humbly upon a bench, waiting the pleasure of the porter, who, after a little time, informed us that we could not be admitted, giving no reason whatever. When we got to the inn, we could just gather from the waiter that it was not usual to refuse admittance to strangers; but that was all: he could not, or would not, help us, so we were obliged to give it up, which mortified us, for I had wished much to see the picture. William vowed that he would write that very night to Lord Archibald Hamilton, stating the whole matter, which he did from Glasgow.

I ought to have mentioned the park, though, as we were not allowed to walk there, we saw but little of it. It looked pleasant, as all parks with fine trees must be, but, as it seemed to be only a large, nearly level, plain, it could not be a particularly beautiful park, though it borders upon the Clyde, and the Avon runs, I believe, through it, after leaving the solitude of the glen of Baroncleugh.

Quitted Hamilton at about eleven o'clock. There is nothing interesting between Hamilton and Glasgow till we came to Bothwell Castle, a few miles from Hamilton. The country is cultivated, but not rich, the fields large, a perfect contrast to the huddling together of hills and trees, corn and pasture grounds, hay-stacks, cottages, orchards, broom and gorse, but chiefly broom, that had amused us so much the evening before in passing through the Trough of the Clyde. A native of Scotland would not probably be satisfied with the account I have given of the Trough of the Clyde, for it is one of the most celebrated scenes in Scotland. We certainly received less pleasure from it than we had expected; but it was plain that this was chiefly owing to the unfavourable circumstances under which we saw it—a gloomy sky

and a cold blighting wind. It is a very beautiful district, yet there, as in all the other scenes of Scotland celebrated for their fertility, we found something which gave us a notion of barrenness, of what was not altogether genial. The new fir and larch plantations, here as in almost every other part of Scotland, contributed not a little to this effect.

Crossed the Clyde not far from Hamilton, and had the river for some miles at a distance from us, on our left; but after having gone, it might be, three miles, we came to a porter's lodge on the left side of the road, where we were to turn to Bothwell Castle, which is in Lord Douglas's grounds. The woman who keeps the gate brought us a book, in which we wrote down our names. Went about half a mile before we came to the pleasure-grounds. Came to a large range of stables, where we were to leave the car; but there was no one to unyoke the horse, so William was obliged to do it himself, a task which he performed very awkwardly, being then new to it. We saw the ruined castle embosomed in trees, passed the house, and soon found ourselves on the edge of a steep brow immediately above and overlooking the course of the river Clyde through a deep hollow between woods and green steeps. We had approached at right angles from the main road to the place over a flat, and had seen nothing before us but a nearly level country terminated by distant slopes, the Clyde hiding himself in his deep bed. It was exceedingly delightful to come thus unexpectedly upon such a beautiful region.

The Castle stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde. When we came up to it I was hurt to see that flower-borders had taken place of the natural overgrowings of the ruin, the scattered stones and wild plants. It is a large and grand pile, of red freestone, harmonizing perfectly with the rocks of the river, from which, no doubt, it has been hewn. When I was a little accustomed to the unnaturalness of a modern garden, I could

not help admiring the excessive beauty and luxuriance of some of the plants, particularly the purple-flowered clematis, and a broad-leaved creeping plant without flowers, which scrambled up the castle wall along with the ivy, and spread its vine-like branches so lavishly that it seemed to be in its natural situation, and one could not help thinking that, though not self-planted among the ruins of this country, it must somewhere have its natural abode in such places. If Bothwell Castle had not been close to the Douglas mansion we should have been disgusted with the possessor's miserable conception of "adorning" such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn and the complete desolation natural to a ruin might have made an unpleasing contrast; and besides, being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the modern mansion of a noble family, it has forfeited in some degree its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion; its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the same command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and house were so near to each other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have had a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages and maintain its own character and independence for centuries to come.

We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of an ancient priory, built upon a rock: and rock and ruin are so blended together that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnants of this holy place; elm trees—

for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches—grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on smooth and unruffled below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds and chattering of the larger ones that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man is to be a prisoner, he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that for close confinement I should prefer the banks of a lake or the sea-side. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little perhaps about either; and yet if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now, though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered, therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel.

At our return to the stables we found an inferior groom, who helped William to yoke the horse, and was very civil. We grew hungry before we had travelled many miles, and seeing a large public-house—it was in a walled court some yards from the road—Coleridge got off the car to inquire if we could dine there, and was told

we could have nothing but eggs. It was a miserable place, very like a French house; indeed we observed, in almost every part of Scotland, except Edinburgh, that we were reminded ten times of France and Germany for once of England.

Saw nothing remarkable after leaving Bothwell, except the first view of Glasgow, at some miles distance, terminated by the mountains of Loch Lomond. The suburbs of Glasgow extend very far, houses on each side of the highway,—all ugly, and the inhabitants dirty. The roads are very wide; and everything seems to tell of the neighbourhood of a large town. We were annoyed by carts and dirt, and the road was full of people, who all noticed our car in one way or other; the children often sent a hooting after us.

Wearied completely, we at last reached the town, and were glad to walk, leading the car to the first decent inn, which was luckily not far from the end of the town. William, who gained most of his road-knowledge from ostlers, had been informed of this house by the ostler at Hamilton; it proved quiet and tolerably cheap, a new building—the Saracen's Head. I shall never forget how glad I was to be landed in a little quiet back-parlour, for my head was beating with the noise of carts which we had left, and the wearisomeness of the disagreeable objects near the highway; but with my first pleasant sensations also came the feeling that we were not in an English inn—partly from its half-unfurnished appearance, which is common in Scotland, for in general the deal wainscots and doors are unpainted, and partly from the dirtiness of the floors. Having dined, William and I walked to the post-office, and after much seeking found out a quiet timber-yard wherein to sit down and read our letter. We then walked a considerable time in the streets, which are perhaps as handsome as streets can be, which derive no particular effect from their situation in connexion with natural advantages, such as rivers, sea, or hills. The Trongate, an old street, is very picturesque—

high houses, with an intermixture of gable fronts towards the street. The New Town is built of fine stone, in the best style of the very best London streets at the west end of the town, but, not being of brick, they are greatly superior. One thing must strike every stranger in his first walk through Glasgow—an appearance of business and bustle, but no coaches or gentlemen's carriages; during all the time we walked in the streets I only saw three carriages, and these were travelling chaises. I also could not but observe a want of cleanliness in the appearance of the lower orders of the people, and a dulness in the dress and outside of the whole mass, as they moved along. We returned to the inn before it was dark. I had a bad headache, and was tired, and we all went to bed soon.

Tuesday, August 23rd.—A cold morning. Walked to the bleaching-ground,[1] a large field bordering on the Clyde, the banks of which are perfectly flat, and the general face of the country is nearly so in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. This field, the whole summer through, is covered with women of all ages, children, and young girls spreading out their linen, and watching it while it bleaches. The scene must be very cheerful on a fine day, but it rained when we were there, and though there was linen spread out in all parts, and great numbers of women and girls were at work, yet there would have been many more on a fine day, and they would have appeared happy, instead of stupid and cheerless. In the middle of the field is a wash-house, whither the inhabitants of this large town, rich and poor, send or carry their linen to be washed. There are two very large rooms, with each a cistern in the middle for hot water; and all round the rooms are benches for the women to set their tubs upon. Both the rooms were crowded with washers; there might be a hundred, or two, or even three; for it

[1] Glasgow Green.—J. C. S.

is not easy to form an accurate notion of so great a number; however, the rooms were large, and they were both full. It was amusing to see so many women, arms, head, and face all in motion, all busy in an ordinary household employment, in which we are accustomed to see, at the most, only three or four women employed in one place. The women were very civil. I learnt from them the regulations of the house; but I have forgotten the particulars. The substance of them is, that "so much" is to be paid for each tub of water, "so much" for a tub, and the privilege of washing for a day, and, "so much" to the general overlookers of the linen, when it is left to be bleached. An old man and woman have this office, who were walking about, two melancholy figures.

The shops at Glasgow are large, and like London shops, and we passed by the largest coffee-room I ever saw. You look across the piazza of the Exchange, and see to the end of the coffee-room, where there is a circular window, the width of the room. Perhaps there might be thirty gentlemen sitting on the circular bench of the window, each reading a newspaper. They had the appearance of figures in a fantoccine, or men seen at the extremity of the opera-house, diminished into puppets.

I am sorry I did not see the High Church: both William and I were tired, and it rained very hard after we had left the bleaching-ground; besides, I am less eager to walk in a large town than anywhere else; so we put it off, and I have since repented of my irresolution.

Dined, and left Glasgow at about three o'clock, in a heavy rain. We were obliged to ride through the streets to keep our feet dry, and, in spite of the rain, every person as we went along stayed his steps to look at us; indeed, we had the pleasure of spreading smiles from one end of Glasgow to the other—for we travelled the whole length of the town. A set of schoolboys, perhaps there might be eight, with satchels over their shoulders, and, except one or two, without shoes and stockings, yet very well dressed in jackets and trousers,

like gentlemen's children, followed us in great delight, admiring the car and longing to jump up. At last, though we were seated, they made several attempts to get on behind; and they looked so pretty and wild, and at the same time so modest, that we wished to give them a ride, and there being a little hill near the end of the town, we got off, and four of them who still remained, the rest having dropped into their homes by the way, took our places; and indeed I would have walked two miles willingly, to have had the pleasure of seeing them so happy. When they were to ride no longer, they scampered away, laughing and rejoicing. New houses are rising up in great numbers round Glasgow, citizen-like houses, and new plantations, chiefly of fir; the fields are frequently enclosed by hedgerows, but there is no richness, nor any particular beauty for some miles.

The first object that interested us was a gentleman's house upon a green plain or holm, almost close to the Clyde, sheltered by tall trees, a quiet modest mansion, and, though white-washed, being an old building, and no other house near it, or in connexion with it, and standing upon the level field, which belonged to it, its own domain, the whole scene together brought to our minds an image of the retiredness and sober elegance of a nunnery; but this might be owing to the greyness of the afternoon, and our having come immediately from Glasgow, and through a country which, till now, had either had a townish taint, or at best little of rural beauty. While we were looking at the house we overtook a foot-traveller, who, like many others, began to talk about our car. We alighted to walk up a hill, and, continuing the conversation, the man told us, with something like a national pride, that it belonged to a Scotch Lord, Lord Semple; he added, that a little further on we should see a much finer prospect, as fine a one as ever we had seen in our lives. Accordingly, when we came to the top of the hill, it opened upon us most magnificently. We saw the Clyde, now a stately sea-

river, winding away mile after mile, spotted with boats and ships, each side of the river hilly, the right populous with single houses and villages—Dunglass Castle upon a promontory, the whole view terminated by the rock of Dumbarton, at five or six miles' distance, which stands by itself, without any hills near it, like a sea-rock.

We travelled for some time near the river, passing through clusters of houses which seemed to owe their existence rather to the wealth of the river than the land, for the banks were mostly bare, and the soil appeared poor, even near the water. The left side of the river was generally uninhabited and moorish, yet there are some beautiful spots: for instance, a nobleman's house,[1] where the fields and trees were rich, and, in combination with the river, looked very lovely. As we went along William and I were reminded of the views upon the Thames in Kent, which, though greatly superior in richness and softness, are much inferior in grandeur. Not far from Dumbarton, we passed under some rocky, copse-covered hills, which were so like some of the hills near Grasmere that we could have half believed they were the same. Arrived at Dumbarton before it was dark, having pushed on briskly that we might have start of a traveller at the inn, who was following us as fast as he could in a gig. Every front room was full, and we were afraid we should not have been admitted. They put us into a little parlour, dirty, and smelling of liquors, the table uncleaned, and not a chair in its place; we were glad, however, of our sorry accommodations.

While tea was preparing we lolled at our ease, and though the room-window overlooked the stable-yard, and at our entrance there appeared to be nothing but gloom and unloveliness, yet while I lay stretched upon the carriage cushions on three chairs, I discovered a little side peep which was enough to set the mind at work. It was no more than a smoky vessel lying at

[1] No doubt Erskine House, the seat of Lord Blantyre.—J. C. S

anchor, with its bare masts, a clay hut and the shelving bank of the river, with a green pasture above. Perhaps you will think that there is not much in this, as I describe it: it is true; but the effect produced by these simple objects, as they happened to be combined, together with the gloom of the evening, was exceedingly wild. Our room was parted by a slender partition from a large dining-room, in which were a number of officers and their wives, who, after the first hour, never ceased singing, dancing, laughing, or loud talking. The ladies sang some pretty songs, a great relief to us. We went early to bed; but poor Coleridge could not sleep for the noise at the street door; he lay in the parlour below stairs. It is no uncommon thing in the best inns of Scotland to have shutting-up beds in the sitting-rooms.

Wednesday, August 24th.—As soon as breakfast was over, William and I walked towards the Castle, a short mile from the town. We overtook two young men, who, on our asking the road, offered to conduct us, though it might seem it was not easy to miss our way, for the rock rises singly by itself from the plain on which the town stands. The rock of Dumbarton is very grand when you are close to it, but at a little distance, under an ordinary sky, and in open day, it is not grand, but curiously wild. The castle and fortifications add little effect to the general view of the rock, especially since the building of a modern house, which is white-washed, and consequently jars, wherever it is seen, with the natural character of the place. There is a path up to the house, but it being low water we could walk round the rock, which we resolved to do. On that side next the town green grass grows to a considerable height up the rock, but wherever the river borders upon it, it is naked stone. I never saw rock in nobler masses, or more deeply stained by time and weather, nor is this to be wondered at, for it is in the very eye of sea-storms and land-storms, of mountain winds and water winds.

It is of all colours, but a rusty yellow predominates. As we walked along, we could not but look up continually, and the mass above being on every side so huge, it appeared more wonderful than when we saw the whole together.

We sat down on one of the large stones which lie scattered near the base of the rock, with sea-weed growing amongst them. Above our heads the rock was perpendicular for a considerable height, nay, as it seemed, to the very top, and on the brink of the precipice a few sheep, two of them rams with twisted horns, stood, as if on the look-out over the wide country. At the same time we saw a sentinel in his red coat, walking backwards and forwards between us and the sky, with his firelock over his shoulder. The sheep, I suppose owing to our being accustomed to see them in similar situations, appeared to retain their real size, while, on the contrary, the soldier seemed to be diminished by the distance till he almost looked like a puppet moved with wires for the pleasure of children, or an eight years' old drummer in his stiff, manly dress beside a company of grenadiers. I had never before, perhaps, thought of sheep and men in soldiers' dresses at the same time, and here they were brought together in a strange fantastic way. As will be easily conceived, the fearlessness and stillness of those quiet creatures, on the brow of the rock, pursuing their natural occupations, contrasted with the restless and apparently unmeaning motions of the dwarf soldier, added not a little to the general effect of this place, which is that of wild singularity, and the whole was aided by a blustering wind and a gloomy sky. Coleridge joined us, and we went up to the top of the rock.

The road to a considerable height is through a narrow cleft, in which a flight of steps is hewn; the steps nearly fill the cleft, and on each side the rocks form a high and irregular wall; it is almost like a long sloping cavern, only that it is roofed by the sky. We came to the barracks; soldiers' wives were hanging out linen upon

the rails, while the wind beat about them furiously—there was nothing which it could set in motion but the garments of the women and the linen upon the rails; the grass—for we had now come to green grass—was close and smooth, and not one pile an inch above another, and neither tree nor shrub. The standard pole stood erect without a flag. The rock has two summits, one much broader and higher than the other. When we were near to the top of the lower eminence we had the pleasure of finding a little garden of flowers and vegetables belonging to the soldiers. There are three distinct and very noble prospects—the first up the Clyde towards Glasgow—Dunglass Castle, seen on its promontory—boats, sloops, hills, and many buildings; the second, down the river to the sea—Greenock and Port-Glasgow, and the distant mountains at the entrance of Loch Long; and the third extensive and distant view is up the Leven, which here falls into the Clyde, to the mountains of Loch Lomond. The distant mountains in all these views were obscured by mists and dingy clouds, but if the grand outline of any one of the views can be seen, it is sufficient recompense for the trouble of climbing the rock of Dumbarton.

The soldier who was our guide told us that an old ruin which we came to at the top of the higher eminence had been a wind-mill—an inconvenient station, though certainly a glorious place for wind; perhaps if it really had been a wind-mill it was only for the use of the garrison. We looked over cannons on the battery-walls, and saw in an open field below the yeomanry cavalry exercising, while we could hear from the town, which was full of soldiers, "Dumbarton's drums beat bonny, O!" Yet while we stood upon this eminence, rising up so far as it does—inland, and having the habitual old English feeling of our own security as islanders—we could not help looking upon the fortress, in spite of its cannon and soldiers, and the rumours of invasion, as set up against the hostilities of wind and weather rather

than for any other warfare. On our return we were invited into the guard-room, about half-way down the rock, where we were shown a large rusty sword, which they called Wallace's Sword, and a trout boxed up in a well close by, where they said he had been confined for upwards of thirty years. For the pleasure of the soldiers, who were anxious that we should see him, we took some pains to spy him out in his black den, and at last succeeded. It was pleasing to observe how much interest the poor soldiers—though themselves probably new to the place—seemed to attach to this antiquated inhabitant of their garrison.

When we had reached the bottom of the rock along the same road by which we had ascended, we made our way over the rough stones left bare by the tide, round the bottom of the rock, to the point where we had set off. This is a wild and melancholy walk on a blustering cloudy day: the naked bed of the river, scattered over with sea-weed; grey swampy fields on the other shore; sea-birds flying overhead; the high rock perpendicular and bare. We came to two very large fragments, which had fallen from the main rock; Coleridge thought that one of them was as large as Bowder-Stone,[1] William and I did not; but it is impossible to judge accurately; we probably, without knowing it, compared them with the whole mass from which they had fallen, which, from its situation, we consider as one rock or stone, and there is no object of the kind for comparison with the Bowder-Stone. When we leave the shore of the Clyde grass begins to show itself on the rock; go a considerable way—still under the rock—along a flat field, and pass immediately below the white house, which wherever seen looks so ugly.

Left Dumbarton at about eleven o'clock. The sky was cheerless and the air ungenial, which we regretted, as we were going to Loch Lomond, and wished to greet

[1] A rock in Borrowdale, Cumberland.—ED.

the first of the Scottish lakes with our cheerfullest and best feelings. Crossed the Leven at the end of Dumbarton, and, when we looked behind, had a pleasing view of the town, bridge, and rock; but when we took in a reach of the river at the distance of perhaps half a mile, the swamp ground, being so near a town, and not in its natural wildness, but seemingly half cultivated, with houses here and there, gave us an idea of extreme poverty of soil, or that the inhabitants were either indolent or miserable. We had to travel four miles on the banks of the "Water of Leven" before we should come to Loch Lomond. Having expected a grand river from so grand a lake, we were disappointed; for it appeared to me not to be very much larger than the Emont, and is not near so beautiful; but we must not forget that the day was cold and gloomy. Near Dumbarton it is like a river in a flat country, or under the influence of tides; but a little higher up it resembles one of our rivers, flowing through a vale of no extreme beauty, though prettily wooded; the hills on each side not very high, sloping backwards from the bed of the vale, which is neither very narrow nor very wide; the prospect terminated by Ben Lomond and other mountains. The vale is populous, but looks as if it were not inhabited by cultivators of the earth; the houses are chiefly of stone; often in rows by the river-side; they stand pleasantly, but have a tradish look, as if they might have been off-sets from Glasgow. We saw many bleach-yards, but no other symptom of a manufactory, except something in the houses that was not rural, and a want of independent comforts. Perhaps if the river had been glittering in the sun, and the smoke of the cottages rising in distinct volumes towards the sky, as I have seen in the vale or basin below Pillsden in Dorsetshire, when every cottage, hidden from the eye, pointed out its lurking-place by an upright wreath of white smoke, the whole scene might have excited ideas of perfect cheerfulness.

Here, as on the Nith, and much more than in the

Trough of the Clyde, a great portion of the ground was uncultivated, but the hills being less wild, the river more stately, and the ground not heaved up so irregularly and tossed about, the imperfect cultivation was the more to be lamented, particularly as there were so many houses near the river. In a small enclosure by the wayside is a pillar erected to the memory of Dr. Smollett, who was born in a village at a little distance, which we could see at the same time, and where, I believe, some of the family still reside. There is a long Latin inscription, which Coleridge translated for my benefit. The Latin is miserably bad[1]—as Coleridge said, such as poor Smollett, who was an excellent scholar, would have been ashamed of.

Before we came to Loch Lomond the vale widened, and became less populous. We climbed over a wall into a large field to have a better front view of the lake than from the road. This view is very much like that from Mr. Clarkson's windows: the mountain in front resembles Hallan; indeed, is almost the same; but Ben Lomond is not seen standing in such majestic company as Helvellyn, and the meadows are less beautiful than Ulswater. The reach of the lake is very magnificent; you see it, as Ulswater is seen beyond the promontory of Old Church, winding away behind a large woody island that looks like a promontory. The outlet of the lake—we had a distinct view of it in the field—is very insignificant. The bulk of the river is frittered away by small alder bushes, as I recollect; I do not remember that it was reedy, but the ground had a swampy appearance; and here the vale spreads out wide and shapeless, as if the river were born to no inheritance, had no sheltering cradle, no hills of its own. As we have seen, this does not continue long; it flows through a distinct, though not

[1] The inscription on the pillar was written by Professor George Stuart of Edinburgh, John Ramsay of Ochtertyre and Dr. Samuel Johnson; for Dr. Johnson's share in the work see Croker's Boswell, p. 392.—J. C. S.

a magnificent vale. But, having lost the pastoral character which it had in the youthful days of Smollett—if the description in his ode to his native stream be a faithful one—it is less interesting than it was then.

The road carried us sometimes close to the lake, sometimes at a considerable distance from it, over moorish grounds, or through half-cultivated enclosures; we had the lake on our right, which is here so wide that the opposite hills, not being high, are cast into insignificance, and we could not distinguish any buildings near the water, if any there were. It is however always delightful to travel by a lake of clear waters, if you see nothing else but a very ordinary country; but we had some beautiful distant views, one in particular, down the high road, through a vista of over-arching trees; and the near shore was frequently very pleasing, with its gravel banks, bendings, and small bays. In one part it was bordered for a considerable way by irregular groups of forest trees or single stragglers, which, although not large, seemed old; their branches were stunted and knotty, as if they had been striving with storms, and had half yielded to them. Under these trees we had a variety of pleasing views across the lake, and the very rolling over the road and looking at its smooth and beautiful surface was itself a pleasure. It was as smooth as a gravel walk, and of the bluish colour of some of the roads among the lakes of the north of England.

Passed no very remarkable place till we came to Sir James Colquhoun's house, which stands upon a large, flat, woody peninsula, looking towards Ben Lomond. There must be many beautiful walks among the copses of the peninsula, and delicious views over the water; but the general surface of the country is poor, and looks as if it ought to be rich and well peopled, for it is not mountainous; nor had we passed any hills which a Cumbrian would dignify with the name of mountains. There was many a little plain or gently-sloping hill covered with poor heath or broom without trees, where

one should have liked to see a cottage in a bower of wood, with its patch of corn and potatoes, and a green field with a hedge to keep it warm. As we advanced we perceived less of the coldness of poverty, the hills not having so large a space between them and the lake. The surface of the hills being in its natural state, is always beautiful; but where there is only a half cultivated and half peopled soil near the banks of a lake or river, the idea is forced upon one that they who do live there have not much of cheerful enjoyment.

But soon we came to just such a place as we had wanted to see. The road was close to the water, and a hill, bare, rocky, or with scattered copses rose above it. A deep shade hung over the road, where some little boys were at play; we expected a dwelling-house of some sort; and when we came nearer, saw three or four thatched huts under the trees, and at the same moment felt that it was a paradise. We had before seen the lake only as one wide plain of water; but here the portion of it which we saw was bounded by a high and steep, heathy and woody island opposite, which did not appear like an island, but the main shore, and framed out a little oblong lake apparently not so broad as Rydale-water, with one small island covered with trees, resembling some of the most beautiful of the holms of Windermere, and only a narrow river's breadth from the shore. This was a place where we should have liked to have lived, and the only one we had seen near Loch Lomond. How delightful to have a little shed concealed under the branches of the fairy island! the cottages and the island might have been made for the pleasure of each other. It was but like a natural garden, the distance was so small; nay, one could not have forgiven any one living there, not compelled to daily labour, if he did not connect it with his dwelling by some feeling of domestic attachment, like what he has for the orchard where his children play. I thought, what a place for William! he might row himself over with twenty strokes of the oars,

escaping from the business of the house, and as safe from intruders, with his boat anchored beside him, as if he had locked himself up in the strong tower of a castle. We were unwilling to leave this sweet spot; but it was so simple, and therefore so rememberable, that it seemed almost as if we could have carried it away with us. It was nothing more than a small lake enclosed by trees at the ends and by the way-side, and opposite by the island, a steep bank on which the purple heath was seen under low oak coppice-wood, a group of houses over-shadowed by trees, and a bending road. There was one remarkable tree, an old larch with hairy branches, which sent out its main stem horizontally across the road, an object that seemed to have been singled out for injury where everything else was lovely and thriving, tortured into that shape by storms, which one might have thought could not have reached it in that sheltered place.

We were now entering into the Highlands. I believe Luss is the place where we were told that country begins; but at these cottages I would have gladly believed that we were there, for it was like a new region. The huts were after the Highland fashion, and the boys who were playing wore the Highland dress and philabeg. On going into a new country I seem to myself to waken up, and afterwards it surprises me to remember how much alive I have been to the distinctions of dress, household arrangements, etc. etc., and what a spirit these little things give to wild, barren, or ordinary places. The cottages are within about two miles of Luss. Came in view of several islands; but the lake being so very wide, we could see little of their peculiar beauties, and they, being large, hardly looked like islands.

Passed another gentleman's house, which stands prettily in a bay,[1] and soon after reached Luss, where we intended to lodge. On seeing the outside of the inn we were glad that we were to have such pleasant quarters.

[1] Camstraddan House and bay.—J. C. S.

It is a nice-looking white house, by the road-side; but there was not much promise of hospitality when we stopped at the door: no person came out till we had shouted a considerable time. A barefooted lass showed me up-stairs, and again my hopes revived; the house was clean for a Scotch inn, and the view very pleasant to the lake, over the top of the village—a cluster of thatched houses among trees, with a large chapel in the midst of them. Like most of the Scotch kirks which we had seen, this building resembles a big house; but it is a much more pleasing building than they generally are, and has one of our rustic belfries, not unlike that at Ambleside, with two bells hanging in the open air. We chose one of the back rooms to sit in, being more snug, and they looked upon a very sweet prospect—a stream tumbling down a cleft or glen on the hill-side, rocky coppice ground, a rural lane, such as we have from house to house at Grasmere, and a few out-houses. We had a poor dinner, and sour ale; but as long as the people were civil we were contented.

Coleridge was not well, so he did not stir out, but William and I walked through the village to the shore of the lake. When I came close to the houses, I could not but regret a want of loveliness correspondent with the beauty of the situation and the appearance of the village at a little distance; not a single ornamented garden. We saw potatoes and cabbages, but never a honeysuckle. Yet there were wild gardens, as beautiful as any that ever man cultivated, overgrowing the roofs of some of the cottages, flowers and creeping plants. How elegant were the wreaths of the bramble that had "built its own bower" upon the riggins in several parts of the village; therefore we had chiefly to regret the want of gardens, as they are symptoms of leisure and comfort, or at least of no painful industry. Here we first saw houses without windows, the smoke coming out of the open window-places; the chimneys were like stools with four legs a hole being left in the roof for the

smoke, and over that a slate placed upon four sticks—sometimes the whole leaned as if it were going to fall. The fields close to Luss lie flat to the lake, and a river, as large as our stream near the church at Grasmere, flows by the end of the village, being the same which comes down the glen behind the inn; it is very much like our stream—beds of blue pebbles upon the shores.

We walked towards the head of the lake, and from a large pasture field near Luss, a gentle eminence, had a very interesting view back upon the village and the lake and islands beyond. We then perceived that Luss stood in the centre of a spacious bay, and that close to it lay another small one, within the larger, where the boats of the inhabitants were lying at anchor, a beautiful natural harbour. The islands, as we look down the water, are seen in great beauty. Inch-ta-vannach, the same that framed out the little peaceful lake which we had passed in the morning, towers above the rest. The lake is very wide here, and the opposite shores not being lofty the chief part of the permanent beauty of this view is among the islands, and on the near shore, including the low promontories of the bay of Luss, and the village; and we saw it under its dullest aspect—the air cold, the sky gloomy, without a glimpse of sunshine.

On a splendid evening, with the light of the sun diffused over the whole islands, distant hills, and the broad expanse of the lake, with its creeks, bays, and little slips of water among the islands, it must be a glorious sight.

Up the lake there are no islands; Ben Lomond terminates the view, without any other large mountains; no clouds were upon it, therefore we saw the whole size and form of the mountain, yet it did not appear to me so large as Skiddaw does from Derwent-water. Continued our walk a considerable way towards the head of the lake, and went up a high hill, but saw no other reach of the water. The hills on the Luss side become

much steeper, and the lake, having narrowed a little above Luss, was no longer a very wide lake where we lost sight of it.

Came to a bark hut by the shores, and sate for some time under the shelter of it. While we were here a poor woman with a little child by her side begged a penny of me, and asked where she could "find quarters in the village." She was a travelling beggar, a native of Scotland, had often "heard of that water," but was never there before. This woman's appearance, while the wind was rustling about us, and the waves breaking at our feet, was very melancholy: the waters looked wide, the hills many, and dark, and far off—no house but at Luss. I thought what a dreary waste must this lake be to such poor creatures, struggling with fatigue and poverty and unknown ways!

We ordered tea when we reached the inn, and desired the girl to light us a fire; she replied, "I dinna ken whether she'll gie fire," meaning her mistress. We told her we did not wish her mistress to give fire, we only desired her to let *her* make it and we would pay for it. The girl brought in the tea-things, but no fire, and when I asked if she was coming to light it, she said "her mistress was not varra willing to gie fire." At last, however, on our insisting upon it, the fire was lighted: we got tea by candlelight, and spent a comfortable evening. I had seen the landlady before we went out, for, as had been usual in all the country inns, there was a demur respecting beds, notwithstanding the house was empty, and there were at least half-a-dozen spare beds. Her countenance corresponded with the unkindness of denying us a fire on a cold night, for she was the most cruel and hateful-looking woman I ever saw. She was overgrown with fat, and was sitting with her feet and legs in a tub of water for the dropsy,—probably brought on by whisky-drinking. The sympathy which I felt and expressed for her, on seeing her in this wretched condition—for her legs were swollen as thick as mill-

posts—seemed to produce no effect; and I was obliged, after five minutes' conversation, to leave the affair of the beds undecided. Coleridge had some talk with her daughter, a smart lass in a cotton gown, with a bandeau round her head, without shoes and stockings. She told Coleridge with some pride that she had not spent all her time at Luss, but was then fresh from Glasgow.

It came on a very stormy night; the wind rattled every window in the house, and it rained heavily. William and Coleridge had bad beds, in a two-bedded room in the garrets, though there were empty rooms on the first floor, and they were disturbed by a drunken man, who had come to the inn when we were gone to sleep.

Thursday, August 25th.—We were glad when we awoke to see that it was a fine morning—the sky was bright blue, with quick-moving clouds, the hills cheerful, lights and shadows vivid and distinct. The village looked exceedingly beautiful this morning from the garret windows—the stream glittering near it, while it flowed under trees through the level fields to the lake. After breakfast, William and I went down to the water-side. The roads were as dry as if no drop of rain had fallen, which added to the pure cheerfulness of the appearance of the village, and even of the distant prospect, an effect which I always seem to perceive from clearly bright roads, for they are always brightened by rain, after a storm; but when we came among the houses I regretted even more than last night, because the contrast was greater, the slovenliness and dirt near the doors; and could not but remember, with pain from the contrast, the cottages of Somersetshire, covered with roses and myrtle, and their small gardens of herbs and flowers. While lingering by the shore we began to talk with a man who offered to row us to Inch-ta-vannach; but the sky began to darken; and the wind being high, we doubted whether we should venture, therefore made no

engagement; he offered to sell me some thread, pointing to his cottage, and added that many English ladies carried thread away from Luss.

Presently after Coleridge joined us, and we determined to go to the island. I was sorry that the man who had been talking with us was not our boatman; William by some chance had engaged another. We had two rowers and a strong boat; so I felt myself bold, though there was a great chance of a high wind. The nearest point of Inch-ta-vannach is not perhaps more than a mile and a quarter from Luss; we did not land there, but rowed round the end, and landed on that side which looks towards our favourite cottages, and their own island, which, wherever seen, is still their own. It rained a little when we landed, and I took my cloak, which afterwards served us to sit down upon in our road up the hill, when the day grew much finer, with gleams of sunshine. This island belongs to Sir James Colquhoun, who has made a convenient road, that winds gently to the top of it.

We had not climbed far before we were stopped by a sudden burst of prospect, so singular and beautiful that it was like a flash of images from another world. We stood with our backs to the hill of the island, which we were ascending, and which shut out Ben Lomond entirely, and all the upper part of the lake, and we looked towards the foot of the lake, scattered over with islands without beginning and without end. The sun shone, and the distant hills were visible, some through sunny mists, others in gloom with patches of sunshine; the lake was lost under the low and distant hills, and the islands lost in the lake, which was all in motion with travelling fields of light, or dark shadows under rainy clouds. There are many hills, but no commanding eminence at a distance to confine the prospect, so that the land seemed endless as the water.

What I had heard of Loch Lomond, or any other place in Great Britain, had given me no idea of anything

like what we beheld: it was an outlandish scene—we might have believed ourselves in North America. The islands were of every possible variety of shape and surface—hilly and level, large and small, bare, rocky, pastoral, or covered with wood. Immediately under my eyes lay one large flat island, bare and green, so flat and low that it scarcely appeared to rise above the water, with straggling peat-stacks and a single hut upon one of its out-shooting promontories—for it was of a very irregular shape, though perfectly flat. Another, its next neighbour, and still nearer to us, was covered over with heath and coppice-wood, the surface undulating, with flat or sloping banks towards the water, and hollow places, cradle-like valleys, behind. These two islands, with Inch-ta-vannach, where we were standing, were intermingled with the water, I might say interbedded and interveined with it, in a manner that was exquisitely pleasing. There were bays innumerable, straits or passages like calm rivers, landlocked lakes, and, to the main water, stormy promontories. The solitary hut on the flat green island seemed unsheltered and desolate, and yet not wholly so, for it was but a broad river's breadth from the covert of the wood of the other island. Near to these is a miniature, an islet covered with trees, on which stands a small ruin that looks like the remains of a religious house; it is overgrown with ivy, and were it not that the arch of a window or gateway may be distinctly seen, it would be difficult to believe that it was not a tuft of trees growing in the shape of a ruin, rather than a ruin overshadowed by trees. When we had walked a little further we saw below us, on the nearest large island, where some of the wood had been cut down, a hut, which we conjectured to be a bark hut. It appeared to be on the shore of a little forest lake, enclosed by Inch-ta-vannach, where we were, and the woody island on which the hut stands.

Beyond we had the same intricate view as before, and could discover Dumbarton rock with its double

head. There being a mist over it, it had a ghost-like appearance—as I observed to William and Coleridge, something like the Tor of Glastonbury from the Dorsetshire hills. Right before us, on the flat island mentioned before, were several small single trees or shrubs, growing at different distances from each other, close to the shore, but some optical delusion had detached them from the land on which they stood, and they had the appearance of so many little vessels sailing along the coast of it. I mention the circumstance, because, with the ghostly image of Dumbarton Castle, and the ambiguous ruin on the small island, it was much in the character of the scene, which was throughout magical and enchanting—a new world in its great permanent outline and composition, and changing at every moment in every part of it by the effect of sun and wind, and mist and shower and cloud, and the blending lights and deep shades which took the place of each other, traversing the lake in every direction. The whole was indeed a strange mixture of soothing and restless images, of images inviting to rest, and others hurrying the fancy away into an activity still more pleasing than repose. Yet, intricate and homeless, that is, without lasting abiding-place for the mind, as the prospect was, there was no perplexity; we had still a guide to lead us forward.

Wherever we looked, it was a delightful feeling that there was something beyond. Meanwhile, the sense of quiet was never lost sight of; the little peaceful lakes among the islands might make you forget that the great water, Loch Lomond, was so near; and yet are more beautiful, because you know that it is so: they have their own bays and creeks sheltered within a shelter. When we had ascended to the top of the island we had a view up to Ben Lomond, over the long, broad water without spot or rock; and, looking backwards, saw the islands below us as on a map. This view, as may be supposed, was not nearly so interesting as those we had seen before. We hunted out all the houses on the shore,

which were very few: there was the village of Luss, the two gentlemen's houses, our favourite cottages, and here and there a hut; but I do not recollect any comfortable-looking farm-houses, and on the opposite shore not a single dwelling. The whole scene was a combination of natural wildness, loveliness, beauty, and barrenness, or rather bareness, yet not comfortless or cold; but the whole was beautiful. We were too far off the more distant shore to distinguish any particular spots which we might have regretted were not better cultivated, and near Luss there was no want of houses.

After we had left the island, having been so much taken with the beauty of the bark hut and the little lake by which it appeared to stand, we desired the boatman to row us through it, and we landed at the hut. Walked upon the island for some time, and found out sheltered places for cottages. There were several woodmen's huts, which, with some scattered fir-trees, and others in irregular knots, that made a delicious murmuring in the wind, added greatly to the romantic effect of the scene. They were built in the form of a cone from the ground, like savages' huts, the door being just large enough for a man to enter with stooping. Straw beds were raised on logs of wood, tools lying about, and a forked bough of a tree was generally suspended from the roof in the middle to hang a kettle upon. It was a place that might have been just visited by new settlers. I thought of Ruth and her dreams of romantic love:

> And then he said how sweet it were,
> A fisher or a hunter there,
> A gardener in the shade,
> Still wandering with an easy mind,
> To build a household fire, and find
> A home in every glade.

We found the main lake very stormy when we had left the shelter of the islands, and there was again a threatening of rain, but it did not come on. I wanted

[1] See *Ruth*, stanza xiii.—ED.

much to go to the old ruin, but the boatmen were in a hurry to be at home. They told us it had been a stronghold built by a man who lived there alone, and was used to swim over and make depredations on the shore,—that nobody could ever lay hands on him, he was such a good swimmer, but at last they caught him in a net. The men pointed out to us an island belonging to Sir James Colquhoun, on which were a great quantity of deer.

Arrived at the inn at about twelve o'clock, and prepared to depart immediately: we should have gone with great regret if the weather had been warmer and the inn more comfortable. When we were leaving the door, a party with smart carriage and servants drove up, and I observed that the people of the house were just as slow in their attendance upon them as on us, with one single horse and outlandish Hibernian vehicle.

When we had travelled about two miles the lake became considerably narrower, the hills rocky, covered with copses, or bare, rising more immediately from the bed of the water, and therefore we had not so often to regret the want of inhabitants. Passed by, or saw at a distance, sometimes a single cottage, or two or three together, but the whole space between Luss and Tarbet is a solitude to the eye. We were reminded of Ulswater, but missed the pleasant farms, and the mountains were not so interesting: we had not seen them in companies or brotherhoods rising one above another at a long distance. Ben Lomond stood alone, opposite to us, majestically overlooking the lake; yet there was something in this mountain which disappointed me,—a want of massiveness and simplicity, perhaps from the top being broken into three distinct stages. The road carried us over a bold promontory by a steep and high ascent, and we had a long view of the lake pushing itself up in a narrow line through an avenue of mountains, terminated by the mountains at the head of the lake, of which Ben Lui, if I do not mistake, is the most considerable. The afternoon was showery and misty, there-

fore we did not see this prospect so distinctly as we could have wished, but there was a grand obscurity over it which might make the mountains appear more numerous.

I have said so much of this lake that I am tired myself, and I fear I must have tired my friends. We had a pleasant journey to Tarbet; more than half of it on foot, for the road was hilly, and after we had climbed one small hill we were not desirous to get into the car again, seeing another before us, and our path was always delightful, near the lake, and frequently through woods. When we were within about half a mile of Tarbet, at a sudden turning looking to the left, we saw a very craggy-topped mountain amongst other smooth ones; the rocks on the summit distinct in shape as if they were buildings raised up by man, or uncouth images of some strange creature. We called out with one voice, 'That's what we wanted!' alluding to the frame-like uniformity of the side-screens of the lake for the last five or six miles. As we conjectured, this singular mountain was the famous Cobbler, near Arrochar. Tarbet was before us in the recess of a deep, large bay, under the shelter of a hill. When we came up to the village we had to inquire for the inn, there being no signboard. It was a well-sized white house, the best in the place. We were conducted up-stairs into a sitting-room that might make any good-humoured travellers happy—a square room, with windows on each side, looking, one way, towards the mountains, and across the lake to Ben Lomond, the other.

There was a pretty stone house before (*i.e.* towards the lake) some huts, scattered trees, two or three green fields with hedgerows, and a little brook making its way towards the lake; the fields are almost flat, and screened on that side nearest the head of the lake by a hill, which, pushing itself out, forms the bay of Tarbet, and, towards the foot, by a gentle slope and trees. The lake is narrow, and Ben Lomond shuts up the prospect, rising directly from the water. We could have believed ourselves to be by the side of Ulswater, at Glenridden, or in some

other of the inhabited retirements of that lake. We were in a sheltered place among mountains; it was not an open joyous bay, with a cheerful populous village, like Luss; but a pastoral and retired spot, with a few single dwellings. The people of the inn stared at us when we spoke, without giving us an answer immediately, which we were at first disposed to attribute to coarseness of manners, but found afterwards that they did not understand us at once, Erse being the language spoken in the family. Nothing but salt meat and eggs for dinner—no potatoes; the house smelt strongly of herrings, which were hung to dry over the kitchen fire.

Walked in the evening towards the head of the lake; the road was steep over the hill, and when we had reached the top of it we had long views up and down the water. Passed a troop of women who were resting themselves by the roadside, as if returning from their day's labour. Amongst them was a man, who had walked with us a considerable way in the morning, and told us he was just come from America, where he had been for some years,—was going to his own home, and should return to America. He spoke of emigration as a glorious thing for them who had money. Poor fellow! I do not think that he had brought much back with him, for he had worked his passage over: I much suspected that a bundle, which he carried upon a stick, tied in a pocket-handkerchief, contained his all. He was almost blind, he said, as were many of the crew. He intended crossing the lake at the ferry; but it was stormy, and he thought he should not be able to get over that day. I could not help smiling when I saw him lying by the roadside with such a company about him, not like a wayfaring man, but seeming as much at home and at his ease as if he had just stepped out of his hut among them, and they had been neighbours all their lives. Passed one pretty house, a large thatched dwelling with outhouses, but the prospect above and below was solitary.

The sun had long been set before we returned to the

inn. As travellers, we were glad to see the moon over the top of one of the hills, but it was a cloudy night, without any peculiar beauty or solemnity. After tea we made inquiries respecting the best way to go to Loch Ketterine; the landlord could give but little information, and nobody seemed to know anything distinctly of the place, though it was but ten miles off. We applied to the maid-servant who waited on us: she was a fine-looking young woman, dressed in a white bed-gown, her hair fastened up by a comb, and without shoes and stockings. When we asked her about the Trossachs she could give us no information, but on our saying, "Do you know Loch Ketterine?" she answered with a smile, "I *should* know that loch, for I was bred and born there." After much difficulty we learned from her that the Trossachs were at the foot of the lake, and that by the way we were to go we should come upon them at the head, should have to travel ten miles to the foot[1] of the water, and that there was no inn by the way. The girl spoke English very distinctly; but she had few words, and found it difficult to understand us. She did not much encourage us to go, because the roads were bad, and it was a long way, "and there was no putting-up for the like of us." We determined, however, to venture, and throw ourselves upon the hospitality of some cottager or gentleman. We desired the landlady to roast us a couple of fowls to carry with us. There are always plenty of fowls at the doors of a Scotch inn, and eggs are as regularly brought to table at breakfast as bread and butter.

Friday, August 26th.—We did not set off till between ten and eleven o'clock, much too late for a long day's

[1] This distinction between the foot and head is not very clear. What is meant is this: They would have to travel the whole length of the lake, from the west to the east end of it, before they came to the Trossachs, the pass leading away from the east end of the lake.—J. C. S.

journey. Our boatman lived at the pretty white house which we saw from the windows: we called at his door by the way, and, even when we were near the house, the outside looked comfortable; but within I never saw anything so miserable from dirt, and dirt alone: it reminded one of the house of a decayed weaver in the suburbs of a large town, with a sickly wife and a large family; but William says it was far worse, that it was quite Hottentotish.

After long waiting, and many clumsy preparations, we got ourselves seated in the boat; but we had not floated five yards before we perceived that if any of the party—and there was a little Highland woman who was going over the water with us, the boatman, his helper, and ourselves—should stir but a few inches, leaning to one side or the other, the boat would be full in an instant, and we at the bottom; besides, it was very leaky, and the woman was employed to lade out the water continually. It appeared that this crazy vessel was not the man's own, and that *his* was lying in a bay at a little distance. He said he would take us to it as fast as possible, but I was so much frightened I would gladly have given up the whole day's journey; indeed not one of us would have attempted to cross the lake in that boat for a thousand pounds. We reached the larger boat in safety after coasting a considerable way near the shore, but just as we were landing, William dropped the bundle which contained our food into the water. The fowls were no worse, but some sugar, ground coffee, and pepper-cake seemed to be entirely spoiled. We gathered together as much of the coffee and sugar as we could and tied it up, and again trusted ourselves to the lake. The sun shone, and the air was calm—luckily it had been so while we were in the crazy boat—we had rocks and woods on each side of us, or bare hills; seldom a single cottage, and there was no rememberable place till we came opposite to a waterfall of no inconsiderable size, that appeared to drop directly into the lake:

close to it was a hut, which we were told was the ferry-house. On the other side of the lake was a pretty farm under the mountains, beside a river, the cultivated grounds lying all together, and sloping towards the lake from the mountain hollow down which the river came. It is not easy to conceive how beautiful these spots appeared after moving on so long between the solitary steeps.

We went a considerable way further, and landed at Rob Roy's Caves, which are in fact no caves, but some fine rocks on the brink of the lake, in the crevices of which a man might hide himself cunningly enough; the water is very deep below them, and the hills above steep and covered with wood. The little Highland woman, who was in size about a match for our guide at Lanerk, accompanied us hither. There was something very gracious in the manners of this woman; she could scarcely speak five English words, yet she gave me, whenever I spoke to her, as many intelligible smiles as I had needed English words to answer me, and helped me over the rocks in the most obliging manner. She had left the boat out of good-will to us, or for her own amusement. She had never seen these caves before; but no doubt had heard of them, the tales of Rob Roy's exploits being told familiarly round the "ingles" hereabouts, for this neighbourhood was his home. We landed at Inversneyde, the ferry-house by the waterfall, and were not sorry to part with our boatman, who was a coarse hard-featured man, and, speaking of the French, uttered the basest and most cowardly sentiments. His helper, a youth fresh from the Isle of Skye, was innocent of this fault, and though but a bad rower, was a far better companion; he could not speak a word of English, and sang a plaintive Gaelic air in a low tone while he plied his oar.

The ferry-house stood on the bank a few yards above the landing-place where the boat lies. It is a small hut under a steep wood, and a few yards to the right, looking towards the hut, is the waterfall. The fall is not

very high, but the stream is considerable, as we could see by the large black stones that were lying bare, but the rains, if they had reached this place, had had little effect upon the waterfall; its noise was not so great as to form a contrast with the stillness of the bay into which it falls, where the boat, and house, and waterfall itself seemed all sheltered and protected. The Highland woman was to go with us the two first miles of our journey. She led us along a bye foot-path a shorter way up the hill from the ferry-house. There is a considerable settling in the hills that border Loch Lomond, at the passage by which we were to cross to Loch Ketterine; Ben Lomond, terminating near the ferry-house, is on the same side of the water with it, and about three miles above Tarbet.

We had to climb right up the hill, which is very steep, and, when close under it, seemed to be high, but we soon reached the top, and when we were there had lost sight of the lake; and now our road was over a moor, or rather through a wide moorland hollow. Having gone a little way, we saw before us, at the distance of about half a mile, a very large stone building, a singular structure, with a high wall round it, naked hill above, and neither field nor tree near; but the moor was not overgrown with heath merely, but grey grass, such as cattle might pasture upon. We could not conjecture what this building was; it appeared as if it had been built strong to defend it from storms; but for what purpose? William called out to us that we should observe that place well, for it was exactly like one of the spittals of the Alps, built for the reception of travellers, and indeed I had thought it must be so before he spoke. This building, from its singular structure and appearance, made the place, which is itself in a country like Scotland nowise remarkable, take a character of unusual wildness and desolation—this when we first came in view of it; and afterwards, when we had passed it and looked back, three pyramidal mountains on the opposite side of Loch

Lomond terminated the view, which under certain accidents of weather must be very grand. Our Highland companion had not English enough to give us any information concerning this strange building; we could only get from her that it was a "large house," which was plain enough.

We walked about a mile and a half over the moor without seeing any other dwelling but one hut by the burn-side, with a peat-stack and a ten-yards-square enclosure for potatoes; then we came to several clusters of houses, even hamlets they might be called, but where there is any land belonging to the Highland huts there are so many out-buildings near, which differ in no respect from the dwelling-houses except that they send out no smoke, that one house looks like two or three. Near these houses was a considerable quantity of cultivated ground, potatoes and corn, and the people were busy making hay in the hollow places of the open vale, and all along the sides of the becks. It was a pretty sight altogether—men and women, dogs, the little running streams, with linen bleaching near them, and cheerful sunny hills and rocks on every side. We passed by one patch of potatoes that a florist might have been proud of; no carnation-bed ever looked more gay than this square plot of ground on the waste common. The flowers were in very large bunches, and of an extraordinary size, and of every conceivable shade of colouring from snow-white to deep purple. It was pleasing in that place, where perhaps was never yet a flower cultivated by man for his own pleasure, to see these blossoms grow more gladly than elsewhere, making a summer garden near the mountain dwellings.

At one of the clusters of houses we parted with our companion, who had insisted on bearing my bundle while she stayed with us. I often tried to enter into conversation with her, and seeing a small tarn before us, was reminded of the pleasure of fishing and the manner of living there, and asked her what sort of food was

eaten in that place, if they lived much upon fish, or had mutton from the hills; she looked earnestly at me, and shaking her head, replied, "Oh yes! eat fish—no papists, eat everything." The tarn had one small island covered with wood; the stream that runs from it falls into Loch Ketterine, which, after we had gone a little beyond the tarn, we saw at some distance before us.

Pursued the road, a mountain horse-track, till we came to a corner of what seemed the head of the lake, and there sate down completely tired, and hopeless as to the rest of our journey. The road ended at the shore, and no houses were to be seen on the opposite side except a few widely parted huts, and on the near side was a trackless heath. The land at the head of the lake was but a continuation of the common we had come along, and was covered with heather, intersected by a few straggling foot-paths.

Coleridge and I were faint with hunger, and could go no further till we had refreshed ourselves, so we ate up one of our fowls, and drank of the water of Loch Ketterine; but William could not be easy till he had examined the coast, so he left us, and made his way along the moor across the head of the lake. Coleridge and I, as we sate, had what seemed to us but a dreary prospect—a waste of unknown ground which we guessed we must travel over before it was possible for us to find a shelter. We saw a long way down the lake; it was all moor on the near side; on the other the hills were steep from the water, and there were large coppice-woods, but no cheerful green fields, and no road that we could see; we knew, however, that there must be a road from house to house; but the whole lake appeared a solitude —neither boats, islands, nor houses, no grandeur in the hills, nor any loveliness in the shores. When we first came in view of it we had said it was like a barren Ulswater—Ulswater dismantled of its grandeur, and cropped of its lesser beauties. When I had swallowed my dinner I hastened after William, and Coleridge followed

me. Walked through the heather with some labour for perhaps half a mile, and found William sitting on the top of a small eminence, whence we saw the real head of the lake, which was pushed up into the vale a considerable way beyond the promontory where we now sate. The view up the lake was very pleasing, resembling Thirlemere below Armath. There were rocky promontories and woody islands, and, what was most cheering to us, a neat white house on the opposite shore; but we could see no boats, so, in order to get to it we should be obliged to go round the head of the lake, a long and weary way.

After Coleridge came up to us, while we were debating whether we should turn back or go forward, we espied a man on horseback at a little distance, with a boy following him on foot, no doubt a welcome sight, and we hailed him. We should have been glad to have seen either man, woman, or child at this time, but there was something uncommon and interesting in this man's appearance, which would have fixed our attention wherever we had met him. He was a complete Highlander in dress, figure, and face, and a very fine-looking man, hardy and vigorous, though past his prime. While he stood waiting for us in his bonnet and plaid, which never look more graceful than on horseback, I forgot our errand, and only felt glad that we were in the Highlands. William accosted him with, "Sir, do you speak English?" He replied, "A little." He spoke however, sufficiently well for our purpose, and very distinctly, as all the Highlanders do who learn English as a foreign language; but in a long conversation they want words; he informed us that he himself was going beyond the Trossachs, to Callander, that no boats were kept to "let"; but there were two gentlemen's houses at this end of the lake, one of which we could not yet see, it being hidden from us by a part of the hill on which we stood. The other house was that which we saw opposite to us; both the gentlemen kept boats, and

probably might be able to spare one of their servants to go with us. After we had asked many questions, which the Highlander answered with patience and courtesy, he parted from us, going along a sort of horse-track, which a foot-passenger, if he once get into it, need not lose if he be careful.

When he was gone we again debated whether we should go back to Tarbet, or throw ourselves upon the mercy of one of the two gentlemen for a night's lodging. What we had seen of the main body of the lake made us little desire to see more of it; the Highlander upon the naked heath, in his Highland dress, upon his careful-going horse, with the boy following him, was worth it all; but after a little while we resolved to go on, ashamed to shrink from an adventure. Pursued the horse-track, and soon came in sight of the other gentleman's house, which stood on the opposite side of the vale, a little above the lake. It was a white house; no trees near it except a new plantation of firs; but the fields were green, sprinkled over with hay-cocks, and the brook which comes down the valley and falls into the lake ran through them. It was like a new-made farm in a mountain vale, and yet very pleasing after the depressing prospect which had been before us.

Our road was rough, and not easy to be kept. It was between five and six o'clock when we reached the brook side, where Coleridge and I stopped, and William went up towards the house, which was in a field, where about half a dozen people were at work. He addressed himself to one who appeared like the master, and all drew near him, staring at William as nobody could have stared but out of sheer rudeness, except in such a lonely place. He told his tale, and inquired about boats; there were no boats, and no lodging nearer than Callander, ten miles beyond the foot of the lake. A laugh was on every face when William said we were come to see the Trossachs; no doubt they thought we had better have stayed at our own homes. William

endeavoured to make it appear not so very foolish, by informing them that it was a place much celebrated in England, though perhaps little thought of by them, and that we only differed from many of our countrymen in having come the wrong way in consequence of an erroneous direction.

After a little time the gentleman said we should be accommodated with such beds as they had, and should be welcome to rest in their house if we pleased. William came back for Coleridge and me; the men all stood at the door to receive us, and now their behaviour was perfectly courteous. We were conducted into the house by the same man who had directed us hither on the other side of the lake, and afterwards we learned that he was the father of our hostess. He showed us into a room up-stairs, begged we would sit at our ease, walk out, or do just as we pleased. It was a large square deal wainscoted room, the wainscot black with age, yet had never been painted: it did not look like an English room, and yet I do not know in what it differed, except that in England it is not common to see so large and well-built a room so ill-furnished: there were two or three large tables, and a few old chairs of different sorts, as if they had been picked up one did not know how, at sales, or had belonged to different rooms of the house ever since it was built. We sat perhaps three-quarters of an hour, and I was about to carry down our wet coffee and sugar and ask leave to boil it, when the mistress of the house entered, a tall fine-looking woman, neatly dressed in a dark-coloured gown, with a white handkerchief tied round her head; she spoke to us in a very pleasing manner, begging permission to make tea for us, an offer which we thankfully accepted. Encouraged by the sweetness of her manners, I went down-stairs to dry my feet by the kitchen fire; she lent me a pair of stockings, and behaved to me with the utmost attention and kindness. She carried the tea-things into the room herself, leaving me to make tea, and set before us cheese

and butter and barley cakes. These cakes are as thin as our oat-bread, but, instead of being crisp, are soft and leathery, yet we, being hungry, and the butter delicious, ate them with great pleasure, but when the same bread was set before us afterwards we did not like it.

After tea William and I walked out; we amused ourselves with watching the Highlanders at work: they went leisurely about everything, and whatever was to be done, all followed, old men, and young, and little children. We were driven into the house by a shower, which came on with the evening darkness, and the people leaving their work paused at the same time. I was pleased to see them a while after sitting round a blazing fire in the kitchen, father and son-in-law, master and man, and the mother with her little child on her knee. When I had been there before tea I had observed what a contrast there was between the mistress and her kitchen; she did not differ in appearance from an English country lady; but her kitchen, roof, walls, and floor of mud, was all black alike; yet now, with the light of a bright fire upon so many happy countenances, the whole room made a pretty sight.

We heard the company laughing and talking long after we were in bed; indeed I believe they never work till they are tired.[1] The children could not speak a word of English: they were very shy at first; but after I had caressed the eldest, and given her a red leather purse, with which she was delighted, she took hold of my hand and hung about me, changing her side-long looks for pretty smiles. Her mother lamented they were so far from school, they should be obliged to send the children down into the Lowlands to be taught reading and English. Callander, the nearest town, was twenty miles from them, and it was only a small place: they had their groceries from Glasgow. She said that at Callander was their nearest church, but sometimes "got a preach-

[1] She means that they stop work before they are tired.—ED.

ing at the Garrison." In explaining herself she informed us that the large building which had puzzled us in the morning had been built by Government, at the request of one of the Dukes of Montrose, for the defence of his domains against the attacks of Rob Roy. I will not answer for the truth of this; perhaps it might have been built for this purpose, and as a check on the Highlands in general; certain it is, however, that it was a garrison; soldiers used to be constantly stationed there, and have only been withdrawn within the last thirteen or fourteen years. Mrs. Macfarlane attended me to my room; she said she hoped I should be able to sleep upon blankets, and said they were "fresh from the fauld."

Saturday, *August 27th.* — Before I rose, Mrs. Macfarlane came into my room to see if I wanted anything, and told me she should send the servant up with a basin of whey, saying, "We make very good whey in this country"; indeed, I thought it the best I had ever tasted; but I cannot tell how this should be, for they only make skimmed-milk cheeses. I asked her for a little bread and milk for our breakfast, but she said it would be no trouble to make tea, as she must make it for the family; so we all breakfasted together. The cheese was set out, as before, with plenty of butter and barley-cakes, and fresh baked oaten cakes, which, no doubt, were made for us: they had been kneaded with cream, and were excellent. All the party pressed us to eat, and were very jocose about the necessity of helping out their coarse bread with butter, and they themselves ate almost as much butter as bread. In talking of the French and the present times, their language was what most people would call Jacobinical. They spoke much of the oppressions endured by the Highlanders further up, of the absolute impossibility of their living in any comfort, and of the cruelty of laying so many restraints on emigration. Then they spoke with animation of the attachment of the clans to their lairds: "The laird of

this place, Glengyle, where we live, could have commanded so many men who would have followed him to the death; and now there are none left." It appeared that Mr. Macfarlane, and his wife's brother, Mr. Macalpine, farmed the place, inclusive of the whole vale upwards to the mountains, and the mountains themselves, under the lady of Glengyle, the mother of the young laird, a minor. It was a sheep-farm.

Speaking of another neighbouring laird, they said he had gone, like the rest of them, to Edinburgh, left his lands and his own people, spending his money where it brought him not any esteem, so that he was of no value either at home or abroad. We mentioned Rob Roy, and the eyes of all glistened; even the lady of the house, who was very diffident, and no great talker, exclaimed, "He was a good man, Rob Roy! he had been dead only about eighty years, had lived in the next farm, which belonged to him, and there his bones were laid."[1] He was a famous swordsman. Having an arm much longer than other men, he had a greater command with his sword. As a proof of the length of his arm, they told us that he could garter his tartan stockings below the knee without stooping, and added a dozen different stories of single combats, which he had fought, all in perfect good-humour, merely to prove his prowess. I daresay they had stories of this kind which would hardly have been exhausted in the long evenings of a whole December week, Rob Roy being as famous here as ever Robin Hood was in the Forest of Sherwood; *he* also robbed from the rich, giving to the poor, and defending them from oppression. They tell of his con-

[1] There is a mistake here. His bones were laid about fifteen or twenty miles from thence, in Balquhidder kirkyard. But it was under the belief that his "grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those pinfold-like burial grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland," that the well-known poem on *Rob Roy's Grave* was composed.—J. C. S.

fining the factor of the Duke of Montrose in one of the islands of Loch Ketterine, after having taken his money from him—the Duke's rents—in open day, while they were sitting at table. He was a formidable enemy of the Duke, but being a small laird against a greater, was overcome at last, and forced to resign all his lands on the Braes of Loch Lomond, including the caves which we visited, on account of the money he had taken from the Duke and could not repay.

When breakfast was ended the mistress desired the person whom we took to be her husband to "return thanks." He said a short grace, and in a few minutes they all went off to their work. We saw them about the door following one another like a flock of sheep, with the children after, whatever job they were engaged in. Mrs. Macfarlane told me she would show me the burying-place of the lairds of Glengyle, and took me to a square enclosure like a pinfold, with a stone ball at every corner; we had noticed it the evening before, and wondered what it could be. It was in the middle of a "planting," as they call plantations, which was enclosed for the preservation of the trees, therefore we had to climb over a high wall: it was a dismal spot, containing four or five graves overgrown with long grass, nettles, and brambles. Against the wall was a marble monument to the memory of one of the lairds, of whom they spoke with veneration: some English verses were inscribed upon the marble, purporting that he had been the father of his clan, a brave and good man. When we returned to the house she said she would show me what curious feathers they had in their country, and brought out a bunch carefully wrapped up in paper. On my asking her what bird they came from, "Oh!" she replied, "it is a great beast." We conjectured it was an eagle, and from her description of its ways, and the manner of destroying it, we knew it was so. She begged me to accept of some of the feathers, telling me that some ladies wore them in their heads. I was much

pleased with the gift, which I shall preserve in memory of her kindness and simplicity of manners, and the Highland solitude where she lived.

We took leave of the family with regret: they were handsome, healthy, and happy-looking people. It was ten o'clock when we departed. We had learned that there was a ferry-boat kept at three miles' distance, and if the man was at home he would row us down the lake to the Trossachs. Our walk was mostly through coppice-woods, along a horse-road, upon which narrow carts might travel. Passed that white house which had looked at us with such a friendly face when we were on the other side; it stood on the slope of a hill, with green pastures below it, plots of corn and coppice-wood, and behind, a rocky steep covered with wood. It was a very pretty place, but the morning being cold and dull the opposite shore appeared dreary. Near to the white house we passed by another of those little pinfold squares, which we knew to be a burying-place; it was in a sloping green field among woods, and within sound of the beating of the water against the shore, if there were but a gentle breeze to stir it: I thought if I lived in that house, and my ancestors and kindred were buried there, I should sit many an hour under the walls of this plot of earth, where all the household would be gathered together.

We found the ferryman at work in the field above his hut, and he was at liberty to go with us, but, being wet and hungry, we begged that he would let us sit by his fire till we had refreshed ourselves. This was the first genuine Highland hut we had been in. We entered by the cow-house, the house-door being within, at right angles to the outer door. The woman was distressed that she had a bad fire, but she heaped up some dry peats and heather, and, blowing it with her breath, in a short time raised a blaze that scorched us into comfortable feelings. A small part of the smoke found its way out of the hole of the chimney, the rest through the open

window-places, one of which was within the recess of the fireplace, and made a frame to a little picture of the restless lake and the opposite shore, seen when the outer door was open. The woman of the house was very kind: whenever we asked her for anything it seemed a fresh pleasure to her that she had it for us; she always answered with a sort of softening down of the Scotch exclamation, "Hoot!" "Ho! yes, ye'll get that," and hied to her cupboard in the spence. We were amused with the phrase "Ye'll get that" in the Highlands, which appeared to us as if it came from a perpetual feeling of the difficulty with which most things are procured. We got oatmeal, butter, bread and milk, made some porridge, and then departed. It was rainy and cold, with a strong wind.

Coleridge was afraid of the cold in the boat, so he determined to walk down the lake, pursuing the same road we had come along. There was nothing very interesting for the first three or four miles on either side of the water: to the right, uncultivated heath or poor coppice-wood, and to the left, a scattering of meadow ground, patches of corn, coppice-woods, and here and there a cottage. The wind fell, and it began to rain heavily. On this William wrapped himself in the boatman's plaid, and lay at the bottom of the boat till we came to a place where I could not help rousing him.

We were rowing down that side of the lake which had hitherto been little else than a moorish ridge. After turning a rocky point we came to a bay closed in by rocks and steep woods, chiefly of full-grown birch. The lake was elsewhere ruffled, but at the entrance of this bay the breezes sunk, and it was calm: a small island was near, and the opposite shore, covered with wood, looked soft through the misty rain. William, rubbing his eyes, for he had been asleep, called out that he hoped I had not let him pass by anything that was so beautiful as this; and I was glad to tell him that it was but the beginning of a new land. After we had

left this bay we saw before us a long reach of woods and rocks and rocky points, that promised other bays more beautiful than what we had passed. The ferryman was a good-natured fellow, and rowed very industriously, following the ins and outs of the shore; he was delighted with the pleasure we expressed, continually repeating how pleasant it would have been on a fine day. I believe he was attached to the lake by some sentiment of pride, as his own domain—his being almost the only boat upon it—which made him, seeing we were willing gazers, take far more pains than an ordinary boatman; he would often say, after he had compassed the turning of a point, "This is a bonny part," and he always chose the bonniest, with greater skill than our prospect-hunters and "picturesque travellers"; places screened from the winds—that was the first point; the rest followed of course,—richer growing trees, rocks and banks, and curves which the eye delights in.

The second bay we came to differed from the rest; the hills retired a short space from the lake, leaving a few level fields between, on which was a cottage embosomed in trees: the bay was defended by rocks at each end, and the hills behind made a shelter for the cottage, the only dwelling, I believe, except one, on this side of Loch Ketterine. We now came to steeps that rose directly from the lake, and passed by a place called in the Gaelic the Den of the Ghosts,[1] which reminded us of Lodore; it is a rock, or mass of rock, with a stream of large black stones like the naked or dried-up bed of a torrent down the side of it; birch-trees start out of the rock in every direction, and cover the hill above, further than we could see. The water of the lake below was very deep, black, and calm. Our delight increased as we advanced, till we came in view of the termination of the lake, seeing where the river issues out of it through a narrow chasm between the hills.

[1] Goblins' Cave.—J. C. S.

Here I ought to rest, as we rested, and attempt to give utterance to our pleasure: but indeed I can impart but little of what we felt. We were still on the same side of the water, and, being immediately under the hill, within a considerable bending of the shore, we were enclosed by hills all round, as if we had been upon a smaller lake of which the whole was visible. It was an entire solitude; and all that we beheld was the perfection of loveliness and beauty.

We had been through many solitary places since we came into Scotland, but this place differed as much from any we had seen before, as if there had been nothing in common between them; no thought of dreariness or desolation found entrance here; yet nothing was to be seen but water, wood, rocks, and heather, and bare mountains above. We saw the mountains by glimpses as the clouds passed by them, and were not disposed to regret, with our boatman, that it was not a fine day, for the near objects were not concealed from us, but softened by being seen through the mists. The lake is not very wide here, but appeared to be much narrower than it really is, owing to the many promontories, which are pushed so far into it that they are much more like islands than promontories. We had a longing desire to row to the outlet and look up into the narrow passage through which the river went; but the point where we were to land was on the other side, so we bent our course right across, and just as we came in sight of two huts, which have been built by Lady Perth as a shelter for those who visit the Trossachs, Coleridge hailed us with a shout of triumph from the door of one of them, exulting in the glory of Scotland. The huts stand at a small distance from each other, on a high and perpendicular rock, that rises from the bed of the lake. A road, which has a very wild appearance, has been cut through the rock; yet even here, among these bold precipices, the feeling of excessive beautifulness overcomes every other. While we were upon the lake, on every side of us were bays

within bays, often more like tiny lakes or pools than bays, and these not in long succession only, but all round, some almost on the broad breast of the water, the promontories shot out so far.

After we had landed we walked along the road to the uppermost of the huts, where Coleridge was standing. From the door of this hut we saw Benvenue opposite to us—a high mountain, but clouds concealed its top; its side, rising directly from the lake, is covered with birch-trees to a great height, and seamed with innumerable channels of torrents; but now there was no water in them, nothing to break in upon the stillness and repose of the scene; nor do I recollect hearing the sound of water from any side, the wind being fallen and the lake perfectly still; the place was all eye, and completely satisfied the sense and the heart. Above and below us, to the right and to the left, were rocks, knolls, and hills, which, wherever anything could grow—and that was everywhere between the rocks—were covered with trees and heather; the trees did not in any place grow so thick as an ordinary wood; yet I think there was never a bare space of twenty yards: it was more like a natural forest where the trees grow in groups or singly, not hiding the surface of the ground, which, instead of being green and mossy, was of the richest purple. The heather was indeed the most luxuriant I ever saw; it was so tall that a child of ten years old struggling through it would often have been buried head and shoulders, and the exquisite beauty of the colour, near or at a distance, seen under the trees, is not to be conceived. But if I were to go on describing for evermore, I should give but a faint, and very often a false, idea of the different objects and the various combinations of them in this most intricate and delicious place; besides, I tired myself out with describing at Loch Lomond, so I will hasten to the end of my tale. This reminds me of a sentence in a little pamphlet written by the minister of Callander, descriptive of the environs of that place. After having taken up at

least six closely-printed pages with the Trossachs, he concludes thus, "In a word, the Trossachs beggar all description,"—a conclusion in which everybody who has been there will agree with him. I believe the word Trossachs signifies "many hills": it is a name given to all the eminences at the foot of Loch Ketterine, and about half a mile beyond.

We left the hut, retracing the few yards of road which we had climbed; our boat lay at anchor under the rock in the last of all the compartments of the lake, a small oblong pool, almost shut up within itself, as several others had appeared to be, by jutting points of rock; the termination of a long out-shooting of the water, pushed up between the steps of the main shore where the huts stand, and a broad promontory which, with its hillocks and points and lesser promontories, occupies the centre of the foot of the lake. A person sailing through the lake up the middle of it, would just as naturally suppose that the outlet was here as on the other side; and so it might have been, with the most trifling change in the disposition of the ground, for at the end of this slip of water the lake is confined only by a gentle rising of a few yards towards an opening between the hills, a narrow pass or valley through which the river might have flowed. The road is carried through this valley, which only differs from the lower part of the vale of the lake in being excessively narrow, and without water; it is enclosed by mountains, rocky mounds, hills and hillocks scattered over with birch-trees, and covered with Dutch myrtle and heather, even surpassing what we had seen before. Our mother Eve had no fairer, though a more diversified garden, to tend, than we found within this little close valley. It rained all the time, but the mists and calm air made us ample amends for a wetting.

At the opening of the pass we climbed up a low eminence, and had an unexpected prospect suddenly before us—another lake, small compared with Loch Ketterine, though perhaps four miles long, but the misty

air concealed the end of it. The transition from the solitary wildness of Loch Ketterine and the narrow valley or pass to this scene was very delightful: it was a gentle place, with lovely open bays, one small island, corn fields, woods, and a group of cottages. This vale seemed to have been made to be tributary to the comforts of man, Loch Ketterine for the lonely delight of Nature, and kind spirits delighting in beauty. The sky was grey and heavy,—floating mists on the hill-sides, which softened the objects, and where we lost sight of the lake it appeared so near to the sky that they almost touched one another, giving a visionary beauty to the prospect. While we overlooked this quiet scene we could hear the stream rumbling among the rocks between the lakes, but the mists concealed any glimpse of it which we might have had. This small lake is called Loch Achray.

We returned, of course, by the same road. Our guide repeated over and over again his lamentations that the day was so bad, though we had often told him—not indeed with much hope that he would believe us—that we were glad of it. As we walked along he pulled a leafy twig from a birch-tree, and, after smelling it, gave it to me, saying, how "sweet and halesome" it was, and that it was pleasant and very halesome on a fine summer's morning to sail under the banks where the birks are growing. This reminded me of the old Scotch songs, in which you continually hear of the "pu'ing the birks." Common as birches are in the north of England, I believe their sweet smell is a thing unnoticed among the peasants. We returned again to the huts to take a farewell look. We had shared our food with the ferryman and a traveller whom we had met here, who was going up the lake, and wished to lodge at the ferry-house, so we offered him a place in the boat. Coleridge chose to walk. We took the same side of the lake as before, and had much delight in visiting the bays over again; but the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily before we had gone two miles that we were completely wet. It was dark

when we landed, and on entering the house I was sick with cold.

The good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and indeed when I sate down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin' I thought I had never been more comfortable in my life. Coleridge had been there long enough to have a pan of coffee boiling for us, and having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sate down, thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon the man of the house to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did, though most willingly, not very expeditiously. A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness, however erroneous and painful to us, naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky-bottle at our request: "She keeps a dram," as the phrase is; indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside in Scotland where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk, and with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, "Ye'll get that," bringing each article separately.

We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls and above our heads in the chimney, where the hens were roosting like light clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke. They had been crusted over and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they were as glossy

as black rocks on a sunny day cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sate about half an hour, and I think I had never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of this, his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was "bonnier than Loch Lomond."

Our companion from the Trossachs, who it appeared was an Edinburgh drawing-master going during the vacation on a pedestrian tour to John o' Groat's House, was to sleep in the barn with William and Coleridge, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is often very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual: wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to "go ben," attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not "sic as I had been used to." It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, on one of which stood the milk in wooden vessels covered over; I should have thought that milk so kept could not have been sweet, but the cheese and butter were good. The walls of the whole house were of stone unplastered. It consisted of three apartments,—the cow-house at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end. The rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other.

I went to bed some time before the family. The door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see; but the light it sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under-boughs of a large beech-tree withered by

the depth of the shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other, and yet the colours were more like melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room. I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night, for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean: the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake; a little "syke" close to the door made a much louder noise; and when I sate up in my bed I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head. I thought of the Fairyland of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times, and then, what a feast would it be for a London pantomime-maker, could he but transplant it to Drury Lane, with all its beautiful colours!

THIRD WEEK

Sunday, August 28th.—We were desirous to have crossed the mountains above Glengyle to Glenfalloch, at the head of Loch Lomond, but it rained so heavily that it was impossible, so the ferryman engaged to row us to the point where Coleridge and I had rested, while William was going on our doubtful adventure. The hostess provided us with tea and sugar for our breakfast; the water was boiled in an iron pan, and dealt out to us in a jug, a proof that she does not often drink tea, though she said she had always tea and sugar in the house. She and the rest of the family breakfasted on curds and whey, as taken out of the pot in which she was making cheese; she insisted upon my taking some also; and her husband joined in with the old story, that it was "varra halesome." I thought it exceedingly good, and said to myself that they lived nicely with their cow: she was meat, drink, and company. Before breakfast the housewife was milking behind the chimney, and I thought I had seldom heard a sweeter fire-side sound; in an evening, sitting over a sleepy, low-burnt fire, it would lull one like the purring of a cat.

When we departed, the good woman shook me cordially by the hand, saying she hoped that if ever we came into Scotland again, we would come and see her. The lake was calm, but it rained so heavily that we could see little. Landed at about ten o'clock, almost wet to

the skin, and, with no prospect but of streaming rains, faced the mountain-road to Loch Lomond. We recognised the same objects passed before,—the tarn, the potato-bed, and the cottages with their burnies, which were no longer, as one might say, household streams, but made us only think of the mountains and rocks they came from. Indeed, it is not easy to imagine how different everything appeared; the mountains with mists and torrents alive and always changing: but the low grounds where the inhabitants had been at work the day before were melancholy, with here and there a few haycocks and hay scattered about.

Wet as we were, William and I turned out of our path to the Garrison house. A few rooms of it seemed to be inhabited by some wretchedly poor families, and it had all the desolation of a large decayed mansion in the suburbs of a town, abandoned of its proper inhabitants, and become the abode of paupers. In spite of its outside bravery, it was but a poor protection against "the sword of winter, keen and cold." We looked at the building through the arch of a broken gateway of the courtyard, in the middle of which it stands. Upon that stormy day it appeared more than desolate; there was something about it even frightful.

When beginning to descend the hill towards Loch Lomond, we overtook two girls, who told us we could not cross the ferry till evening, for the boat was gone with a number of people to church. One of the girls was exceedingly beautiful; and the figures of both of them, in grey plaids falling to their feet, their faces only being uncovered, excited our attention before we spoke to them; but they answered us so sweetly that we were quite delighted, at the same time that they stared at us with an innocent look of wonder. I think I never heard the English language sound more sweetly than from the mouth of the elder of these girls, while she stood at the gate answering our inquiries, her face flushed with the rain; her pronunciation was clear and distinct: without

difficulty, yet slow, like that of a foreign speech. They told us we might sit in the ferry-house till the return of the boat, went in with us, and made a good fire as fast as possible to dry our wet clothes. We learnt that the taller was the sister of the ferryman, and had been left in charge with the house for the day, that the other was his wife's sister, and was come with her mother on a visit,—an old woman, who sate in a corner beside the cradle, nursing her little grand-child. We were glad to be housed, with our feet upon a warm hearth-stone; and our attendants were so active and good-humoured that it was pleasant to have to desire them to do anything. The younger was a delicate and unhealthy-looking girl; but there was an uncommon meekness in her countenance, with an air of premature intelligence, which is often seen in sickly young persons. The other made me think of Peter Bell's "Highland Girl:"

> As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
> As beauteous and as wild![1]

She moved with unusual activity, which was chastened very delicately by a certain hesitation in her looks when she spoke, being able to understand us but imperfectly. They were both exceedingly desirous to get me what I wanted to make me comfortable. I was to have a gown and petticoat of the mistress's; so they turned out her whole wardrobe upon the parlour floor, talking Erse to one another, and laughing all the time. It was long before they could decide which of the gowns I was to have; they chose at last, no doubt thinking that it was the best, a light-coloured sprigged cotton, with long sleeves, and they both laughed while I was putting it on, with the blue linsey petticoat, and one or the other, or both together, helped me to dress, repeating at least half a dozen times, "You never had on the like of that before." They held a consultation of several minutes over a pair of coarse woollen stockings, gabbling Erse

[1] See *Peter Bell*, part iii. stanza 31.—ED.

as fast as their tongues could move, and looked as if uncertain what to do: at last, with great diffidence, they offered them to me, adding, as before, that I had never worn "the like of them." When we entered the house we had been not a little glad to see a fowl stewing in barley-broth; and now when the wettest of our clothes were stripped off, began again to recollect that we were hungry, and asked if we could have dinner. "Oh yes, ye may get that," the elder replied, pointing to the pan on the fire.

Conceive what a busy house it was—all our wet clothes to be dried, dinner prepared and set out for us four strangers, and a second cooking for the family; add to this, two rough "callans," as they called them, boys about eight years old, were playing beside us; the poor baby was fretful all the while; the old woman sang doleful Erse songs, rocking it in its cradle the more violently the more it cried; then there were a dozen cookings of porridge, and it could never be fed without the assistance of all three. The hut was after the Highland fashion, but without anything beautiful except its situation; the floor was rough, and wet with the rain that came in at the door, so that the lasses' bare feet were as wet as if they had been walking through street puddles, in passing from one room to another; the windows were open, as at the other hut; but the kitchen had a bed in it, and was much smaller, and the shape of the house was like that of a common English cottage, without its comfort; yet there was no appearance of poverty—indeed, quite the contrary. The peep out of the open door-place across the lake made some amends for the want of the long roof and elegant rafters of our boatman's cottage, and all the while the waterfall, which we could not see, was roaring at the end of the hut, which seemed to serve as a sounding-board for its noise, so that it was not unlike sitting in a house where a mill is going. The dashing of the waves against the shore could not be distinguished; yet in spite of my knowledge of this I

could not help fancying that the tumult and storm came from the lake, and went out several times to see if it was possible to row over in safety.

After long waiting we grew impatient for our dinner; at last the pan was taken off, and carried into the other room; but we had to wait at least another half hour before the ceremony of dishing up was completed; yet with all this bustle and difficulty, the manner in which they, and particularly the elder of the girls, performed everything, was perfectly graceful. We ate a hearty dinner, and had time to get our clothes quite dry before the arrival of the boat. The girls could not say at what time it would be at home; on our asking them if the church was far off they replied, "Not very far"; and when we asked how far, they said, "Perhaps about four or five miles." I believe a Church of England congregation would hold themselves excused for non-attendance three parts of the year, having but half as far to go; but in the lonely parts of Scotland they make little of a journey of nine or ten miles to a preaching. They have not perhaps an opportunity of going more than once in a quarter of a year, and, setting piety aside, have other motives to attend: they hear the news, public and private, and see their friends and neighbours; for though the people who meet at these times may be gathered together from a circle of twenty miles' diameter, a sort of neighbourly connexion must be so brought about. There is something exceedingly pleasing to my imagination in this gathering together of the inhabitants of these secluded districts—for instance, the borderers of these two large lakes meeting at the deserted garrison which I have described. The manner of their travelling is on foot, on horseback, and in boats across the waters, —young and old, rich and poor, all in their best dress.

If it were not for these Sabbath-day meetings one summer month would be like another summer month, one winter month like another—detached from the goings-on of the world, and solitary throughout; from

the time of earliest childhood they will be like landing-places in the memory of a person who has passed his life in these thinly peopled regions; they must generally leave distinct impressions, differing from each other so much as they do in circumstances, in time and place, etc.,—some in the open fields, upon hills, in houses, under large rocks, in storms, and in fine weather.

But I have forgotten the fireside of our hut. After long waiting, the girls, who had been on the look-out, informed us that the boat was coming. I went to the water-side, and saw a cluster of people on the opposite shore; but being yet at a distance, they looked more like soldiers surrounding a carriage than a group of men and women; red and green were the distinguishable colours. We hastened to get ourselves ready as soon as we saw the party approach, but had longer to wait than we expected, the lake being wider than it appears to be. As they drew near we could distinguish men in tartan plaids, women in scarlet cloaks, and green umbrellas by the half-dozen. The landing was as pretty a sight as ever I saw. The bay, which had been so quiet two days before, was all in motion with small waves, while the swoln waterfall roared in our ears. The boat came steadily up, being pressed almost to the water's edge by the weight of its cargo; perhaps twenty people landed, one after another. It did not rain much, but the women held up their umbrellas; they were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and, with their scarlet cardinals, the tartan plaids of the men, and Scotch bonnets, made a gay appearance. There was a joyous bustle surrounding the boat, which even imparted something of the same character to the waterfall in its tumult, and the restless grey waves; the young men laughed and shouted, the lasses laughed, and the elder folks seemed to be in a bustle to be away. I remember well with what haste the mistress of the house where we were ran up to seek after her child, and seeing us, how anxiously and kindly she inquired how we had fared, if

we had had a good fire, had been well waited upon, etc. etc. All this in three minutes—for the boatman had another party to bring from the other side and hurried us off.

The hospitality we had met with at the two cottages and Mr. Macfarlane's gave us very favourable impressions on this our first entrance into the Highlands, and at this day the innocent merriment of the girls, with their kindness to us, and the beautiful figure and face of the elder, come to my mind whenever I think of the ferry-house and waterfall of Loch Lomond, and I never think of the two girls but the whole image of that romantic spot is before me, a living image, as it will be to my dying day. The following poem[1] was written by William not long after our return from Scotland :—

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these grey rocks ; this household lawn ;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent Lake ;
This little Bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream ;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away :
For never saw I mien or face,
In which more plainly I could trace

[1] *To a Highland Girl*, in "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803."—ED.

Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
Th' embarrass'd look of shy distress
And maidenly shamefacedness;
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Sweet smiles, by human-kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee, who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea: and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place!
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompence.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:

Then why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place is made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl, from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the Cabin small,
The Lake, the Bay, the Waterfall,
And thee, the Spirit of them all.

We were rowed over speedily by the assistance of two youths, who went backwards and forwards for their own amusement, helping at the oars, and pulled as if they had strength and spirits to spare for a year to come. We noticed that they had uncommonly fine teeth, and that they and the boatman were very handsome people. Another merry crew took our place in the boat.

We had three miles to walk to Tarbet. It rained, but not heavily; the mountains were not concealed from us by the mists, but appeared larger and more grand; twilight was coming on, and the obscurity under which we saw the objects, with the sounding of the torrents, kept our minds alive and wakeful; all was solitary and huge—sky, water, and mountains mingled together. While we were walking forward, the road leading us over the top of a brow, we stopped suddenly at the sound of a half-articulate Gaelic hooting from the field close to us. It came from a little boy, whom we could see on the hill between us and the lake, wrapped up in a grey plaid. He was probably calling home the cattle for the night. His appearance was in the highest degree moving to the imagination: mists were on the hillsides, darkness shutting in upon the huge avenue of mountains, torrents roaring, no house in sight to which the child might belong; his dress, cry, and appearance all different from anything we had been accustomed to. It was a text, as William has since observed to me, containing in

itself the whole history of the Highlander's life—his melancholy, his simplicity, his poverty, his superstition, and above all, that visionariness which results from a communion with the unworldliness of nature.

When we reached Tarbet the people of the house were anxious to know how we had fared, particularly the girl who had waited upon us. Our praises of Loch Ketterine made her exceedingly happy, and she ventured to say, of which we had heard not a word before, that it was "bonnier to *her* fancy than Loch Lomond." The landlord, who was not at home when we had set off, told us that if he had known of our going he would have recommended us to Mr. Macfarlane's or the other farm-house, adding that they were hospitable people in that vale. Coleridge and I got tea, and William and the drawing-master chose supper; they asked to have a broiled fowl, a dish very common in Scotland, to which the mistress replied, "Would not a 'boiled' one do as well?" They consented, supposing that it would be more easily cooked; but when the fowl made its appearance, to their great disappointment it proved a cold one that had been stewed in the broth at dinner.

Monday, August 29th.—It rained heavily this morning, and, having heard so much of the long rains since we came into Scotland, as well as before, we had no hope that it would be over in less than three weeks at the least, so poor Coleridge, being very unwell, determined to send his clothes to Edinburgh and make the best of his way thither, being afraid to face much wet weather in an open carriage. William and I were unwilling to be confined at Tarbet, so we resolved to go to Arrochar, a mile and a half on the road to Inverary, where there is an inn celebrated as a place of good accommodation for travellers. Coleridge and I set off on foot, and William was to follow with the car, but a heavy shower coming on, Coleridge left me to shelter in a hut and wait for William, while he went on before.

This hut was unplastered, and without windows, crowded with beds, uncomfortable, and not in the simplicity of the ferryman's house. A number of good clothes were hanging against the walls, and a green silk umbrella was set up in a corner. I should have been surprised to see an umbrella in such a place before we came into the Highlands; but umbrellas are not so common anywhere as there—a plain proof of the wetness of the climate; even five minutes after this a girl passed us without shoes and stockings, whose gown and petticoat were not worth half a crown, holding an umbrella over her bare head.

We turned at a guide-post, "To the New Inn," and, after descending a little, and winding round the bottom of a hill, saw, at a small distance, a white house half hidden by tall trees upon a lawn that slopes down to the side of Loch Long, a sea-loch, which is here very narrow. Right before us, across the lake, was the Cobbler, which appeared to rise directly from the water; but, in fact, it overtopped another hill, being a considerable way behind. The inn looked so much like a gentleman's house that we could hardly believe it was an inn. We drove down the broad gravel walk, and, making a sweep, stopped at the front door, were shown into a large parlour with a fire, and my first thought was, How comfortable we should be! but Coleridge, who had arrived before us, checked my pleasure: the waiter had shown himself disposed to look coolly upon us, and there had been a hint that we could not have beds;—a party was expected, who had engaged all the beds. We conjectured this might be but a pretence, and ordered dinner in the hope that matters would clear up a little, and we thought they could not have the heart to turn us out in so heavy a rain if it were possible to lodge us. We had a nice dinner, yet would have gladly changed our roasted lamb and pickles, and the gentleman-waiter with his napkin in his pocket, for the more homely fare of the smoky hut at Loch Ketterine, and the good woman's busy attentions, with the certainty of a hospitable shelter at night. After

dinner I spoke to the landlord himself, but he was not to be moved: he could not even provide one bed for me, so nothing was to be done but either to return to Tarbet with Coleridge, or that William and I should push on the next stage, to Cairndow. We had an interesting close view from the windows of the room where we sate, looking across the lake, which did not differ in appearance, as we saw it here, from a fresh-water lake. The sloping lawn on which the house stood was prettily scattered over with trees; but we had seen the place to great advantage at our first approach, owing to the mists upon the mountains, which had made them seem exceedingly high, while the strange figures on the Cobbler appeared and disappeared, like living things; but, as the day cleared we were disappointed in what was more like the permanent effect of the scene: the mountains were not so lofty as we had supposed, and the low grounds not so fertile; yet still it is a very interesting, I may say beautiful, place.

The rain ceased entirely, so we resolved to go on to Cairndow, and had the satisfaction of seeing that our landlord had not told us an untruth concerning the expected company; for just before our departure we saw, on the opposite side of the vale, a coach with four horses, another carriage, and two or three men on horseback—a striking procession, as it moved along between the bare mountain and the lake. Twenty years ago, perhaps, such a sight had not been seen here except when the Duke of Argyle, or some other Highland chieftain, might chance to be going with his family to London or Edinburgh. They had to cross a bridge at the head of the lake, which we could not see, so, after disappearing about ten minutes, they drove up to the door—three old ladies, two waiting-women, and store of men-servants. The old ladies were as gaily dressed as bullfinches in spring-time. We heard the next day that they were the renowned Miss Waughs of Carlisle, and that they enjoyed themselves over a game of cards in the evening.

Left Arrochar at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Coleridge accompanied us a little way; we portioned out the contents of our purse before our parting; and, after we had lost sight of him, drove heavily along. Crossed the bridge, and looked to the right, up the vale, which is soon terminated by mountains: it was of a yellow green, with but few trees and few houses; sea-gulls were flying above it. Our road—the same along which the carriages had come—was directly under the mountains on our right hand, and the lake was close to us on our left, the waves breaking among stones overgrown with yellow sea-weed; fishermen's boats, and other larger vessels than are seen on fresh-water lakes were lying at anchor near the opposite shore; sea-birds flying overhead; the noise of torrents mingled with the beating of the waves, and misty mountains enclosed the vale;—a melancholy but not a dreary scene. Often have I, in looking over a map of Scotland, followed the intricate windings of one of these sea-lochs, till, pleasing myself with my own imaginations, I have felt a longing, almost painful, to travel among them by land or by water.

This was the first sea-loch we had seen. We came prepared for a new and great delight, and the first impression which William and I received, as we drove rapidly through the rain down the lawn of Arrochar, the objects dancing before us, was even more delightful than we had expected. But, as I have said, when we looked through the window, as the mists disappeared and the objects were seen more distinctly, there was less of sheltered valley-comfort than we had fancied to ourselves, and the mountains were not so grand; and now that we were near to the shore of the lake, and could see that it was not of fresh water, the wreck, the broken sea-shells, and scattered sea-weed gave somewhat of a dull and uncleanly look to the whole lake, and yet the water was clear, and might have appeared as beautiful as that of Loch Lomond, if with the same pure pebbly shore. Perhaps, had we been in a more cheerful mood of mind

we might have seen everything with a different eye. The stillness of the mountains, the motion of the waves, the streaming torrents, the sea-birds, the fishing-boats were all melancholy; yet still, occupied as my mind was with other things, I thought of the long windings through which the waters of the sea had come to this inland retreat, visiting the inner solitudes of the mountains, and I could have wished to have mused out a summer's day on the shores of the lake. From the foot of these mountains whither might not a little barque carry one away? Though so far inland, it is but a slip of the great ocean: seamen, fishermen, and shepherds here find a natural home. We did not travel far down the lake, but, turning to the right through an opening of the mountains, entered a glen called Glen Croe.

Our thoughts were full of Coleridge, and when we were enclosed in the narrow dale, with a length of winding road before us, a road that seemed to have insinuated itself into the very heart of the mountains—the brook, the road, bare hills, floating mists, scattered stones, rocks, and herds of black cattle being all that we could see,—I shivered at the thought of his being sickly and alone, travelling from place to place.

The Cobbler, on our right, was pre-eminent above the other hills; the singular rocks on its summit, seen so near, were like ruins—castles or watch-towers. After we had passed one reach of the glen, another opened out, long, narrow, deep, and houseless, with herds of cattle and large stones; but the third reach was softer and more beautiful, as if the mountains had there made a warmer shelter, and there were a more gentle climate. The rocks by the river-side had dwindled away, the mountains were smooth and green, and towards the end, where the glen sloped upwards, it was a cradle-like hollow, and at that point where the slope became a hill, at the very bottom of the curve of the cradle, stood one cottage, with a few fields and beds of potatoes. There was also another house near the roadside, which ap-

peared to be a herdsman's hut. The dwelling in the middle of the vale was a very pleasing object. I said within myself, How quietly might a family live in this pensive solitude, cultivating and loving their own fields! but the herdsman's hut, being the only one in the vale, had a melancholy face; not being attached to any particular plot of land, one could not help considering it as just kept alive and above ground by some dreary connexion with the long barren tract we had travelled through.

The afternoon had been exceedingly pleasant after we had left the vale of Arrochar; the sky was often threatening, but the rain blew off, and the evening was uncommonly fine. The sun had set a short time before we had dismounted from the car to walk up the steep hill at the end of the glen. Clouds were moving all over the sky—some of a brilliant yellow hue, which shed a light like bright moonlight upon the mountains. We could not have seen the head of the valley under more favourable circumstances.

The passing away of a storm is always a time of life and cheerfulness, especially in a mountainous country; but that afternoon and evening the sky was in an extraordinary degree vivid and beautiful. We often stopped in ascending the hill to look down the long reach of the glen. The road, following the course of the river as far as we could see, the farm and cottage hills, smooth towards the base and rocky higher up, were the sole objects before us. This part of Glen Croe reminded us of some of the dales of the north of England—Grisdale above Ulswater, for instance; but the length of it, and the broad highway, which is always to be seen at a great distance, a sort of centre of the vale, a point of reference, gives to the whole of the glen, and each division of it, a very different character.

At the top of the hill we came to a seat with the well-known inscription, "Rest and be thankful." On the same stone it was recorded that the road had been made

by Col. Wade's regiment. The seat is placed so as to command a full view of the valley, and the long, long road, which, with the fact recorded, and the exhortation, makes it an affecting resting-place. We called to mind with pleasure a seat under the braes of Loch Lomond on which I had rested, where the traveller is informed by an inscription upon a stone that the road was made by Col. Lascelles' regiment. There, the spot had not been chosen merely as a resting-place, for there was no steep ascent in the highway, but it might be for the sake of a spring of water and a beautiful rock, or, more probably, because at that point the labour had been more than usually toilsome in hewing through the rock. Soon after we had climbed the hill we began to descend into another glen, called Glen Kinglas. We now saw the western sky, which had hitherto been hidden from us by the hill—a glorious mass of clouds uprising from a sea of distant mountains, stretched out in length before us, towards the west—and close by us was a small lake or tarn. From the reflection of the crimson clouds the water appeared of a deep red, like melted rubies, yet with a mixture of a grey or blackish hue: the gorgeous light of the sky, with the singular colour of the lake, made the scene exceedingly romantic; yet it was more melancholy than cheerful. With all the power of light from the clouds, there was an overcasting of the gloom of evening, a twilight upon the hills.

We descended rapidly into the glen, which resembles the lower part of Glen Croe, though it seemed to be inferior in beauty; but before we had passed through one reach it was quite dark, and I only know that the steeps were high, and that we had the company of a foaming stream; and many a vagrant torrent crossed us, dashing down the hills. The road was bad, and, uncertain how we should fare, we were eager and somewhat uneasy to get forward; but when we were out of the close glen, and near to Cairndow, as a traveller had told us, the moon showed her clear face in the sky, revealing a

spacious vale, with a broad loch and sloping corn fields; the hills not very high. This cheerful sight put us into spirits, and we thought it was at least no dismal place to sit up all night in, if they had no beds, and they could not refuse us a shelter. We were, however, well received, and sate down in a neat parlour with a good fire.

Tuesday, August 30th.—Breakfasted before our departure, and ate a herring, fresh from the water, at our landlord's earnest recommendation—much superior to the herrings we get in the north of England.[1] Though we rose at seven, could not set off before nine o'clock; the servants were in bed; the kettle did not boil—indeed, we were completely out of patience; but it had always been so, and we resolved to go off in future without breakfast. Cairndow is a single house by the side of the loch, I believe resorted to by gentlemen in the fishing season: it is a pleasant place for such a purpose; but the vale did not look so beautiful as by moonlight—it had a sort of sea-coldness without mountain grandeur. There is a ferry for foot-passengers from Cairndow to the other side of the water, and the road along which all carriages go is carried round the head of the lake, perhaps a distance of three miles.

After we had passed the landing-place of the ferry opposite to Cairndow we saw the lake spread out to a great width, more like an arm of the sea or a great river than one of our lakes; it reminded us of the Severn at the Chepstow passage; but the shores were less rich and the hills higher. The sun shone, which made the morning cheerful, though there was a cold wind. Our road never carried us far from the lake, and with the beating of the waves, the sparkling sunshiny water, boats, the opposite hills, and, on the side on which we travelled, the chance cottages, the coppice woods, and common business of the fields, the ride could not but be amusing. But what most excited our attention was, at one parti-

[1] I should rather think so!—J. C. S.

cular place, a cluster of fishing-boats at anchor in a still corner of the lake, a small bay or harbour by the wayside. They were overshadowed by fishermen's nets hung out to dry, which formed a dark awning that covered them like a tent, overhanging the water on each side, and falling in the most exquisitely graceful folds. There was a monastic pensiveness, a funereal gloom in the appearance of this little company of vessels, which was the more interesting from the general liveliness and glancing motions of the water, they being perfectly still and silent in their sheltered nook.

When we had travelled about seven miles from Cairndow, winding round the bottom of a hill, we came in view of a great basin or elbow of the lake. Completely out of sight of the long track of water we had coasted, we seemed now to be on the edge of a very large, almost circular, lake, the town of Inverary before us, a line of white buildings on a low promontory right opposite, and close to the water's edge; the whole landscape a showy scene, and bursting upon us at once. A traveller who was riding by our side called out, "Can that be the Castle?" Recollecting the prints which we had seen, we knew it could not; but the mistake is a natural one at that distance: it is so little like an ordinary town, from the mixture of regularity and irregularity in the buildings. With the expanse of water and pleasant mountains, the scattered boats and sloops, and those gathered together, it had a truly festive appearance. A few steps more brought us in view of the Castle, a stately turreted mansion, but with a modern air, standing on a lawn, retired from the water, and screened behind by woods covering the sides of high hills to the top, and still beyond, by bare mountains. Our road wound round the semicircular shore, crossing two bridges of lordly architecture. The town looked pretty when we drew near to it in connexion with its situation, different from any place I had ever seen, yet exceedingly like what I imaged to myself from representations in raree-shows, or

pictures of foreign places—Venice, for example—painted on the scene of a play-house, which one is apt to fancy are as cleanly and gay as they look through the magnifying-glass of the raree-show or in the candle-light dazzle of a theatre. At the door of the inn, though certainly the buildings had not that delightful outside which they appeared to have at a distance, yet they looked very pleasant. The range bordering on the water consisted of little else than the inn, being a large house, with very large stables, the county gaol, the opening into the main street into the town, and an arched gateway, the entrance into the Duke of Argyle's private domain.

We were decently well received at the inn, but it was over-rich in waiters and large rooms to be exactly to our taste, though quite in harmony with the neighbourhood. Before dinner we went into the Duke's pleasure-grounds, which are extensive, and of course command a variety of lively and interesting views. Walked through avenues of tall beech-trees, and observed some that we thought even the tallest we had ever seen ; but they were all scantily covered with leaves, and the leaves exceedingly small—indeed, some of them, in the most exposed situations, were almost bare, as if it had been winter. Travellers who wish to view the inside of the Castle send in their names, and the Duke appoints the time of their going ; but we did not think that what we should see would repay us for the trouble, there being no pictures, and the house, which I believe has not been built above half a century, is fitted up in the modern style. If there had been any reliques of the ancient costume of the castle of a Highland chieftain, we should have been sorry to have passed it.

Sate after dinner by the fireside till near sunset, for it was very cold, though the sun shone all day. At the beginning of this our second walk we passed through the town, which is but a doleful example of Scotch filth. The houses are plastered or rough-cast, and washed yellow—well built, well sized, and sash-windowed, be-

speaking a connexion with the Duke, such a dependence as may be expected in a small town so near to his mansion; and indeed he seems to have done his utmost to make them comfortable, according to our English notions of comfort: they are fit for the houses of people living decently upon a decent trade; but the windows and door-steads were as dirty as in a dirty by-street of a large town, making a most unpleasant contrast with the comely face of the buildings towards the water, and the ducal grandeur and natural festivity of the scene. Smoke and blackness are the wild growth of a Highland hut: the mud floors cannot be washed, the door-steads are trampled by cattle, and if the inhabitants be not very cleanly it gives one little pain; but dirty people living in two-storied stone houses, with dirty sash windows, are a melancholy spectacle anywhere, giving the notion either of vice or the extreme of wretchedness.

Returning through the town, we went towards the Castle, and entered the Duke's grounds by a porter's lodge, following the carriage-road through the park, which is prettily scattered over with trees, and slopes gently towards the lake. A great number of lime-trees were growing singly, not beautiful in their shape, but I mention them for the resemblance to one of the same kind we had seen in the morning, which formed a shade as impenetrable as the roof of any house. The branches did not spread far, nor any one branch much further than another; on the outside it was like a green bush shorn with shears, but when we sate upon a bench under it, looking upwards, in the middle of the tree we could not perceive any green at all; it was like a hundred thousand magpies' nests clustered and matted together, the twigs and boughs being so intertwined that neither the light of the mid-day sun nor showers of hail or rain could pierce through them. The lime-trees on the lawn resembled this tree both in shape and in the manner of intertwisting their twigs, but they were much smaller, and not an impenetrable shade.

The views from the Castle are delightful. Opposite is the lake, girt with mountains, or rather smooth high hills; to the left appears a very steep rocky hill, called Duniquoich Hill, on the top of which is a building like a watch-tower; it rises boldly and almost perpendicular from the plain, at a little distance from the river Arey, that runs through the grounds. To the right is the town, overtopped by a sort of spire or pinnacle of the church, a thing unusual in Scotland, except in the large towns, and which would often give an elegant appearance to the villages, which, from the uniformity of the huts, and the frequent want of tall trees, they seldom exhibit.

In looking at an extensive prospect, or travelling through a large vale, the Trough of the Clyde for instance, I could not help thinking that in England there would have been somewhere a tower or spire to warn us of a village lurking under the covert of a wood or bank, or to point out some particular spot on the distant hills which we might look at with kindly feelings. I well remember how we used to love the little nest of trees out of which Ganton spire rose on the distant Wolds opposite to the windows at Gallow Hill. The spire of Inverary is not of so beautiful a shape as those of the English churches, and, not being one of a class of buildings which is understood at once, seen near or at a distance, is a less interesting object; but it suits well with the outlandish trimness of the buildings bordering on the water; indeed, there is no one thing of the many gathered together in the extensive circuit of the basin or vale of Inverary, that is not in harmony with the effect of the whole place. The Castle is built of a beautiful hewn stone, in colour resembling our blue slates. The author-tourists have quarrelled with the architecture of it, but we did not find much that we were disposed to blame. A castle in a deep glen, overlooking a roaring stream, and defended by precipitous rocks, is, no doubt, an object far more interesting; but, dropping all ideas

of danger or insecurity, the natural retinue in our minds of an ancient Highland chieftain,—take a Duke of Argyle at the end of the eighteenth century, let him have his house in Grosvenor Square, his London liveries, and daughters glittering at St. James's, and I think you will be satisfied with his present mansion in the Highlands, which seems to suit with the present times and its situation, and that is indeed a noble one for a modern Duke of the mountainous district of Argyleshire, with its bare valleys, its rocky coasts, and sea lochs.

There is in the natural endowments of Inverary something akin to every feature of the general character of the county; yet even the very mountains and the lake itself have a kind of princely festivity in their appearance. I do not know how to communicate the feeling, but it seemed as if it were no insult to the hills to look on them as the shield and enclosure of the ducal domain, to which the water might delight in bearing its tribute. The hills near the lake are smooth, so smooth that they might have been shaven or swept; the shores, too, had somewhat of the same effect, being bare, and having no roughness, no woody points; yet the whole circuit being very large, and the hills so extensive, the scene was not the less cheerful and festive, rejoicing in the light of heaven. Behind the Castle the hills are planted to a great height, and the pleasure-grounds extend far up the valley of Arey. We continued our walk a short way along the river, and were sorry to see it stripped of its natural ornaments, after the fashion of Mr. Brown,[1] and left to tell its tale—for it would not be silent like the river at Blenheim—to naked fields and the planted trees on the hills. We were disgusted with the stables, outhouses, or farm-houses in different parts of the grounds behind the Castle: they were broad, out-spreading, fantastic, and unintelligible buildings.

Sate in the park till the moonlight was perceived

[1] "Capability" Brown.—J. C. S.

more than the light of day. We then walked near the town by the water-side. I observed that the children who were playing did not speak Erse, but a much worse English than is spoken by those Highlanders whose common language is the Erse. I went into the town to purchase tea and sugar to carry with us on our journey. We were tired when we returned to the inn, and went to bed directly after tea. My room was at the very top of the house—one flight of steps after another!—but when I drew back the curtains of my window I was repaid for the trouble of panting up-stairs by one of the most splendid moonlight prospects that can be conceived: the whole circuit of the hills, the Castle, the two bridges, the tower on Duniquoich Hill, and the lake with many boats—fit scene for summer midnight festivities! I should have liked to have seen a bevy of Scottish ladies sailing, with music, in a gay barge. William, to whom I have read this, tells me that I have used the very words of Browne of Ottery, Coleridge's fellow-townsman:—

> As I have seen when on the breast of Thames
> A heavenly bevy of sweet English dames,
> In some calm evening of delightful May,
> With music give a farewell to the day,
> Or as they would (with an admired tone)
> Greet night's ascension to her ebon throne.
>
> BROWNE'S *Britannia's Pastorals.*

Wednesday, August 31st.—We had a long day's journey before us, without a regular baiting-place on the road, so we breakfasted at Inverary, and did not set off till nine o'clock, having, as usual, to complain of the laziness of the servants. Our road was up the valley behind the Castle, the same we had gone along the evening before. Further up, though the plantations on the hills are noble, the valley was cold and naked, wanting hedgerows and comfortable houses. We travelled several miles under the plantations, the vale all along

seeming to belong almost exclusively to the Castle. It might have been better distinguished and adorned, as we thought, by neater farm-houses and cottages than are common in Scotland, and snugger fields with warm hedgerows, at the same time testifying as boldly its adherence to the chief.

At that point of the valley where the pleasure-grounds appear to end, we left our horse at a cottage door, and turned a few steps out of the road to see a waterfall, which roared so loud that we could not have gone by without looking about for it, even if we had not known that there was one near Inverary. The waterfall is not remarkable for anything but the good taste with which it has been left to itself, though there is a pleasure-road from the Castle to it. As we went further up the valley the roads died away, and it became an ordinary Scotch glen, the poor pasturage of the hills creeping down into the valley, where it was little better for the shelter, I mean little greener than on the hill-sides; but a man must be of a churlish nature if, with a mind free to look about, he should not find such a glen a pleasing place to travel through, though seeing little but the busy brook, with here and there a bush or tree, and cattle pasturing near the thinly-scattered dwellings. But we came to one spot which I cannot forget, a single green field at the junction of another brook with the Arey, a peninsula surrounded with a close row of trees, which overhung the streams, and under their branches we could just see a neat white house that stood in the middle of the field enclosed by the trees. Before us was nothing but bare hills, and the road through the bare glen. A person who has not travelled in Scotland can scarcely imagine the pleasure we have had from a stone house, though fresh from the workmen's hands, square and sharp; there is generally such an appearance of equality in poverty through the long glens of Scotland, giving the notion of savage ignorance—no house better than another, and barns and houses all alike. This house had, how-

ever, other recommendations of its own; even in the fertile parts of Somersetshire it would have been a delicious spot; here, "'Mid mountain wild set like a little nest," it was a resting-place for the fancy, and to this day I often think of it, the cottage and its green covert, as an image of romance, a place of which I have the same sort of knowledge as of some of the retirements, the little valleys, described so livelily by Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*.

We travelled on, the glen now becoming entirely bare. Passed a miserable hut on a naked hill-side, not far from the road, where we were told by a man who came out of it that we might refresh ourselves with a dram of whisky. Went over the hill, and saw nothing remarkable till we came in view of Loch Awe, a large lake far below us, among high mountains—one very large mountain right opposite, which we afterwards found was called Cruachan. The day was pleasant—sunny gleams and a fresh breeze; the lake—we looked across it—as bright as silver, which made the islands, three or four in number, appear very green. We descended gladly, invited by the prospect before us, travelling downwards, along the side of the hill, above a deep glen, woody towards the lower part near the brook; the hills on all sides were high and bare, and not very stony: it made us think of the descent from Newlands into Buttermere, though on a wider scale, and much inferior in simple majesty.

After walking down the hill a long way we came to a bridge, under which the water dashed through a dark channel of rocks among trees, the lake being at a considerable distance below, with cultivated lands between. Close upon the bridge was a small hamlet,[1] a few houses near together, and huddled up in trees—a very sweet spot, the only retired village we had yet seen which was characterized by "beautiful" wildness with sheltering

[1] Cladich.—J. C. S.

warmth. We had been told at Inverary that we should come to a place where we might give our horse a feed of corn, and found on inquiry that there was a little public-house here, or rather a hut "where they kept a dram." It was a cottage, like all the rest, without a sign-board. The woman of the house helped to take the horse out of harness, and, being hungry, we asked her if she could make us some porridge, to which she replied that "we should get that," and I followed her into the house, and sate over her hearth while she was making it. As to fire, there was little sign of it, save the smoke, for a long time, she having no fuel but green wood, and no bellows but her breath. My eyes smarted exceedingly, but the woman seemed so kind and cheerful that I was willing to endure it for the sake of warming my feet in the ashes and talking to her. The fire was in the middle of the room, a crook being suspended from a cross-beam, and a hole left at the top for the smoke to find its way out by: it was a rude Highland hut, unadulterated by Low-land fashions, but it had not the elegant shape of the ferry-house at Loch Ketterine, and the fire, being in the middle of the room, could not be such a snug place to draw to on a winter's night.

We had a long afternoon before us, with only eight miles to travel to Dalmally, and, having been told that a ferry-boat was kept at one of the islands, we resolved to call for it, and row to the island, so we went to the top of an eminence, and the man who was with us set some children to work to gather sticks and withered leaves to make a smoky fire—a signal for the boatman, whose hut is on a flat green island, like a sheep pasture, without trees, and of a considerable size: the man told us it was a rabbit-warren. There were other small islands, on one of which was a ruined house, fortification, or small castle: we could not learn anything of its history, only a girl told us that formerly gentlemen lived in such places. Immediately from the water's edge rose the mountain Cruachan on the opposite side of the lake; it is woody

near the water and craggy above, with deep hollows on the surface. We thought it the grandest mountain we had seen, and on saying to the man who was with us that it was a fine mountain, "Yes," he replied, "it is an excellent mountain," adding that it was higher than Ben Lomond, and then told us some wild stories of the enormous profits it brought to Lord Breadalbane, its lawful owner. The shape of Loch Awe is very remarkable, its outlet being at one side, and only about eight miles from the head, and the whole lake twenty-four miles in length. We looked with longing after that branch of it opposite to us out of which the water issues: it seemed almost like a river gliding under steep precipices. What we saw of the larger branch, or what might be called the body of the lake, was less promising, the banks being merely gentle slopes, with not very high mountains behind, and the ground moorish and cold.

The children, after having collected fuel for our fire, began to play on the green hill where we stood, as heedless as if we had been trees or stones, and amused us exceedingly with their activity: they wrestled, rolled down the hill, pushing one another over and over again, laughing, screaming, and chattering Erse: they were all without shoes and stockings, which, making them fearless of hurting or being hurt, gave a freedom to the action of their limbs which I never saw in English children: they stood upon one another, body, breast, or face, or any other part; sometimes one was uppermost, sometimes another, and sometimes they rolled all together, so that we could not know to which body this leg or that arm belonged. We waited, watching them, till we were assured that the boatman had noticed our signal.—By the bye, if we had received proper directions at Loch Lomond, on our journey to Loch Ketterine, we should have made our way down the lake till we had come opposite to the ferryman's house, where there is a hut, and the people who live there are accustomed to call

him by the same signal as here. Luckily for us we were not so well instructed, for we should have missed the pleasure of receiving the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane and their family.

A young woman who wanted to go to the island accompanied us to the water-side. The walk was pleasant, through fields with hedgerows, the greenest fields we had seen in Scotland; but we were obliged to return without going to the island. The poor man had taken his boat to another place, and the waters were swollen so that we could not go close to the shore, and show ourselves to him, nor could we make him hear by shouting. On our return to the public-house we asked the woman what we should pay her, and were not a little surprised when she answered, "Three shillings." Our horse had had a sixpenny feed of miserable corn, not worth threepence; the rest of the charge was for skimmed milk, oat-bread, porridge, and blue milk cheese: we told her it was far too much; and, giving her half-a-crown, departed. I was sorry she had made this unreasonable demand, because we had liked the woman, and we had before been so well treated in the Highland cottages; but, on thinking more about it, I satisfied myself that it was no scheme to impose upon us, for she was contented with the half-crown, and would, I daresay, have been so with two shillings, if we had offered it her at first. Not being accustomed to fix a price upon porridge and milk, to such as we, at least, when we asked her she did not know what to say; but, seeing that we were travelling for pleasure, no doubt she concluded we were rich, and that what was a small gain to her could be no great loss to us.

When we had gone a little way we saw before us a young man with a bundle over his shoulder, hung on a stick, bearing a great boy on his back: seeing that they were travellers, we offered to take the boy on the car, to which the man replied that he should be more than thankful, and set him up beside me. They had walked from Glasgow, and that morning from Inverary; the

boy was only six years old, "But," said his father, "he is a stout walker," and a fine fellow he was, smartly dressed in tight clean clothes and a nice round hat: he was going to stay with his grandmother at Dalmally. I found him good company; though I could not draw a single word out of him, it was a pleasure to see his happiness gleaming through the shy glances of his healthy countenance. Passed a pretty chapel by the lake-side, and an island with a farm-house upon it, and corn and pasture fields; but, as we went along, we had frequent reason to regret the want of English hedgerows and English culture; for the ground was often swampy or moorish near the lake where comfortable dwellings among green fields might have been. When we came near to the end of the lake we had a steep hill to climb, so William and I walked; and we had such confidence in our horse that we were not afraid to leave the car to his guidance with the child in it; we were soon, however, alarmed at seeing him trot up the hill a long way before us; the child, having raised himself up upon the seat, was beating him as hard as he could with a little stick which he carried in his hand; and when he saw our eyes were on him he sate down, I believe very sorry to resign his office: the horse slackened his pace, and no accident happened.

When we had ascended half-way up the hill, directed by the man, I took a nearer footpath, and at the top came in view of a most impressive scene, a ruined castle on an island almost in the middle of the last compartment of the lake, backed by a mountain cove, down which came a roaring stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water; mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine between; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the castle was wild, yet stately, not dismantled of its turrets, nor the walls broken down, though completely in ruin. After having stood some minutes

I joined William on the high road, and both wishing to stay longer near this place, we requested the man to drive his little boy on to Dalmally, about two miles further, and leave the car at the inn. He told us that the ruin was called Kilchurn Castle, that it belonged to Lord Breadalbane, and had been built by one of the ladies of that family for her defence during her Lord's absence at the Crusades, for which purpose she levied a tax of seven years' rent upon her tenants;[1] he said that from that side of the lake it did not appear, in very dry weather, to stand upon an island; but that it was possible to go over to it without being wet-shod. We were very lucky in seeing it after a great flood; for its enchanting effect was chiefly owing to its situation in the lake, a decayed palace rising out of the plain of waters! I have called it a palace, for such feeling it gave to me, though having been built as a place of defence, a castle or fortress. We turned again and re-ascended the hill, and sate a long time in the middle of it looking on the castle and the huge mountain cove opposite, and William, addressing himself to the ruin, poured out these verses:[2]—

> Child of loud-throated War! the mountain stream
> Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
> Is come, and thou art silent in thy age.

We walked up the hill again, and, looking down the vale, had a fine view of the lake and islands, resembling the views down Windermere, though much less rich. Our walk to Dalmally was pleasant: the vale makes a turn to the right, beyond the head of the lake, and the village of Dalmally, which is, in fact, only a few huts, the manse or minister's house, the chapel, and the inn, stands near the river, which flows into the head of the lake. The whole vale is very pleasing, the lower part of the hill-sides being sprinkled with thatched cottages,

[1] Not very probable.—J. C. S.

[2] *Address to Kilchurn Castle, upon Loch Awe.*—ED.

cultivated ground in small patches near them, which evidently belonged to the cottages.

We were overtaken by a gentleman who rode on a beautiful white pony, like Lilly, and was followed by his servant, a Highland boy, on another pony, a little creature, not much bigger than a large mastiff, on which were slung a pair of crutches and a tartan plaid. The gentleman entered into conversation with us, and on our telling him that we were going to Glen Coe, he advised us, instead of proceeding directly to Tyndrum, the next stage, to go round by the outlet of Loch Awe to Loch Etive, and thence to Glen Coe. We were glad to change our plan, for we wanted much to see more of Loch Awe, and he told us that the whole of the way by Loch Etive was pleasant, and the road to Tyndrum as dreary as possible; indeed, we could see it at that time several miles before us upon the side of a bleak mountain; and he said that there was nothing but moors and mountains all the way. We reached the inn a little before sunset, ordered supper, and I walked out. Crossed a bridge to look more nearly at the parsonage-house and the chapel, which stands upon a bank close to the river, a pretty stream overhung in some parts by trees. The vale is very pleasing; but, like all the other Scotch vales we had yet seen, it told of its kinship with the mountains and of poverty or some neglect on the part of man.

Thursday, September 1st.—We had been attended at supper by a civil boy, whom we engaged to rouse us at six o'clock, and to provide us each a basin of milk and bread, and have the car ready; all which he did punctually, and we were off in good time. The morning was not unpleasant, though rather cold, and we had some fear of rain. Crossed the bridge, and passed by the manse and chapel, our road carrying us back again in the direction we had come; but on the opposite side of the river. Passed close to many of the houses we had seen on the hill-side, which the lame gentleman had told

us belonged to Lord Breadalbane, and were attached to little farms, or "crofts," as he called them. Lord Breadalbane had lately laid out a part of his estates in this way as an experiment, in the hope of preventing discontent and emigration. We were sorry we had not an opportunity of seeing into these cottages, and of learning how far the people were happy or otherwise. The dwellings certainly did not look so comfortable when we were near to them as from a distance; but this might be chiefly owing to what the inhabitants did not feel as an evil—the dirt about the doors. We saw, however—a sight always painful to me—two or three women, each creeping after her single cow, while it was feeding on the slips of grass between the corn-grounds. Went round the head of the lake, and onwards close to the lake-side. Kilchurn Castle was always interesting, though not so grand as seen from the other side, with its own mountain cove and roaring stream. It combined with the vale of Dalmally and the distant hills—a beautiful scene, yet overspread with a gentle desolation. As we went further down we lost sight of the vale of Dalmally. The castle, which we often stopped to look back upon, was very beautiful seen in combination with the opposite shore of the lake—perhaps a little bay, a tuft of trees, or a slope of the hill. Travelled under the foot of the mountain Cruachan, along an excellent road, having the lake close to us on our left, woods overhead, and frequent torrents tumbling down the hills. The distant views across the lake were not peculiarly interesting after we were out of sight of Kilchurn Castle, the lake being wide, and the opposite shore not rich, and those mountains which we could see were not high.

Came opposite to the village where we had dined the day before, and, losing sight of the body of the lake, pursued the narrow channel or pass,[1] which is, I believe, three miles long, out of which issues the river that flows

[1] The Pass of Awe.—J. C. S.

into Loch Etive. We were now enclosed between steep hills, on the opposite side entirely bare, on our side bare or woody; the branch of the lake generally filling the whole area of the vale. It was a pleasing, solitary scene; the long reach of naked precipices on the other side rose directly out of the water, exceedingly steep, not rugged or rocky, but with scanty sheep pasturage and large beds of small stones, purple, dove-coloured, or red, such as are called Screes in Cumberland and Westmoreland. These beds, or rather streams of stones, appeared as smooth as the turf itself, nay, I might say, as soft as the feathers of birds, which they resembled in colour. There was no building on either side of the water; in many parts only just room for the road, and on the other shore no footing, as it might seem, for any creature larger than the mountain sheep, and they, in treading amongst the shelving stones, must often send them down into the lake below.

After we had wound for some time through the valley, having met neither foot-traveller, horse, nor cart, we started at the sight of a single vessel, just as it turned round the point of a hill, coming into the reach of the valley where we were. She floated steadily through the middle of the water, with one large sail spread out, full swollen by the breeze, that blew her right towards us. I cannot express what romantic images this vessel brought along with her—how much more beautiful the mountains appeared, the lake how much more graceful. There was one man on board, who sate at the helm, and he, having no companion, made the boat look more silent than if we could not have seen him. I had almost said the ship, for on that narrow water it appeared as large as the ships which I have watched sailing out of a harbour of the sea. A little further on we passed a stone hut by the lake-side, near which were many charcoal sacks, and we conjectured that the vessel had been depositing charcoal brought from other parts of Loch Awe to be carried to the iron-works at Loch Etive. A

little further on we came to the end of the lake, but where exactly it ended was not easy to determine, for the river was as broad as the lake, and we could only say when it became positively a river by the rushing of the water. It is, indeed, a grand stream, the quantity of water being very large, frequently forming rapids, and always flowing very quickly; but its greatness is short-lived, for, after a course of three miles, it is lost in the great waters of Loch Etive, a sea loch.

Crossed a bridge, and climbing a hill towards Taynuilt, our baiting-place, we saw a hollow to the right below us, through which the river continued its course between rocks and steep banks of wood. William turned aside to look into the dell, but I was too much tired. We had left it, two or three hundred yards behind, an open river, the hills, enclosing the branch of the lake, having settled down into irregular slopes. We were glad when we reached Taynuilt, a village of huts, with a chapel and one stone house, which was the inn. It had begun to rain, and I was almost benumbed with the cold, besides having a bad headache; so it rejoiced me to see kind looks on the landlady's face, and that she was willing to put herself in a bustle for our comfort; we had a good fire presently, and breakfast was set out—eggs, preserved gooseberries, excellent cream, cheese, and butter, but no wheat bread, and the oaten cakes were so hard I could not chew them. We wished to go upon Loch Etive; so, having desired the landlady to prepare a fowl for supper, and engaged beds, which she promised us willingly—a proof that we were not in the great road—we determined to find our way to the lake and endeavour to procure a boat. It rained heavily, but we went on, hoping the sky would clear up.

Walked through unenclosed fields, a sort of half-desolate country; but when we came to the mouth of the river which issues out of Loch Awe, and which we had to cross by a ferry, looking up that river we saw that the vale down which it flowed was richly wooded and beautiful.

We were now among familiar fireside names. We could see the town of Bunawe, a place of which the old woman with whom William lodged ten years at Hawkshead used to tell tales half as long as an ancient romance. It is a small village or port on the same side of Loch Etive on which we stood, and at a little distance is a house built by a Mr. Knott of Coniston Water-head, a partner in the iron-foundry at Bunawe, in the service of whose family the old woman had spent her youth. It was an ugly yellow-daubed building, staring this way and that, but William looked at it with pleasure for poor Ann Tyson's sake.[1] We hailed the ferry-boat, and a little boy came to fetch us; he rowed up against the stream with all his might for a considerable way, and then yielding to it, the boat was shot towards the shore almost like an arrow from a bow. It was pleasing to observe the dexterity with which the lad managed his oars, glorying in the appearance of danger—for he observed us watching him, and afterwards, while he conveyed us over, his pride redoubled; for my part, I was completely dizzy with the swiftness of the motion.

We could not have a boat from the ferry, but were told that if we would walk to a house half a mile up the river, we had a chance of getting one. I went a part of the way with William, and then sate down under the umbrella near some houses. A woman came out to talk with me, and pressed me to take shelter in her house, which I refused, afraid of missing William. She eyed me with extreme curiosity, asking fifty questions respecting the object of our journey. She told me that it rained most parts of the year there, and that there was no chance of fine weather that day; and I believe when William came to tell me that we could have a boat, she thought I was half crazed. We went down to the shore of the lake, and, after having sate some time under a wall, the boatman came to us, and we went upon the

[1] The village dame with whom he lived when a school-boy at Hawkshead.—ED.

water. At first it did not rain heavily, and the air was not cold, and before we had gone far we rejoiced that we had not been faint-hearted. The loch is of a considerable width, but the mountains are so very high that, whether we were close under them or looked from one shore to the other, they maintained their dignity. I speak of the higher part of the loch, above the town of Bunawe and the large river, for downwards they are but hills, and the water spreads out wide towards undetermined shores. On our right was the mountain Cruachan, rising directly from the lake, and on the opposite side another mountain, called Ben Durinish,[1] craggy, and exceedingly steep, with wild wood growing among the rocks and stones.

We crossed the water, which was very rough in the middle, but calmer near the shores, and some of the rocky basins and little creeks among the rocks were as still as a mirror, and they were so beautiful with the reflection of the orange-coloured seaweed growing on the stones or rocks, that a child, with a child's delight in gay colours, might have danced with joy at the sight of them. It never ceased raining, and the tops of the mountains were concealed by mists, but as long as we could see across the water we were contented; for though little could be seen of the true shapes and permanent appearances of the mountains, we saw enough to give us the most exquisite delight: the powerful lake which filled the large vale, roaring torrents, clouds floating on the mountain sides, sheep that pastured there, sea-birds and land birds. We sailed a considerable way without coming to any houses or cultivated fields. There was no horse-road on either side of the loch, but a person on foot, as the boatman told us, might make his way at the foot of Ben Durinish, namely on that side of the loch on which we were; there was, however, not the least track to be seen, and it must be very difficult and laborious.

[1] Duirinnis.—Ed.

We happened to say that we were going to Glen Coe, which would be the journey of a long day and a half, when one of the men, pointing to the head of the loch, replied that if we were there we should be but an hour's walk from Glen Coe. Though it continued raining, and there was no hope that the rain would cease, we could not help wishing to go by that way: it was an adventure; we were not afraid of trusting ourselves to the hospitality of the Highlanders, and we wanted to give our horse a day's rest, his back having been galled by the saddle. The owner of the boat, who understood English much better than the other man, his helper, said he would make inquiries about the road at a farm-house a little further on. He was very ready to talk with us, and was rather an interesting companion; he spoke after a slow and solemn manner, in book and sermon language and phrases:

> A stately speech,
> Such as grave livers do in Scotland use.[1]

When we came to the farm-house of which the man had spoken, William and he landed to make the necessary inquiries. It was a thatched house at the foot of the high mountain Ben Durinish—a few patches or little beds of corn belonging to it; but the spot was pastoral, the green grass growing to the walls of the house. The dwelling-house was distinguished from the outer buildings, which were numerous, making it look like two or three houses, as is common in Scotland, by a chimney and one small window with sash-panes; on one side was a little woody glen, with a precipitous stream that fell into the bay, which was perfectly still, and bordered with the rich orange-colour reflected from the sea-weed. Cruachan, on the other side of the lake, was exceedingly grand, and appeared of an enormous height, spreading out two large arms that made a cove down which fell many streams swoln by the rain, and in the hollow of the

[1] See *Resolution and Independence*, stanza xiv.—ED.

cove were some huts which looked like a village. The top of the mountain was concealed from us by clouds, and the mists floated high and low upon the sides of it.

William came back to the boat highly pleased with the cheerful hospitality and kindness of the woman of the house, who would scarcely permit him and his guide to go away without taking some refreshment. She was the only person at home, so they could not obtain the desired information; but William had been well repaid for the trouble of landing; indeed, rainy as it was, I regretted that I had not landed also, for I should have wished to bear away in my memory a perfect image of this place,—the view from the doors, as well as the simple Highland comforts and contrivances which were near it. I think I never saw a retirement that would have so completely satisfied me, if I had wanted to be altogether shut out from the world, and at the same time among the grandest of the works of God; but it must be remembered that mountains are often so much dignified by clouds, mists, and other accidents of weather, that one could not know them again in the full sunshine of a summer's noon. But, whatever the mountains may be in their own shapes, the farm-house with its pastoral grounds and corn fields won from the mountain, its warm out-houses in irregular stages one above another on the side of the hill, the rocks, the stream, and sheltering bay, must at all times be interesting objects. The household boat lay at anchor, chained to a rock, which, like the whole border of the lake, was edged with sea-weed, and some fishing-nets were hung upon poles,—affecting images, which led our thoughts out to the wide ocean, yet made these solitudes of the mountains bear the impression of greater safety and more deep seclusion.

The rain became so heavy that we should certainly have turned back if we had not felt more than usual courage from the pleasure we had enjoyed, which raised hope where none was. There were some houses a little higher up, and we determined to go thither and make

further inquiries. We could now hardly see to the other side of the lake, yet continued to go on, and presently heard some people pushing through a thicket close to us, on which the boatman called out, "There's one that can tell us something about the road to Glen Coe, for he was born there." We looked up and saw a ragged, lame fellow, followed by some others, with a fishing-rod over his shoulder; and he was making such good speed through the boughs that one might have half believed he was the better for his lame leg. He was the head of a company of tinkers, who, as the men told us, travel with their fishing-rods as duly as their hammers. On being hailed by us the whole company stopped; and their lame leader and our boatmen shouted to each other in Erse—a savage cry to our ears, in that lonely and romantic place. We could not learn from the tinker all we wished to know, therefore when we came near to the houses William landed again with the owner of the boat. The rain was now so heavy that we could see nothing at all—not even the houses whither William was going.

We had given up all thought of proceeding further at that time, but were desirous to know how far that road to Glen Coe was practicable for us. They met with an intelligent man, who was at work with others in a hay field, though it rained so heavily; he gave them the information they desired, and said that there was an acquaintance of his between that place and Glen Coe, who, he had no doubt, would gladly accommodate us with lodging and anything else we might need. When William returned to the boat we shaped our course back again down the water, leaving the head of Loch Etive not only unvisited, but unseen—to our great regret. The rain was very heavy; the wind had risen, and both wind and tide were against us, so that it was hard labour for the boatmen to push us on. They kept as close to the shore as they could, to be under the wind; but at the doubling of many of the rocky points the tide was so strong that it was difficult to get on at all, and I was

sometimes afraid that we should be dashed against the rocks, though I believe, indeed, there was not much danger.

Came down the same side of the lake under Ben Durinish, and landed at a ferry-house opposite to Bunawe, where we gave the men a glass of whisky; but our chief motive for landing was to look about the place, which had a most wild aspect at that time. It was a low promontory, pushed far into the water, narrowing the lake exceedingly; in the obscurity occasioned by the mist and rain it appeared to be an island; it was stained and weatherbeaten, a rocky place, seeming to bear no produce but such as might be cherished by cold and storms, lichens or the incrustations of sea rocks. We rowed right across the water to the mouth of the river of Loch Awe, our boat following the ferry-boat which was conveying the tinker crew to the other side, whither they were going to lodge, as the men told us, in some kiln, which they considered as their right and privilege—a lodging always to be found where there was any arable land—for every farm has its kiln to dry the corn in: another proof of the wetness of the climate. The kilns are built of stone, covered in, and probably as good a shelter as the huts in which these Highland vagrants were born. They gather sticks or heather for their fire, and, as they are obstinate beggars, for the men said they would not be denied, they probably have plenty of food with little other trouble than that of wandering in search of it, for their smutty faces and tinker equipage serve chiefly for a passport to a free and careless life. It rained very heavily, and the wind blew when we crossed the lake, and their boat and ours went tilting over the high waves. They made a romantic appearance; three women were of the party; two men rowed them over; the lame fellow sate at one end of the boat, and his companion at the other, each with an enormous fishing-rod, which looked very graceful, something like masts to the boat. When we had landed at the other side we saw them, after having begged

at the ferry-house, strike merrily through the fields, no doubt betaking themselves to their shelter for the night.

We were completely wet when we reached the inn; the landlady wanted to make a fire for me up-stairs, but I went into her own parlour to undress, and her daughter, a pretty little girl, who could speak a few words of English, waited on me; I rewarded her with one of the penny books bought at Dumfries for Johnny, with which she was greatly delighted. We had an excellent supper —fresh salmon, a fowl, gooseberries and cream, and potatoes; good beds; and the next morning boiled milk and bread, and were only charged seven shillings and sixpence for the whole—horse, liquor, supper, and the two breakfasts. We thought they had made a mistake, and told them so—for it was only just half as much as we had paid the day before at Dalmally, the case being that Dalmally is in the main road of the tourists. The landlady insisted on my bringing away a little cup instead of our tin can, which she told me had been taken from the car by some children: we set no little value on this cup as a memorial of the good woman's honesty and kindness, and hoped to have brought it home. . . .

Friday, September 2nd.—Departed at about seven o'clock this morning, having to travel eight miles down Loch Etive, and then to cross a ferry. Our road was at first at a considerable distance from the lake, and out of sight of it, among undulating hills covered with coppice woods, resembling the country between Coniston and Windermere, but it afterwards carried us close to the water's edge; and in this part of our ride we were disappointed. We knew that the high mountains were all at the head of the lake, therefore had not expected the same awful grandeur which we beheld the day before, and perceived by glimpses; but the gentleman whom we met with at Dalmally had told us that there were many fine situations for gentlemen's seats on this part

of the lake, which had made us expect greater loveliness near the shores, and better cultivation. It is true there are pleasant bays, with grounds prettily sloping to the water, and coppice woods, where houses would stand in shelter and sun, looking on the lake; but much is yet wanting—waste lands to be ploughed, peat-mosses drained, hedgerows reared; and the woods demand a grant of longer life than is now their privilege.

But after we had journeyed about six miles a beautiful scene opened upon us. The morning had been gloomy, and at this time the sun shone out, scattering the clouds. We looked right down the lake, that was covered with streams of dazzling sunshine, which revealed the indentings of the dark shores. On a bold promontory, on the same side of the loch where we were, stood an old castle, an irregular tall building, not without majesty; and beyond, with leagues of water between, our eyes settled upon the island of Mull, a high mountain, green in the sunshine, and overcast with clouds,—an object as inviting to the fancy as the evening sky in the west, and though of a terrestrial green, almost as visionary. We saw that it was an island of the sea, but were unacquainted with its name; it was of a gem-like colour, and as soft as the sky. The shores of Loch Etive, in their moorish, rocky wildness, their earthly bareness, as they lay in length before us, produced a contrast which, with the pure sea, the brilliant sunshine, the long distance, contributed to the aërial and romantic power with which the mountain island was invested.

Soon after, we came to the ferry. The boat being on the other shore, we had to wait a considerable time, though the water was not wide, and our call was heard immediately. The boatmen moved with surly tardiness, as if glad to make us know that they were our masters. At this point the lake was narrowed to the breadth of not a very wide river by a round ear or promontory on the side on which we were, and a low ridge of peat-mossy ground on the other. It was a dreary place, shut

out from the beautiful prospect of the Isle of Mull, and Dunstaffnage Castle—so the fortress was called. Four or five men came over with the boat; the horse was unyoked, and being harshly driven over rough stones, which were as slippery as ice, with slimy seaweed, he was in terror before he reached the boat, and they completed the work by beating and pushing him by main force over the ridge of the boat, for there was no open end, or plank, or any other convenience for shipping either horse or carriage. I was very uneasy when we were launched on the water. A blackguard-looking fellow, blind of one eye, which I could not but think had been put out in some strife or other, held him by force like a horse-breaker, while the poor creature fretted, and stamped with his feet against the bare boards, frightening himself more and more with every stroke; and when we were in the middle of the water I would have given a thousand pounds to have been sure that we should reach the other side in safety. The tide was rushing violently in, making a strong eddy with the stream of the loch, so that the motion of the boat and the noise and foam of the waves terrified him still more, and we thought it would be impossible to keep him in the boat, and when we were just far enough from the shore to have been all drowned he became furious, and, plunging desperately, his hind-legs were in the water, then, recovering himself, he beat with such force against the boat-side that we were afraid he should send his feet through. All the while the men were swearing terrible oaths, and cursing the poor beast, redoubling their curses when we reached the landing-place, and whipping him ashore in brutal triumph.

We had only room for half a heartful of joy when we set foot on dry land, for another ferry was to be crossed five miles further. We had intended breakfasting at this house if it had been a decent place; but after this affair we were glad to pay the men off and depart, though I was not well and needed refreshment. The

people made us more easy by assuring us that we might easily swim the horse over the next ferry. The first mile or two of our road was over a peat-moss; we then came near to the sea-shore, and had beautiful views backwards towards the Island of Mull and Dunstaffnage Castle, and forward where the sea ran up between the hills. In this part, on the opposite side of the small bay or elbow of the sea, was a gentleman's house on a hillside,[1] and a building on the hill-top which we took for a lighthouse, but were told that it belonged to the mansion, and was only lighted up on rejoicing days—the laird's birthday, for instance.

Before we had left the peat-moss to travel close to the sea-shore we delighted ourselves with looking on a range of green hills, in shape like those bordering immediately upon the sea, abrupt but not high; they were, in fact, a continuation of the same; but retiring backwards, and rising from the black peat-moss. These hills were of a delicate green, uncommon in Scotland; a foaming rivulet ran down one part, and near it lay two herdsmen full in the sun, with their dogs, among a troop of black cattle which were feeding near, and sprinkled over the whole range of hills—a pastoral scene, to our eyes the more beautiful from knowing what a delightful prospect it must overlook. We now came under the steeps by the sea-side, which were bold rocks, mouldering scars, or fresh with green grass. Under the brow of one of these rocks was a burying-ground, with many upright grave-stones and hay-cocks between, and fenced round by a wall neatly sodded. Near it were one or two houses, with out-houses under a group of trees, but no chapel. The neatness of the burying-ground would in itself have been noticeable in any part of Scotland where we have been; but it was more interesting from its situation than for its own sake—within the sound of the gentlest waves of the sea, and near so many

[1] Lochnell House.—J. C. S.

quiet and beautiful objects. There was a range of hills opposite, which we were here first told were the hills of Morven, so much sung of by Ossian. We consulted with some men respecting the ferry, who advised us by all means to send our horse round the loch, and go ourselves over in the boat: they were very civil, and seemed to be intelligent men, yet all disagreed about the length of the loch, though we were not two miles from it: one said it was only six miles long, another ten or fifteen, and afterwards a man whom we met told us it was twenty.

We lost sight of the sea for some time, crossing a half-cultivated space, then reached Loch Creran, a large irregular sea loch, with low sloping banks, coppice woods, and uncultivated grounds, with a scattering of corn fields; as it appeared to us, very thinly inhabited: mountains at a distance. We found only women at home at the ferry-house. I was faint and cold, and went to sit by the fire, but, though very much needing refreshment, I had not heart to eat anything there—the house was so dirty, and there were so many wretchedly dirty women and children; yet perhaps I might have got over the dirt, though I believe there are few ladies who would not have been turned sick by it, if there had not been a most disgusting combination of laziness and coarseness in the countenances and manners of the women, though two of them were very handsome. It was a small hut, and four women were living in it: one, the mother of the children and mistress of the house; the others I supposed to be lodgers, or perhaps servants; but there was no work amongst them. They had just taken from the fire a great pan full of potatoes, which they mixed up with milk, all helping themselves out of the same vessel, and the little children put in their dirty hands to dig out of the mess at their pleasure. I thought to myself, How light the labour of such a house as this! Little sweeping, no washing of floors, and as to scouring the table, I believe it was a thing never thought of.

After a long time the ferryman came home; but we had to wait yet another hour for the tide. In the meanwhile our horse took fright in consequence of his terror at the last ferry, ran away with the car, and dashed out umbrellas, greatcoats, etc.; but luckily he was stopped before any serious mischief was done. We had determined, whatever it cost, not to trust ourselves with him again in the boat; but sending him round the lake seemed almost out of the question, there being no road, and probably much difficulty in going round with a horse; so after some deliberation with the ferryman it was agreed that he should swim over. The usual place of ferrying was very broad, but he was led to the point of a peninsula at a little distance. It being an unusual affair,—indeed, the people of the house said that he was the first horse that had ever swum over,—we had several men on board, and the mistress of the house offered herself as an assistant: we supposed for the sake of a share in eighteen-pennyworth of whisky which her husband called for without ceremony, and of which she and the young lasses, who had helped to push the boat into the water, partook as freely as the men. At first I feared for the horse: he was frightened, and strove to push himself under the boat; but I was soon tolerably easy, for he went on regularly and well, and after from six to ten minutes' swimming landed in safety on the other side. Poor creature! he stretched out his nostrils and stared wildly while the man was trotting him about to warm him, and when he put him into the car he was afraid of the sound of the wheels. For some time our road was up a glen, the banks chiefly covered with coppice woods, an unpeopled, but, though without grandeur, not a dreary tract.

Came to a moor and descended into a broad vale, which opened to Loch Linnhe, an arm of the sea, the prospect being shut in by high mountains, on which the sun was shining among mists and resting clouds. A village and chapel stood on the opposite hill; the hills

sloped prettily down to the bed of the vale, a large level area—the grounds in general cultivated, but not rich. We went perhaps half a mile down the vale, when our road struck right across it towards the village on the hill-side. We overtook a tall, well-looking man, seemingly about thirty years of age, driving a cart, of whom we inquired concerning the road, and the distance to Port-nacroish, our baiting-place. We made further inquiries respecting our future journey, which he answered in an intelligent manner, being perfectly acquainted with the geography of Scotland. He told us that the village which we saw before us and the whole tract of country was called Appin. William said that it was a pretty, wild place, to which the man replied, "Sir, it is a very bonny place if you did but see it on a fine day," mistaking William's praise for a half-censure; I must say, however, that we hardly ever saw a thoroughly pleasing place in Scotland, which had not something of wildness in its aspect of one sort or other. It came from many causes here: the sea, or sea-loch, of which we only saw as it were a glimpse crossing the vale at the foot of it, the high mountains on the opposite shore, the unenclosed hills on each side of the vale, with black cattle feeding on them, the simplicity of the scattered huts, the half-sheltered, half-exposed situation of the village, the imperfect culture of the fields, the distance from any city or large town, and the very names of Morven and Appin, particularly at such a time, when old Ossian's old friends, sunbeams and mists, as like ghosts as any in the mid-afternoon could be, were keeping company with them. William did all he could to efface the unpleasant impression he had made on the Highlander, and not without success, for he was kind and communicative when we walked up the hill towards the village. He had been a great traveller, in Ireland and elsewhere; but I believe that he had visited no place so beautiful to his eyes as his native home, the strath of Appin under the heathy hills.

We arrived at Portnacroish soon after parting from

this man. It is a small village—a few huts and an indifferent inn by the side of the loch. Ordered a fowl for dinner, had a fire lighted, and went a few steps from the door up the road, and turning aside into a field stood at the top of a low eminence, from which, looking down the loch to the sea through a long vista of hills and mountains, we beheld one of the most delightful prospects that, even when we dream of fairer worlds than this, it is possible for us to conceive in our hearts. A covering of clouds rested on the long range of the hills of Morven, mists floated very near to the water on their sides, and were slowly shifting about: yet the sky was clear, and the sea, from the reflection of the sky, of an ethereal or sapphire blue, which was intermingled in many places, and mostly by gentle gradations, with beds of bright dazzling sunshine; green islands lay on the calm water, islands far greener, for so it seemed, than the grass of other places; and from their excessive beauty, their unearthly softness, and the great distance of many of them, they made us think of the islands of the blessed in the *Vision of Mirza*—a resemblance more striking from the long tract of mist which rested on the top of the steeps of Morven. The view was endless, and though not so wide, had something of the intricacy of the islands and water of Loch Lomond as we saw them from Inch-ta-vannach; and yet how different! At Loch Lomond we could never forget that it was an inland lake of fresh water, nor here that it was the sea itself, though among multitudes of hills. Immediately below us, on an island a few yards from the shore, stood an old keep or fortress;[1] the vale of Appin opened to the water-side, with cultivated fields and cottages. If there were trees near the shore they contributed little to the delightful effect of the scene: it was the immeasurable water, the lofty mist-covered steeps of Morven to the right, the emerald islands without a bush or tree, the celestial colour and brightness of

[1] Castle Stalker.—J. C. S.

the calm sea, and the innumerable creeks and bays, the communion of land and water as far as the eye could travel. My description must needs be languid; for the sight itself was too fair to be remembered. We sate a long time upon the hill, and pursued our journey at about four o'clock. Had an indifferent dinner, but the cheese was so excellent that William wished to buy the remainder; but the woman would not consent to sell it, and forced us to accept a large portion of it.

We had to travel up the loch, leaving behind us the beautiful scene which we had viewed with such delight before dinner. Often, while we were climbing the hill, did we stop to look back, and when we had gone twenty or thirty yards beyond the point where we had the last view of it, we left the car to the care of some children who were coming from school, and went to take another farewell, always in the hope of bearing away a more substantial remembrance. Travelled for some miles along a road which was so smooth it was more like a gravel walk in a gentleman's grounds than a public highway. Probably the country is indebted for this excellent road to Lord Tweeddale,[1] now a prisoner in France. His house stands upon an eminence within a mile of Portnacroish, commanding the same prospect which I have spoken of, except that it must lose something in not having the old fortress at the foot of it—indeed, it is not to be seen at all from the house or grounds.

We travelled under steep hills, stony or smooth, with coppice-woods and patches of cultivated land, and houses here and there; and at every hundred yards, I may almost venture to say, a streamlet, narrow as a ribbon, came tumbling down, and, crossing our road, fell into the lake below. On the opposite shore, the hills—namely, the continuation of the hills of Morven—were

[1] George, seventh Marquis of Tweeddale, being in France in 1803, was detained by Bonaparte, and died at Verdun, 9th August 1804.—J. C. S.

stern and severe, rising like upright walls from the water's edge, and in colour more resembling rocks than hills, as they appeared to us. We did not see any house, or any place where it was likely a house could stand, for many miles; but as the loch was broad we could not perhaps distinguish the objects thoroughly. A little after sunset our road led us from the vale of the loch. We came to a small river, a bridge, a mill, and some cottages at the foot of a hill, and close to the loch.

Did not cross the bridge, but went up the brook, having it on our left, and soon found ourselves in a retired valley, scattered over with many grey huts, and surrounded on every side by green hills. The hay grounds in the middle of the vale were unenclosed, which was enough to keep alive the Scottish wildness, here blended with exceeding beauty; for there were trees growing irregularly or in clumps all through the valley, rocks or stones here and there, which, with the people at work, hay-cocks sprinkled over the fields, made the vale look full and populous. It was a sweet time of the evening: the moon was up; but there was yet so much of day that her light was not perceived. Our road was through open fields; the people suspended their work as we passed along, and leaning on their pitchforks or rakes, with their arms at their sides, or hanging down, some in one way, some in another, and no two alike, they formed most beautiful groups, the outlines of their figures being much more distinct than by day, and all that might have been harsh or unlovely softened down. The dogs were, as usual, attendant on their masters, and, watching after us, they barked aloud; yet even their barking hardly disturbed the quiet of the place.

I cannot say how long this vale was; it made the larger half of a circle, or a curve deeper than that of half a circle, before it opened again upon the loch. It was less thoroughly cultivated and woody after the last turning—the hills steep and lofty. We met a very tall stout man, a fine figure, in a Highland bonnet, with a

little girl, driving home their cow: he accosted us, saying that we were late travellers, and that we had yet four miles to go before we should reach Ballachulish—a long way, uncertain as we were respecting our accommodations. He told us that the vale was called the Strath of Duror, and when we said it was a pretty place, he answered, Indeed it was, and that they lived very comfortably there, for they had a good master, Lord Tweeddale, whose imprisonment he lamented, speaking earnestly of his excellent qualities. At the end of the vale we came close upon a large bay of the loch, formed by a rocky hill, a continuation of the ridge of high hills on the left side of the strath, making a very grand promontory, under which was a hamlet, a cluster of huts, at the water's edge, with their little fleet of fishing-boats at anchor, and behind, among the rocks, a hundred slips of corn, slips and patches, often no bigger than a garden such as a child, eight years old, would make for sport: it might have been the work of a small colony from China. There was something touching to the heart in this appearance of scrupulous industry, and excessive labour of the soil, in a country where hills and mountains, and even valleys, are left to the care of nature and the pleasure of the cattle that feed among them. It was, indeed, a very interesting place, the more so being in perfect contrast with the few houses at the entrance of the strath—a sea hamlet, without trees, under a naked stony mountain, yet perfectly sheltered, standing in the middle of a large bay which half the winds that travel over the lake can never visit. The other, a little bowery spot, with its river, bridge, and mill, might have been a hundred miles from the sea-side.

The moon was now shining, and though it reminded us how far the evening was advanced, we stopped for many minutes before we could resolve to go on; we saw nothing stirring, neither men, women, nor cattle; but the linen was still bleaching by the stony rivulet, which ran near the houses in water-breaks and tiny cataracts.

For the first half mile after we had left this scene there was nothing remarkable; and afterwards we could only see the hills, the sky, the moon, and moonlight water. When we came within, it might be, half a mile of Ballachulish, the place where we were to lodge, the loch narrowed very much, the hills still continuing high. I speak inaccurately, for it split into two divisions, the one along which we went being called Loch Leven.

The road grew very bad, and we had an anxious journey till we saw a light before us, which with great joy we assured ourselves was from the inn; but what was our distress when, on going a few steps further, we came to a bridge half broken down, with bushes laid across to prevent travellers from going over. After some perplexity we determined that I should walk on to the house before us—for we could see that the bridge was safe for foot-passengers—and ask for assistance. By great good luck, at this very moment four or five men came along the road towards us and offered to help William in driving the car through the water, which was not very deep at that time, though, only a few days before, the damage had been done to the bridge by a flood.

I walked on to the inn, ordered tea, and was conducted into a lodging-room. I desired to have a fire, and was answered with the old scruple about "giving fire,"—with, at the same time, an excuse "that it was so late,"—the girl, however, would ask the landlady, who was lying-in; the fire was brought immediately, and from that time the girl was very civil. I was not, however, quite at ease, for William stayed long, and I was going to leave my fire to seek after him, when I heard him at the door with the horse and car. The horse had taken fright with the roughness of the river-bed and the rattling of the wheels—the second fright in consequence of the ferry—and the men had been obliged to unyoke him and drag the car through, a troublesome affair for William; but he talked less of the trouble and alarm than of the

pleasure he had felt in having met with such true good-will and ready kindness in the Highlanders. They drank their glass of whisky at the door, wishing William twenty good wishes, and asking him twice as many questions,—if he was married, if he had an estate, where he lived, etc. etc. This inn is the ferry-house on the main road up into the Highlands by Fort-William, and here Coleridge, though unknown to us, had slept three nights before.

Saturday, September 3rd.—When we have arrived at an unknown place by moonlight, it is never a moment of indifference when I quit it again with the morning light, especially if the objects have appeared beautiful, or in any other way impressive or interesting. I have kept back, unwilling to go to the window, that I might not lose the picture taken to my pillow at night. So it was at Ballachulish: and instantly I felt that the passing away of my own fancies was a loss. The place had appeared exceedingly wild by moonlight; I had mistaken corn-fields for naked rocks, and the lake had appeared narrower and the hills more steep and lofty than they really were.

We rose at six o'clock, and took a basin of milk before we set forward on our journey to Glen Coe. It was a delightful morning, the road excellent, and we were in good spirits, happy that we had no more ferries to cross, and pleased with the thought that we were going among the grand mountains which we saw before us at the head of the loch. We travelled close to the water's edge, and were rolling along a smooth road, when the horse suddenly backed, frightened by the upright shafts of a roller rising from behind the wall of a field adjoining the road. William pulled, whipped, and struggled in vain; we both leapt upon the ground, and the horse dragged the car after him, he going backwards down the bank of the loch, and it was turned over, half in the water, the horse lying on his back, struggling in the harness, a frightful

sight! I gave up everything; thought that the horse would be lamed, and the car broken to pieces. Luckily a man came up in the same moment, and assisted William in extricating the horse, and, after an hour's delay, with the help of strings and pocket-handkerchiefs, we mended the harness and set forward again, William leading the poor animal all the way, for the regular beating of the waves frightened him, and any little gushing stream that crossed the road would have sent him off. The village where the blacksmith lived was before us—a few huts under the mountains, and, as it seemed, at the head of the loch; but it runs further up to the left, being narrowed by a hill above the village, near which, at the edge of the water, was a slate quarry, and many large boats with masts, on the water below, high mountains shutting in the prospect, which stood in single, distinguishable shapes, yet clustered together—simple and bold in their forms, and their surfaces of all characters and all colours—some that looked as if scarified by fire, others green; and there was one that might have been blasted by an eternal frost, its summit and sides for a considerable way down being as white as hoar-frost at eight o'clock on a winter's morning. No clouds were on the hills; the sun shone bright, but the wind blew fresh and cold.

When we reached the blacksmith's shop, I left William to help to take care of the horse, and went into the house. The mistress, with a child in her arms and two or three running about, received me very kindly, making many apologies for the dirty house, which she partly attributed to its being Saturday; but I could plainly see that it was dirt of all days. I sate in the midst of it with great delight, for the woman's benevolent, happy countenance almost converted her slovenly and lazy way of leaving all things to take care of themselves into a comfort and a blessing.

It was not a Highland hut, but a slated house built by the master of the quarry for the accommodation of

his blacksmith,—the shell of an English cottage, as if left unfinished by the workmen, without plaster, and with floor of mud. Two beds, with not over-clean bed-clothes, were in the room. Luckily for me, there was a good fire and a boiling kettle. The woman was very sorry she had no butter; none was to be had in the village: she gave me oaten and barley bread. We talked over the fire; I answered her hundred questions, and in my turn put some to her. She asked me, as usual, if I was married, how many brothers I had, etc. etc. I told her that William was married, and had a fine boy; to which she replied, "And the man's a decent man too." Her next-door neighbour came in with a baby on her arm, to request that I would accept of some fish, which I broiled in the ashes. She joined in our conversation, but with more shyness than her neighbour, being a very young woman. She happened to say that she was a stranger in that place, and had been bred and born a long way off. On my asking her where, she replied, "At Leadhills"; and when I told her that I had been there, a joy lighted up her countenance which I shall never forget, and when she heard that it was only a fortnight before, her eyes filled with tears. I was exceedingly affected with the simplicity of her manners; her tongue was now let loose, and she would have talked for ever of Leadhills, of her mother, of the quietness of the people in general, and the goodness of Mrs. Otto, who, she told me, was a "varra discreet woman." She was sure we should be "well put up" at Mrs. Otto's, and praised her house and furniture; indeed, it seemed she thought all earthly comforts were gathered together under the bleak heights that surround the villages of Wanlockhead and Leadhills: and afterwards, when I said it was a wild country thereabouts, she even seemed surprised, and said it was not half so wild as where she lived now. One circumstance which she mentioned of Mrs. Otto I must record, both in proof of her "discretion," and the sobriety of the people at

Leadhills, namely, that no liquor was ever drunk in her house after a certain hour of the night—I have forgotten what hour; but it was an early one, I am sure not later than ten.

The blacksmith, who had come in to his breakfast, was impatient to finish our job, that he might go out into the hay-field, for, it being a fine day, every plot of hay-ground was scattered over with hay-makers. On my saying that I guessed much of their hay must be spoiled, he told me no, for that they had high winds, which dried it quickly,—the people understood the climate, "were clever at the work, and got it in with a blink." He hastily swallowed his breakfast, dry bread and a basin of weak tea without sugar, and held his baby on his knee till he had done.

The women and I were again left to the fireside, and there were no limits to their joy in me, for they discovered another bond of connexion. I lived in the same part of England from which Mr. Rose, the superintendent of the slate-quarries, and his wife, had come. "Oh!" said Mrs. Stuart—so her neighbour called her, they not giving each other their Christian names, as is common in Cumberland and Westmoreland,—"Oh!" said she, "what would not I give to see anybody that came from within four or five miles of Leadhills?" They both exclaimed that I must see Mrs. Rose; she would make much of me—she would have given me tea and bread and butter and a good breakfast. I learned from the two women, Mrs. Stuart and Mrs. Duncan—so the other was called—that Stuart had come from Leadhills for the sake of better wages, to take the place of Duncan, who had resigned his office of blacksmith to the quarries, as far as I could learn, in a pet, intending to go to America, that his wife was averse to go, and that the scheme, for this cause and through other difficulties, had been given up. He appeared to be a good-tempered man, and made us a most reasonable charge for mending the car. His wife told me that they must give up the house in a

short time to the other blacksmith; she did not know whither they should go, but her husband, being a good workman, could find employment anywhere. She hurried me out to introduce me to Mrs. Rose, who was at work in the hay-field; she was exceedingly glad to see one of her country-women, and entreated that I would go up to her house. It was a substantial plain house, that would have held half-a-dozen of the common huts. She conducted me into a sitting-room up-stairs, and set before me red and white wine, with the remnant of a loaf of wheaten bread, which she took out of a cupboard in the sitting-room, and some delicious butter. She was a healthy and cheerful-looking woman, dressed like one of our country lasses, and had certainly had no better education than Peggy Ashburner, but she was as a chief in this secluded place, a Madam of the village, and seemed to be treated with the utmost respect.

In our way to and from the house we met several people who interchanged friendly greetings with her, but always as with one greatly superior. She attended me back to the blacksmith's, and would not leave me till she had seen us set forward again on our journey. Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Stuart shook me cordially, nay, affectionately, by the hand. I tried to prevail upon the former, who had been my hostess, to accept of some money, but in vain; she would not take a farthing, and though I told her it was only to buy something for her little daughter, even seemed grieved that I should think it possible. I forgot to mention that while the blacksmith was repairing the car, we walked to the slate-quarry, where we saw again some of the kind creatures who had helped us in our difficulties the night before. The hovel under which they split their slates stood upon an outjutting rock, a part of the quarry rising immediately out of the water, and commanded a fine prospect down the loch below Ballachulish, and upwards towards the grand mountains, and the other horn of the vale where the lake was concealed. The blacksmith drove our car about a

mile of the road; we then hired a man and horse to take me and the car to the top of Glen Coe, being afraid that if the horse backed or took fright we might be thrown down some precipice.

But before we departed we could not resist our inclination to climb up the hill which I have mentioned as appearing to terminate the loch. The mountains, though inferior to those of Glen Coe, on the other side are very majestic; and the solitude in which we knew the unseen lake was bedded at their feet was enough to excite our longings. We climbed steep after steep, far higher than they appeared to us, and I was going to give up the accomplishment of our aim, when a glorious sight on the mountain before us made me forget my fatigue. A slight shower had come on, its skirts falling upon us, and half the opposite side of the mountain was wrapped up in rainbow light, covered as by a veil with one dilated rainbow: so it continued for some minutes; and the shower and rainy clouds passed away as suddenly as they had come, and the sun shone again upon the tops of all the hills. In the meantime we reached the wished-for point, and saw to the head of the loch. Perhaps it might not be so beautiful as we had imaged it in our thoughts, but it was beautiful enough not to disappoint us,—a narrow deep valley, a perfect solitude, without house or hut. One of the hills was thinly sprinkled with Scotch firs, which appeared to be the survivors of a large forest: they were the first natural wild Scotch firs we had seen. Though thinned of their numbers, and left, comparatively, to a helpless struggle with the elements, we were much struck with the gloom, and even grandeur, of the trees.

Hastened back again to join the car, but were tempted to go a little out of our way to look at a nice white house belonging to the laird of Glen Coe, which stood sweetly in a green field under the hill near some tall trees and coppice woods. At this house the horrible massacre of Glen Coe began, which we did not know when we were

there; but the house must have been rebuilt since that time. We had a delightful walk through fields, among copses, and by a river-side: we could have fancied ourselves in some part of the north of England unseen before, it was so much like it, and yet so different. I must not forget one place on the opposite side of the water, where we longed to live—a snug white house on the mountain-side, surrounded by its own green fields and woods, the high mountain above, the loch below, and inaccessible but by means of boats. A beautiful spot indeed it was; but in the retired parts of Scotland a comfortable white house is itself such a pleasant sight, that I believe, without our knowing how or why, it makes us look with a more loving eye on the fields and trees than for their own sakes they deserve.

At about one o'clock we set off, William on our own horse, and I with my Highland driver. He was perfectly acquainted with the country, being a sort of carrier or carrier-merchant or shopkeeper, going frequently to Glasgow with his horse and cart to fetch and carry goods and merchandise. He knew the name of every hill, almost every rock; and I made good use of his knowledge; but partly from laziness, and still more because it was inconvenient, I took no notes, and now I am little better for what he told me. He spoke English tolerably; but seldom understood what was said to him without a "What's your wull?" We turned up to the right, and were at the foot of the glen—the laird's house cannot be said to be *in* the glen. The afternoon was delightful,—the sun shone, the mountain-tops were clear, the lake glittered in the great vale behind us, and the stream of Glen Coe flowed down to it glittering among alder-trees. The meadows of the glen were of the freshest green; one new-built stone house in the first reach, some huts, hillocks covered with wood, alder-trees scattered all over. Looking backward, we were reminded of Patterdale and the head of Ulswater, but forward the greatness of the mountains overcame every other idea.

The impression was, as we advanced up to the head of this first reach, as if the glen were nothing, its loneliness and retirement—as if it made up no part of my feeling: the mountains were all in all. That which fronted us—I have forgotten its name—was exceedingly lofty, the surface stony, nay, the whole mountain was one mass of stone, wrinkled and puckered up together. At the second and last reach—for it is not a winding vale —it makes a quick turning almost at right angles to the first; and now we are in the depths of the mountains; no trees in the glen, only green pasturage for sheep, and here and there a plot of hay-ground, and something that tells of former cultivation. I observed this to the guide, who said that formerly the glen had had many inhabitants, and that there, as elsewhere in the Highlands, there had been a great deal of corn where now the lands were left waste, and nothing fed upon them but cattle. I cannot attempt to describe the mountains. I can only say that I thought those on our right—for the other side was only a continued high ridge or craggy barrier, broken along the top into petty spiral forms—were the grandest I had ever seen. It seldom happens that mountains in a very clear air look exceedingly high, but these, though we could see the whole of them to their very summits, appeared to me more majestic in their own nakedness than our imaginations could have conceived them to be, had they been half hidden by clouds, yet showing some of their highest pinnacles. They were such forms as Milton might be supposed to have had in his mind when he applied to Satan that sublime expression—

His stature reached the sky.

The first division of the glen, as I have said, was scattered over with rocks, trees, and woody hillocks, and cottages were to be seen here and there. The second division is bare and stony, huge mountains on all sides, with a slender pasturage in the bottom of the valley; and towards the head of it is a small lake or tarn, and near

the tarn a single inhabited dwelling, and some unfenced hay-ground—a simple impressive scene! Our road frequently crossed large streams of stones, left by the mountain-torrents, losing all appearance of a road. After we had passed the tarn the glen became less interesting, or rather the mountains, from the manner in which they are looked at; but again, a little higher up, they resume their grandeur. The river is, for a short space, hidden between steep rocks: we left the road, and, going to the top of one of the rocks, saw it foaming over stones, or lodged in dark black dens; birch-trees grew on the inaccessible banks, and a few old Scotch firs towered above them. At the entrance of the glen the mountains had been all without trees, but here the birches climb very far up the side of one of them opposite to us, half concealing a rivulet, which came tumbling down as white as snow from the very top of the mountain. Leaving the rock, we ascended a hill which terminated the glen. We often stopped to look behind at the majestic company of mountains we had left. Before us was no single paramount eminence, but a mountain waste, mountain beyond mountain, and a barren hollow or basin into which we were descending.

We parted from our companion at the door of a whisky hovel, a building which, when it came out of the workmen's hands with its unglassed windows, would, in that forlorn region, have been little better than a howling place for the winds, and was now half unroofed. On seeing a smoke, I exclaimed, "Is it possible any people can live there?" when at least half a dozen, men, women, and children, came to the door. They were about to rebuild the hut, and I suppose that they, or some other poor creatures, would dwell there through the winter, dealing out whisky to the starved travellers. The sun was now setting, the air very cold, the sky clear; I could have fancied that it was winter-time, with hard frost. Our guide pointed out King's House to us, our resting-place for the night. We could just distinguish the house

at the bottom of the moorish hollow or basin—I call it so, for it was nearly as broad as long—lying before us, with three miles of naked road winding through it, every foot of which we could see. The road was perfectly white, making a dreary contrast with the ground, which was of a dull earthy brown. Long as the line of road appeared before us, we could scarcely believe it to be three miles—I suppose owing to its being unbroken by any one object, and the moor naked as the road itself, but we found it the longest three miles we had yet travelled, for the surface was so stony we had to walk most of the way.

The house looked respectable at a distance—a large square building, cased in blue slates to defend it from storms,—but when we came close to it the outside forewarned us of the poverty and misery within. Scarce a blade of grass could be seen growing upon the open ground; the heath-plant itself found no nourishment there, appearing as if it had but sprung up to be blighted. There was no enclosure for a cow, no appropriated ground but a small plot like a church-yard, in which were a few starveling dwarfish potatoes, which had, no doubt, been raised by means of the dung left by travellers' horses: they had not come to blossoming, and whether they would either yield fruit or blossom I know not. The first thing we saw on entering the door was two sheep hung up, as if just killed from the barren moor, their bones hardly sheathed in flesh. After we had waited a few minutes, looking about for a guide to lead us into some corner of the house, a woman, seemingly about forty years old, came to us in a great bustle, screaming in Erse, with the most horrible guinea-hen or peacock voice I ever heard, first to one person, then another. She could hardly spare time to show us up-stairs, for crowds of men were in the house—drovers, carriers, horsemen, travellers, all of whom she had to provide with supper, and she was, as she told us, the only woman there.

Never did I see such a miserable, such a wretched place,—long rooms with ranges of beds, no other furniture except benches, or perhaps one or two crazy chairs, the floors far dirtier than an ordinary house could be if it were never washed,—as dirty as a house after a sale on a rainy day, and the rooms being large, and the walls naked, they looked as if more than half the goods had been sold out. We sate shivering in one of the large rooms for three-quarters of an hour before the woman could find time to speak to us again; she then promised a fire in another room, after two travellers, who were going a stage further, had finished their whisky, and said we should have supper as soon as possible. She had no eggs, no milk, no potatoes, no loaf-bread, or we should have preferred tea. With length of time the fire was kindled, and, after another hour's waiting, supper came,—a shoulder of mutton so hard that it was impossible to chew the little flesh that might be scraped off the bones, and some sorry soup made of barley and water, for it had no other taste.

After supper, the woman, having first asked if we slept on blankets, brought in two pair of sheets, which she begged that I would air by the fire, for they would be dirtied below-stairs. I was very willing, but behold! the sheets were so wet, that it would have been at least a two-hours' job before a far better fire than could be mustered at King's House,—for, that nothing might be wanting to make it a place of complete starvation, the peats were not dry, and if they had not been helped out by decayed wood dug out of the earth along with them, we should have had no fire at all. The woman was civil, in her fierce, wild way. She and the house, upon that desolate and extensive Wild, and everything we saw, made us think of one of those places of rendezvous which we read of in novels—Ferdinand Count Fathom, or Gil Blas,—where there is one woman to receive the booty, and prepare the supper at night. She told us that she was only a servant, but that she had now lived there

five years, and that, when but a "young lassie," she had lived there also. We asked her if she had always served the same master, "Nay, nay, many masters, for they were always changing." I verily believe that the woman was attached to the place like a cat to the empty house when the family who brought her up are gone to live elsewhere. The sheets were so long in drying that it was very late before we went to bed. We talked over our day's adventures by the fireside, and often looked out of the window towards a huge pyramidal mountain[1] at the entrance of Glen Coe. All between, the dreary waste was clear, almost, as sky, the moon shining full upon it. A rivulet ran amongst stones near the house, and sparkled with light: I could have fancied that there was nothing else, in that extensive circuit over which we looked, that had the power of motion.

In comparing the impressions we had received at Glen Coe, we found that though the expectations of both had been far surpassed by the grandeur of the mountains, we had upon the whole both been disappointed, and from the same cause: we had been prepared for images of terror, had expected a deep, den-like valley with overhanging rocks, such as William has described in these lines, speaking of the Alps:—

> Brook and road
> Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
> And with them did we journey several hours
> At a slow step. The immeasurable height
> Of woods decaying, never to be decayed!
> The stationary blasts of waterfalls;
> And everywhere along the hollow rent
> Winds thwarting winds, bewilder'd and forlorn;
> The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
> The rocks that mutter'd close upon our ears,
> Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
> As if a voice were in them; the sick sight

[1] Buchail, the Shepherd of Etive.—J. C. S.

And giddy prospect of the raving stream;
The unfetter'd clouds, and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light,
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The Types and Symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.[1]

The place had nothing of this character, the glen being open to the eye of day, the mountains retiring in independent majesty. Even in the upper part of it, where the stream rushed through the rocky chasm, it was but a deep trench in the vale, not the vale itself, and could only be seen when we were close to it.

FOURTH WEEK

Sunday, September 4th.—We had desired to be called at six o'clock, and rose at the first summons. Our beds had proved better than we expected, and we had not slept ill; but poor Coleridge had passed a wretched night here four days before. This we did not know; but since, when he told us of it, the notion of what he must have suffered, with the noise of drunken people about his ears all night, himself sick and tired, has made our discomfort cling to my memory, and given these recollections a twofold interest. I asked if it was possible to have a couple of eggs boiled before our departure: the woman hesitated; she thought I might, and sent a boy into the out-houses to look about, who brought in one egg after long searching. Early as we had risen it was not very early when we set off, for everything at King's House was in unison — equally uncomfortable. As the woman had told us the night before, "They had no hay and that was a loss." There were neither stalls nor bedding in the stable, so that

[1] See *The Simplon Pass*, in "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 69.—ED.

William was obliged to watch the horse while it was feeding, for there were several others in the stable, all standing like wild beasts, ready to devour each other's portion of corn: this, with the slowness of the servant and other hindrances, took up much time, and we were completely starved, for the morning was very cold, as I believe all the mornings in that desolate place are.

When we had gone about a quarter of a mile I recollected that I had left the little cup given me by the kind landlady at Taynuilt, which I had intended that John should hereafter drink out of, in memory of our wanderings. I would have turned back for it, but William pushed me on, unwilling that we should lose so much time, though indeed he was as sorry to part with it as myself.

Our road was over a hill called the Black Mount. For the first mile, or perhaps more, after we left King's House, we ascended on foot; then came upon a new road, one of the finest that was ever trod; and, as we went downwards almost all the way afterwards, we travelled very quickly. The motion was pleasant, the different reaches and windings of the road were amusing; the sun shone, the mountain-tops were clear and cheerful, and we in good spirits, in a bustle of enjoyment, though there never was a more desolate region: mountains behind, before, and on every side; I do not remember to have seen either patch of grass, flower, or flowering heather within three or four miles of King's House. The low ground was not rocky, but black, and full of white frost-bleached stones, the prospect only varied by pools, seen everywhere both near and at a distance, as far as the ground stretched out below us: these were interesting spots, round which the mind assembled living objects, and they shone as bright as mirrors in the forlorn waste. We passed neither tree nor shrub for miles—I include the whole space from Glen Coe—yet we saw perpetually traces of a long decayed forest, pieces of black mouldering wood.

Through such a country as this we had travelled perhaps seven and a half miles this morning, when, after descending a hill, we turned to the right, and saw an unexpected sight in the moorland hollow into which we were entering, a small lake bounded on the opposite side by a grove of Scotch firs, two or three cottages at the head of it, and a lot of cultivated ground with scattered hay-cocks. The road along which we were going, after having made a curve considerably above the tarn, was seen winding through the trees on the other side, a beautiful object, and, luckily for us, a drove of cattle happened to be passing there at the very time, a stream coursing the road, with off-stragglers to the borders of the lake, and under the trees on the sloping ground.

In conning over our many wanderings I shall never forget the gentle pleasure with which we greeted the lake of Inveroran and its few grey cottages: we suffered our horse to slacken his pace, having now no need of the comfort of quick motion, though we were glad to think that one of those cottages might be the public-house where we were to breakfast. A forest—now, as it appeared, dwindled into the small grove bordering the lake—had, not many years ago, spread to that side of the vale where we were: large stumps of trees which had been cut down were yet remaining undecayed, and there were some single trees left alive, as if by their battered black boughs to tell us of the storms that visit the valley which looked now so sober and peaceful. When we arrived at the huts, one of them proved to be the inn, a thatched house without a sign-board. We were kindly received, had a fire lighted in the parlour, and were in such good humour that we seemed to have a thousand comforts about us; but we had need of a little patience in addition to this good humour before breakfast was brought, and at last it proved a disappointment: the butter not eatable, the barley-cakes fusty, the oat-bread so hard I could not chew it, and there were only

four eggs in the house, which they had boiled as hard as stones.

Before we had finished breakfast two foot-travellers came in, and seated themselves at our table; one of them was returning, after a long absence, to Fort-William, his native home; he had come from Egypt, and, many years ago, had been on a recruiting party at Penrith, and knew many people there. He seemed to think his own country but a dismal land.

There being no bell in the parlour, I had occasion to go several times and ask for what we wanted in the kitchen, and I would willingly have given twenty pounds to have been able to take a lively picture of it. About seven or eight travellers, probably drovers, with as many dogs, were sitting in a complete circle round a large peat-fire in the middle of the floor, each with a mess of porridge, in a wooden vessel, upon his knee; a pot, suspended from one of the black beams, was boiling on the fire; two or three women pursuing their household business on the outside of the circle, children playing on the floor. There was nothing uncomfortable in this confusion: happy, busy, or vacant faces, all looked pleasant; and even the smoky air, being a sort of natural indoor atmosphere of Scotland, served only to give a softening, I may say harmony, to the whole.

We departed immediately after breakfast; our road leading us, as I have said, near the lake-side and through the grove of firs, which extended backward much further than we had imagined. After we had left it we came again among bare moorish wastes, as before, under the mountains, so that Inveroran still lives in our recollection as a favoured place, a flower in the desert.

Descended upon the whole, I believe very considerably, in our way to Tyndrum; but it was a road of long ups and downs, over hills and through hollows of uncultivated ground; a chance farm perhaps once in three miles, a glittering rivulet bordered with greener grass than grew on the broad waste, or a broken fringe of

alders or birches, partly concealing and partly pointing out its course.

Arrived at Tyndrum at about two o'clock. It is a cold spot. Though, as I should suppose, situated lower than Inveroran, and though we saw it in the hottest time of the afternoon sun, it had a far colder aspect from the want of trees. We were here informed that Coleridge, who, we supposed, was gone to Edinburgh, had dined at this very house a few days before, in his road to Fort-William. By the help of the cook, who was called in, the landlady made out the very day: it was the day after we parted from him; as she expressed it, the day after the "great speet," namely, the great rain. We had a moorfowl and mutton-chops for dinner, well cooked, and a reasonable charge. The house was clean for a Scotch inn, and the people about the doors were well dressed. In one of the parlours we saw a company of nine or ten, with the landlady, seated round a plentiful table,—a sight which made us think of the fatted calf in the alehouse pictures of the Prodigal Son. There seemed to be a whole harvest of meats and drinks, and there was something of festivity and picture-like gaiety even in the fresh-coloured dresses of the people and their Sunday faces. The white table-cloth, glasses, English dishes, etc., were all in contrast with what we had seen at Inveroran: the places were but about nine miles asunder, both among hills; the rank of the people little different, and each house appeared to be a house of plenty.

We were I think better pleased with our treatment at this inn than any of the lonely houses on the road, except Taynuilt; but Coleridge had not fared so well, and was dissatisfied, as he has since told us, and the two travellers who breakfasted with us at Inveroran had given a bad account of the house.

Left Tyndrum at about five o'clock; a gladsome afternoon; the road excellent, and we bowled downwards through a pleasant vale, though not populous, or well

cultivated, or woody, but enlivened by a river that glittered as it flowed. On the side of a sunny hill a knot of men and women were gathered together at a preaching. We passed by many droves of cattle and Shetland ponies, which accident stamped a character upon places, else unrememberable—not an individual character, but the soul, the spirit, and solitary simplicity of many a Highland region.

We had about eleven miles to travel before we came to our lodging, and had gone five or six, almost always descending, and still in the same vale, when we saw a small lake before us after the vale had made a bending to the left; it was about sunset when we came up to the lake; the afternoon breezes had died away, and the water was in perfect stillness. One grove-like island, with a ruin that stood upon it overshadowed by the trees, was reflected on the water. This building, which, on that beautiful evening, seemed to be wrapped up in religious quiet, we were informed had been raised for defence by some Highland chieftain. All traces of strength, or war, or danger are passed away, and in the mood in which we were we could only look upon it as a place of retirement and peace. The lake is called Loch Dochart. We passed by two others of inferior beauty, and continued to travel along the side of the same river, the Dochart, through an irregular, undetermined vale,—poor soil and much waste land.

At that time of the evening when, by looking steadily, we could discover a few pale stars in the sky, we saw upon an eminence, the bound of our horizon, though very near to us, and facing the bright yellow clouds of the west, a group of figures that made us feel how much we wanted in not being painters. Two herdsmen, with a dog beside them, were sitting on the hill, overlooking a herd of cattle scattered over a large meadow by the river-side. Their forms, looked at through a fading light, and backed by the bright west, were exceedingly distinct, a beautiful picture in the quiet of a Sabbath evening,

exciting thoughts and images of almost patriarchal simplicity and grace. We were much pleased with the situation of our inn, where we arrived between eight and nine o'clock. The river was at the distance of a broad field from the door; we could see it from the upper windows and hear its murmuring; the moon shone, enlivening the large corn fields with cheerful light. We had a bad supper, and the next morning they made us an unreasonable charge; and the servant was uncivil, because, forsooth! we had no wine.

N.B.—The travellers in the morning had spoken highly of this inn.[1]

Monday, September 5th.—After drinking a basin of milk we set off again at a little after six o'clock—a fine morning—eight miles to Killin—the river Dochart always on our left. The face of the country not very interesting, though not unpleasing, reminding us of some of the vales of the north of England, though meagre, nipped-up, or shrivelled compared with them. There were rocks, and rocky knolls, as about Grasmere and Wytheburn, and copses, but of a starveling growth; the cultivated ground poor. Within a mile or two of Killin the land was better cultivated, and, looking down the vale, we had a view of Loch Tay, into which the Dochart falls. Close to the town, the river took up a roaring voice, beating its way over a rocky descent among large black stones: islands in the middle turning the stream this way and that; the whole course of the river very wide. We crossed it by means of three bridges, which make one continued bridge of a great length. On an island below the bridge is a gateway with tall pillars, leading to an old burying-ground belonging to some noble family.[2] It has a singular appearance, and the place is altogether uncommon and romantic—a remnant of

[1] Suie.—J. C. S. *Quære*, Luib.—Ed.

[2] The burial-place of Macnab of Macnab.—J. C. S.

ancient grandeur: extreme natural wildness—the sound of roaring water, and withal, the ordinary half-village, half-town bustle of an every-day place.

The inn at Killin is one of the largest on the Scotch road: it stands pleasantly, near the chapel, at some distance from the river Dochart, and out of reach of its tumultuous noise; and another broad, stately, and silent stream, which you cannot look at without remembering its boisterous neighbour, flows close under the windows of the inn, and beside the churchyard, in which are many graves. That river falls into the lake at the distance of nearly a mile from the mouth of the Dochart. It is bordered with tall trees and corn fields, bearing plentiful crops, the richest we had seen in Scotland.

After breakfast we walked onwards, expecting that the stream would lead us into some considerable vale; but it soon became little better than a common rivulet, and the glen appeared to be short; indeed, we wondered how the river had grown so great all at once. Our horse had not been able to eat his corn, and we waited a long time in the hope that he would be better. At eleven o'clock, however, we determined to set off, and give him all the ease possible by walking up the hills, and not pushing beyond a slow walk. We had fourteen miles to travel to Kenmore, by the side of Loch Tay. Crossed the same bridge again, and went down the south side of the lake. We had a delightful view of the village of Killin, among rich green fields, corn and wood, and up towards the two horns of the vale of Tay, the valley of the Dochart, and the other valley with its full-grown river, the prospect terminated by mountains. We travelled through lanes, woods, or open fields, never close to the lake, but always near it, for many miles, the road being carried along the side of a hill, which rose in an almost regularly receding steep from the lake. The opposite shore did not much differ from that down which we went, but it seemed more thinly inhabited, and not so well cultivated. The sun shone, the cottages

were pleasant, and the goings-on of the harvest—for all the inhabitants were at work in the corn fields—made the way cheerful. But there is an uniformity in the lake which, comparing it with other lakes, made it appear tiresome. It has no windings: I should even imagine, although it is so many miles long, that, from some points not very high on the hills, it may be seen from one end to the other. There are few bays, no lurking-places where the water hides itself in the land, no outjutting points or promontories, no islands; and there are no commanding mountains or precipices. I think that this lake would be the most pleasing in spring-time, or in summer before the corn begins to change colour, the long tracts of hills on each side of the vale having at this season a kind of patchy appearance, for the corn fields in general were very small, mere plots, and of every possible shade of bright yellow. When we came in view of the foot of the lake we perceived that it ended, as it had begun, in pride and loveliness. The village of Kenmore, with its neat church and cleanly houses, stands on a gentle eminence at the end of the water. The view, though not near so beautiful as that of Killin, is exceedingly pleasing. Left our car, and turned out of the road at about the distance of a mile from the town, and after having climbed perhaps a quarter of a mile, we were conducted into a locked-up plantation, and guessed by the sound that we were near the cascade, but could not see it. Our guide opened a door, and we entered a dungeon-like passage, and, after walking some yards in total darkness, found ourselves in a quaint apartment stuck over with moss, hung about with stuffed foxes and other wild animals, and ornamented with a library of wooden books covered with old leather backs, the mock furniture of a hermit's cell. At the end of the room, through a large bow-window, we saw the waterfall, and at the same time, looking down to the left, the village of Kenmore and a part of the lake—a very beautiful prospect.

MEMORANDUM BY THE AUTHOR

THE transcript of the First Part of this Journal, and the Second as far as page 43, were written before the end of the year 1803. I do not know exactly when I concluded the remainder of the Second Part, but it was resumed on the 2nd of February 1804. The Third Part was begun at the end of the month of April 1805, and finished on the 31st of May.[1]

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[1] It is difficult to know what the Author meant by the First, Second, and Third "Parts" of her Journal; as it is divided into separate "Weeks" throughout. It is not of much consequence however, and the above short "Memorandum"—inserted in the course of the transcript—has a special interest, as showing that the work of copying her Journal was carried on by Dorothy Wordsworth from 1803 to 1805.—ED.

On resuming her work of copying, the author wrote:—

April 11th, 1805.—I am setting about a task which, however free and happy the state of my mind, I could not have performed well at this distance of time; but now, I do not know that I shall be able to go on with it at all. I will strive, however, to do the best I can, setting before myself a different object from that hitherto aimed at, which was, to omit no incident, however trifling, and to describe the country so minutely that you should, where the objects were the most interesting, feel as if you had been with us. I shall now only attempt to give you an idea of those scenes which pleased us most, dropping the incidents of the ordinary days, of which many have slipped from my memory, and others which remain it would be difficult, and often painful to me, to endeavour to draw out and disentangle from other thoughts. I the less regret my inability to do more, because, in describing a great part of what we saw from the time we left Kenmore, my work would be little more than a repetition of what I have said before, or, where it was not so, a longer time was necessary to enable us to bear away what was most interesting than we could afford to give.

Monday, September 5th.—We arrived at Kenmore after sunset.

Tuesday, September 6th.—Walked before breakfast in Lord Breadalbane's grounds, which border upon the river Tay. The higher elevations command fine views of the lake; and the walks are led along the river's banks, and shaded with tall trees: but it seemed to us that a bad taste had been at work, the banks being regularly shaven and cut as if by rule and line. One or two of such walks I should well have liked to see; but they are all equally trim, and I could not but regret that the fine trees had not been left to grow out of a turf that cattle were permitted to feed upon. There was one avenue which would well have graced the ruins of an abbey or some stately castle. It was of a very great length, perfectly straight, the trees meeting at the top in a cathedral arch, lessening in perspective,—the boughs the roof, the stems the pillars. I never saw so beautiful an avenue. We were told that some improver of pleasure-grounds had advised Lord B. to cut down the trees, and lay the whole open to the lawn, for the avenue is very near his house. His own better taste, or that of some other person, I suppose, had saved them from the axe. Many workmen were employed in building a large mansion something like that of Inverary, close to the old house, which was yet standing; the situation, as we thought, very bad, considering that Lord Breadalbane had the command of all the ground at the foot of the lake, including hills both high and low. It is in a

hollow, without prospect either of the lake or river, or anything else—seeing nothing, and adorning nothing. After breakfast, left Kenmore, and travelled through the vale of Tay, I believe fifteen or sixteen miles; but in the course of this we turned out of our way to the Falls of Moness, a stream tributary to the Tay, which passes through a narrow glen with very steep banks. A path like a woodman's track has been carried through the glen, which, though the private property of a gentleman, has not been taken out of the hands of Nature, but merely rendered accessible by this path, which ends at the waterfalls. They tumble from a great height, and are indeed very beautiful falls, and we could have sate with pleasure the whole morning beside the cool basin in which the waters rest, surrounded by high rocks and overhanging trees. In one of the most retired parts of the dell, we met a young man coming slowly along the path, intent upon a book which he was reading: he did not seem to be of the rank of a gentleman, though above that of a peasant.

Passed through the village of Aberfeldy, at the foot of the glen of Moness. The birks of Aberfeldy are spoken of in some of the Scotch songs, which no doubt grew in the stream of Moness; but near the village we did not see any trees that were remarkable, except a row of laburnums, growing as a common field hedge; their leaves were of a golden colour, and as lively as the yellow blossoms could have been in the spring. Afterwards we saw many laburnums in the woods, which we were told had been "planted"; though I remember that Withering speaks of the laburnum as one of the British plants, and growing in Scotland. The twigs and branches being stiff, were not so graceful as those of our garden laburnums, but I do not think I ever before saw any that were of so brilliant colours in their autumnal decay. In our way to and from Moness we crossed the Tay by a bridge of ambitious and ugly architecture. Many of the bridges in Scotland are so, having eye-holes

between the arches, not in the battlements but at the outspreading of the pillar of the arch, which destroys its simplicity, and takes from the appearance of strength and security, without adding anything of lightness. We returned, by the same road, to the village of Weem, where we had left our car. The vale of Tay was very wide, having been so from within a short distance of Kenmore: the reaches of the river are long; and the ground is more regularly cultivated than in any vale we had yet seen—chiefly corn, and very large tracts. Afterwards the vale becomes narrow and less cultivated, the reaches shorter—on the whole resembling the vale of Nith, but we thought it inferior in beauty.

One among the cottages in this narrow and wilder part of the vale fixed our attention almost as much as a Chinese or a Turk would do passing through the vale of Grasmere. It was a cottage, I believe, little differing in size and shape from all the rest; but it was like a visitor, a stranger come into the Highlands, or a model set up of what may be seen in other countries. The walls were neatly plastered or rough-cast, the windows of clean bright glass, and the door was painted—before it a flower-garden, fenced with a curiously-clipped hedge, and against the wall was placed the sign of a spinning-wheel. We could not pass this humble dwelling, so distinguished by an appearance of comfort and neatness, without some conjectures respecting the character and manner of life of the person inhabiting it. Leisure he must have had; and we pleased ourselves with thinking that some self-taught mind might there have been nourished by knowledge gathered from books, and the simple duties and pleasures of rural life.

At Logierait, the village where we dined, the vale widens again, and the Tummel joins the Tay and loses its name; but the Tay falls into the channel of the Tummel, continuing its course in the same direction, almost at right angles to the former course of the Tay. We were sorry to find that we had to cross the Tummel

by a ferry, and resolved not to venture in the same boat with the horse. Dined at a little public-house, kept by a young widow, very talkative and laboriously civil. She took me out to the back-door, and said she would show me a place which had once been very grand, and, opening a door in a high wall, I entered a ruinous court-yard, in which was a large old mansion, the walls entire and very strong, but the roof broken in. The woman said it had been a palace of one of the kings of Scotland. It was a striking and even an affecting object, coming upon it, as I did, unawares,—a royal residence shut up and hidden, while yet in its strength, by mean cottages; there was no appearance of violence, but decay from desertion, and I should think that it may remain many years without undergoing further visible change. The woman and her daughter accompanied us to the ferry and crossed the water with us; the woman said, but with not much appearance of honest heart-feeling, that she could not be easy to let us go without being there to know how we sped, so I invited the little girl to accompany her, that she might have a ride in the car. The men were cautious, and the horse got over with less alarm than we could have expected. Our way was now up the vale, along the banks of the Tummel, an impetuous river; the mountains higher than near the Tay, and the vale more wild, and the different reaches more interesting.

When we approached near to Fascally, near the junction of the Garry with the Tummel, the twilight was far advanced, and our horse not being perfectly recovered, we were fearful of taking him on to Blair-Athole—five miles further; besides, the Pass of Killicrankie was within half a mile, and we were unwilling to go through a place so celebrated in the dark; therefore, being joined by a traveller, we inquired if there was any public-house near; he said there was; and that though the accommodations were not good, we might do well enough for one night, the host and his wife being very honest people. It proved to be rather better than a common

cottage of the country; we seated ourselves by the fire, William called for a glass of whisky, and asked if they could give us beds. The woman positively refused to lodge us, though we had every reason to believe that she had at least one bed for me; we entreated again and again in behalf of the poor horse, but all in vain; she urged, though in an uncivil way, that she had been sitting up the whole of one or two nights before on account of a fair, and that now she wanted to go to bed and sleep; so we were obliged to remount our car in the dark, and with a tired horse we moved on, and went through the Pass of Killicrankie, hearing only the roaring of the river, and seeing a black chasm with jagged-topped black hills towering above. Afterwards the moon rose, and we should not have had an unpleasant ride if our horse had been in better plight, and we had not been annoyed, as we were almost at every twenty yards, by people coming from a fair held that day near Blair—no pleasant prognostic of what might be our accommodation at the inn, where we arrived between ten and eleven o'clock, and found the house in an uproar; but we were civilly treated, and were glad, after eating a morsel of cold beef, to retire to rest, and I fell asleep in spite of the noisy drunkards below stairs, who had outstayed the fair.

Wednesday, September 7th.—Rose early, and went before breakfast to the Duke of Athol's gardens and pleasure-grounds, where we completely tired ourselves with a three-hours' walk. Having been directed to see all the waterfalls, we submitted ourselves to the gardener, who dragged us from place to place, calling our attention to, it might be, half-a-dozen—I cannot say how many—dripping streams, very pretty in themselves, if we had had the pleasure of discovering them; but they were generally robbed of their grace by the obtrusive ornaments which were first seen. The whole neighbourhood, a great country, seems to belong to the Duke of

Athol. In his domain are hills and mountains, glens and spacious plains, rivers and innumerable torrents; but near Blair are no old woods, and the plantations, except those at a little distance from the house, appear inconsiderable, being lost to the eye in so extensive a circuit.

The castle stands on low ground, and far from the Garry, commanding a prospect all round of distant mountains, a bare and cold scene, and, from the irregularity and width of it, not so grand as one should expect, knowing the great height of some of the mountains. Within the Duke's park are three glens, the glen of the river Tilt and two others, which, if they had been planted more judiciously, would have been very sweet retirements; but they are choked up, the whole hollow of the glens—I do not speak of the Tilt, for that is rich in natural wood—being closely planted with trees, and those chiefly firs; but many of the old fir-trees are, as single trees, very fine. On each side of the glen is an ell-wide gravel walk, which the gardener told us was swept once a week. It is conducted at the top of the banks, on each side, at nearly equal height, and equal distance from the stream; they lead you up one of these paths, and down the other—very wearisome, as you will believe—mile after mile! We went into the garden, where there was plenty of fruit—gooseberries, hanging as thick as possible upon the trees, ready to drop off; I thought the gardener might have invited us to refresh ourselves with some of his fruit after our long fatigue. One part of the garden was decorated with statues, "images," as poor Mr. Gill used to call those at Racedown, dressed in gay painted clothes; and in a retired corner of the grounds, under some tall trees, appeared the figure of a favourite old gamekeeper of one of the former Dukes, in the attitude of pointing his gun at the game—"reported to be a striking likeness," said the gardener. Looking at some of the tall larches, with long hairy twigs, very beautiful trees, he told us that

they were among the first which had ever been planted in Scotland, that a Duke of Athol had brought a single larch from London in a pot, in his coach, from which had sprung the whole family that had overspread Scotland. This, probably, might not be accurate, for others might afterwards have come, or seed from other trees. He told us many anecdotes of the present Duke, which I wish I could perfectly remember. He is an indefatigable sportsman, hunts the wild deer on foot, attended by twelve Highlanders in the Highland dress, which he himself formerly used to wear; he will go out at four o'clock in the morning, and not return till night. His fine family, "Athol's honest men, and Athol's bonny lasses," to whom Burns, in his bumpers, drank health and long life, are dwindled away: of nine, I believe only four are left: the mother of them is dead in a consumption, and the Duke married again. We rested upon the heather seat which Burns was so loth to quit that moonlight evening when he first went to Blair Castle, and had a pleasure in thinking that he had been under the same shelter, and viewed the little waterfall opposite with some of the happy and pure feelings of his better mind. The castle has been modernized, which has spoiled its appearance. It is a large irregular pile, not handsome, but I think may have been picturesque, and even noble, before it was docked of its battlements and whitewashed.

The most interesting object we saw at Blair was the chapel, shaded by trees, in which the body of the impetuous Dundee lies buried. This quiet spot is seen from the windows of the inn, whence you look, at the same time, upon a high wall and a part of the town—a contrast which, I know not why, made the chapel and its grove appear more peaceful, as if kept so for some sacred purpose. We had a very nice breakfast, which we sauntered over after our weary walk.

Being come to the most northerly point of our destined course, we took out the map, loth to turn our

backs upon the Highlands, and, looking about for something which we might yet see, we fixed our eyes upon two or three spots not far distant, and sent for the landlord to consult with him. One of them was Loch Rannoch, a fresh-water lake, which he told us was bordered by a natural pine forest, that its banks were populous, and that the place being very remote, we might there see much of the simplicity of the Highlander's life. The landlord said that we must take a guide for the first nine or ten miles; but afterwards the road was plain before us, and very good, so at about ten o'clock we departed, having engaged a man to go with us. The Falls of Bruar, which we wished to visit for the sake of Burns, are about three miles from Blair, and our road was in the same direction for two miles.

After having gone for some time under a bare hill, we were told to leave the car at some cottages, and pass through a little gate near a brook which crossed the road. We walked upwards at least three quarters of a mile in the hot sun, with the stream on our right, both sides of which to a considerable height were planted with firs and larches intermingled—children of poor Burns's song; for his sake we wished that they had been the natural trees of Scotland, birches, ashes, mountain-ashes, etc.; however, sixty or seventy years hence they will be no unworthy monument to his memory. At present, nothing can be uglier than the whole chasm of the hill-side with its formal walks. I do not mean to condemn them, for, for aught I know, they are as well managed as they could be; but it is not easy to see the use of a pleasure-path leading to nothing, up a steep and naked hill in the midst of an unlovely tract of country, though by the side of a tumbling stream of clear water. It does not surely deserve the name of a pleasure-path. It is three miles from the Duke of Athol's house, and I do not believe that one person living within five miles of the place would wish to go twice to it. The falls are high, the rocks and stones fretted and gnawed by the water.

I do not wonder at the pleasure which Burns received from this stream; I believe we should have been much pleased if we had come upon it as he did. At the bottom of the hill we took up our car, and, turning back, joined the man who was to be our guide.

Crossed the Garry, and went along a moor without any road but straggling cart-tracks. Soon began to ascend a high hill, and the ground grew so rough—road there was none—that we were obliged to walk most of the way. Ascended to a considerable height, and commanded an extensive prospect bounded by lofty mountains, and having crossed the top of the fell we parted with our guide, being in sight of the vale into which we were to descend, and to pursue upwards till we should come to Loch Rannoch, a lake, as described to us, bedded in a forest of Scotch pines.

When left to ourselves we sate down on the hillside, and looked with delight into the deep vale below, which was exceedingly green, not regularly fenced or cultivated, but the level area scattered over with bushes and trees, and through that level ground glided a glassy river, not in serpentine windings, but in direct turnings backwards and forwards, and then flowed into the head of the Lake of Tummel; but I will copy a rough sketch which I made while we sate upon the hill, which, imperfect as it is, will give a better idea of the course of the river—which I must add is more curious than beautiful—than my description. The ground must be often overflowed in winter, for the water seemed to touch the very edge of its banks. At this time the scene was soft and cheerful, such as invited us downwards, and made us proud of our adventure. Coming near to a cluster of huts, we turned thither, a few steps out of our way, to inquire about the road; these huts were on the hill, placed side by side, in a figure between a square and a circle, as if for the sake of mutual shelter, like haystacks in a farmyard—no trees near them. We called at one of the doors, and three hale, stout men came out, who could speak very little

English, and stared at us with an almost savage look of wonder. One of them took much pains to set us forward, and went a considerable way down the hill till we came in sight of the cart road, which we were to follow; but we had not gone far before we were disheartened. It was with the greatest difficulty William could lead the horse and car over the rough stones, and to sit in it was impossible; the road grew worse and worse, therefore we resolved to turn back, having no reason to expect anything better, for we had been told that after we should leave the untracked ground all would be fair before us. We knew ourselves where we stood to be about eight miles distant from the point where the river Tummel, after having left the lake, joins the Garry at Fascally near the Pass of Killicrankie, therefore we resolved to make our way thither, and endeavour to procure a lodging at the same public-house where it had been refused to us the night before. The road was likely to be very bad; but, knowing the distance, we thought it more prudent than to venture farther with nothing before us but uncertainty. We were forced to unyoke the horse, and turn the car ourselves, owing to the steep banks on either side of the road, and after much trouble we got him in again, and set our faces down the vale towards Loch Tummel, William leading the car and I walking by his side.

For the first two or three miles we looked down upon the lake, our road being along the side of the hill directly above it. On the opposite side another range of hills rose up in the same manner, — farm-houses thinly scattered among the copses near the water, and cultivated ground in patches. The lake does not wind, nor are the shores much varied by bays,—the mountains not commanding; but the whole a pleasing scene. Our road took us out of sight of the water, and we were obliged to procure a guide across a high moor, where it was impossible that the horse should drag us at all, the ground being exceedingly rough and untracked: of

course fatiguing for foot-travellers, and on foot we must travel. After some time, the river Tummel again served us for a guide, when it had left the lake. It was no longer a gentle stream, a mirror to the sky, but we could hear it roaring at a considerable distance between steep banks of rock and wood. We had to cross the Garry by a bridge, a little above the junction of the two rivers; and were now not far from the public-house, to our great joy, for we were very weary with our laborious walk. I do not think that I had walked less than sixteen miles, and William much more, to which add the fatigue of leading the horse, and the rough roads, and you will not wonder that we longed for rest. We stopped at the door of the house, and William entered as before, and again the woman refused to lodge us, in a most inhuman manner, giving no other reason than that she would not do it. We pleaded for the poor horse, entreated, soothed, and flattered, but all in vain, though the night was cloudy and dark. We begged to sit by the fire till morning, and to this she would not consent; indeed, if it had not been for the sake of the horse, I would rather have lain in a barn than on the best of feather-beds in the house of such a cruel woman.

We were now, after our long day's journey, five miles from the inn at Blair, whither we, at first, thought of returning; but finally resolved to go to a public-house which we had seen in a village we passed through, about a mile above the ferry over the Tummel, having come from that point to Blair, for the sake of the Pass of Killicrankie and Blair itself, and had now the same road to measure back again. We were obliged to leave the Pass of Killicrankie unseen; but this disturbed us little at a time when we had seven miles to travel in the dark, with a poor beast almost sinking with fatigue, for he had not rested once all day. We went on spiritless, and at a dreary pace. Passed by one house which we were half inclined to go up to and ask for a night's lodging; and soon after, being greeted by a gentle voice from a poor

woman, whom, till she spoke, though we were close to her, we had not seen, we stopped, and asked if she could tell us where we might stay all night, and put up our horse. She mentioned the public-house left behind, and we told our tale, and asked her if she had no house to which she could take us. "Yes, to be sure she had a house, but it was only a small cottage"; and she had no place for the horse, and how we could lodge in her house she could not tell; but we should be welcome to whatever she had, so we turned the car, and she walked by the side of it, talking to us in a tone of human kindness which made us friends at once.

I remember thinking to myself, as I have often done in a stage-coach, though never with half the reason to prejudge favourably, What sort of countenance and figure shall we see in this woman when we come into the light? And indeed it was an interesting moment when, after we had entered her house, she blew the embers on the hearth, and lighted a candle to assist us in taking the luggage out of the car. Her husband presently arrived, and he and William took the horse to the public-house. The poor woman hung the kettle over the fire. We had tea and sugar of our own, and she set before us barley cakes, and milk which she had just brought in; I recollect she said she "had been west to fetch it." The Highlanders always direct you by east and west, north and south—very confusing to strangers. She told us that it was her business to "keep the gate" for Mr. ——, who lived at ——, just below,—that is, to receive messages, take in letters, etc. Her cottage stood by the side of the road leading to his house, within the gate, having, as we saw in the morning, a dressed-up porter's lodge outside; but within was nothing but the naked walls, unplastered, and floors of mud, as in the common huts. She said that they lived rent-free in return for their services; but spoke of her place and Mr. —— with little respect, hinting that he was very proud; and indeed her appearance, and subdued manners, and that

soft voice which had prepossessed us so much in her favour, seemed to belong to an injured and oppressed being. We talked a great deal with her, and gathered some interesting facts from her conversation, which I wish I had written down while they were fresh in my memory. They had only one child, yet seemed to be very poor, not discontented but languid, and willing to suffer rather than rouse to any effort. Though it was plain she despised and hated her master, and had no wish to conceal it, she hardly appeared to think it worth while to speak ill of him. We were obliged to sit up very late while our kind hostess was preparing our beds. William lay upon the floor on some hay, without sheets; my bed was of chaff; I had plenty of covering, and a pair of very nice strong clean sheets,—she said with some pride that she had good linen. I believe the sheets had been of her own spinning, perhaps when she was first married, or before, and she probably will keep them to the end of her life of poverty.

Thursday, September 8th.—Before breakfast we walked to the Pass of Killicrankie. A very fine scene; the river Garry forcing its way down a deep chasm between rocks, at the foot of high rugged hills covered with wood, to a great height. The Pass did not, however, impress us with awe, or a sensation of difficulty or danger, according to our expectations; but, the road being at a considerable height on the side of the hill, we at first only looked into the dell or chasm. It is much grander seen from below, near the river's bed. Everybody knows that this Pass is famous in military history. When we were travelling in Scotland an invasion was hourly looked for, and one could not but think with some regret of the times when from the now depopulated Highlands forty or fifty thousand men might have been poured down for the defence of the country, under such leaders as the Marquis of Montrose or the brave man who had so distinguished himself upon the ground where we were

standing. I will transcribe a sonnet suggested to William by this place, and written in October 1803:—

Six thousand Veterans practised in War's game,
Tried men, at Killicrankie were array'd
Against an equal host that wore the Plaid,
Shepherds and herdsmen. Like a whirlwind came
The Highlanders; the slaughter spread like flame,
And Garry, thundering down his mountain road,
Was stopp'd, and could not breathe beneath the load
Of the dead bodies. 'Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
Oh! for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave:
Like conquest might the men of England see,
And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

We turned back again, and going down the hill below the Pass, crossed the same bridge we had come over the night before, and walked through Lady Perth's grounds by the side of the Garry till we came to the Tummel, and then walked up to the cascade of the Tummel. The fall is inconsiderable, scarcely more than an ordinary "wear"; but it makes a loud roaring over large stones, and the whole scene is grand—hills, mountains, woods, and rocks. —— is a very pretty place, all but the house. Stoddart's print gives no notion of it. The house stands upon a small plain at the junction of the two rivers, a close deep spot, surrounded by high hills and woods. After we had breakfasted William fetched the car, and, while we were conveying the luggage to the outside of the gate, where it stood, Mr. ——, *mal apropos*, came very near to the door, called the woman out, and railed at her in the most abusive manner for "harbouring" people in that way. She soon slipped from him, and came back to us: I wished that William should go and speak to her master, for I was afraid that he might turn the poor woman away; but she would not suffer it, for she did not care whether they stayed or not. In the meantime, Mr. ——

continued scolding her husband; indeed, he appeared to be not only proud, but very ignorant, insolent, and low-bred. The woman told us that she had sometimes lodged poor travellers who were passing along the road, and permitted others to cook their victuals in her house, for which Mr. —— had reprimanded her before; but, as she said, she did not value her place, and it was no matter. In sounding forth the dispraise of Mr. ——, I ought not to omit mentioning that the poor woman had great delight in talking of the excellent qualities of his mother, with whom she had been a servant, and lived many years. After having interchanged good wishes we parted with our charitable hostess, who, telling us her name, entreated us, if ever we came that way again, to inquire for her.

We travelled down the Tummel till it is lost in the Tay, and then, in the same direction, continued our course along the vale of Tay, which is very wide for a considerable way, but gradually narrows, and the river, always a fine stream, assumes more dignity and importance. Two or three miles before we reached Dunkeld, we observed whole hill-sides, the property of the Duke of Athol, planted with fir-trees till they are lost among the rocks near the tops of the hills. In forty or fifty years these plantations will be very fine, being carried from hill to hill, and not bounded by a visible artificial fence.

Reached Dunkeld at about three o'clock. It is a pretty, small town, with a respectable and rather large ruined abbey, which is greatly injured by being made the nest of a modern Scotch kirk, with sash windows, —very incongruous with the noble antique tower,—a practice which we afterwards found is not uncommon in Scotland. Sent for the Duke's gardener after dinner, and walked with him into the pleasure-grounds, intending to go to the Falls of the Bran, a mountain stream which here joins the Tay. After walking some time on a shaven turf under the shade of old trees, by the side

of the Tay, we left the pleasure-grounds, and crossing the river by a ferry, went up a lane on the hill opposite till we came to a locked gate by the road-side, through which we entered into another part of the Duke's pleasure-grounds bordering on the Bran, the glen being for a considerable way—for aught I know, two miles—thridded by gravel walks. The walks are quaintly enough intersected, here and there by a baby garden of fine flowers among the rocks and stones. The waterfall, which we came to see, warned us by a loud roaring that we must expect it; we were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the gardener desired us to look at a painting of the figure of Ossian, which, while he was telling us the story of the young artist who performed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle, flying asunder as if by the touch of magic, and lo! we are at the entrance of a splendid room, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions—the great cascade, which was opposite to the window that faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls. We both laughed heartily, which, no doubt, the gardener considered as high commendation; for he was very eloquent in pointing out the beauties of the place.

We left the Bran, and pursued our walk through the plantations, where we readily forgave the Duke his little devices for their sakes. They are already no insignificant woods, where the trees happen to be oaks, birches, and others natural to the soil; and under their shade the walks are delightful. From one hill, through different openings under the trees, we looked up the vale of Tay to a great distance, a magnificent prospect at that time of the evening; woody and rich—corn, green fields, and cattle, the winding Tay, and distant mountains. Looked down the river to the town of Dunkeld, which lies low, under irregular hills, covered with wood to their rocky summits, and bounded by higher mountains, which are bare. The hill of Birnam, no longer Birnam

"wood," was pointed out to us. After a very long walk we parted from our guide when it was almost dark, and he promised to call on us in the morning to conduct us to the gardens.

Friday, September 9th.—According to appointment, the gardener came with his keys in his hand, and we attended him whithersoever he chose to lead, in spite of past experience at Blair. We had, however, no reason to repent, for we were repaid for the trouble of going through the large gardens by the apples and pears of which he gave us liberally, and the walks through the woods on that part of the grounds opposite to where we had been the night before were very delightful. The Duke's house is neither large nor grand, being just an ordinary gentleman's house, upon a green lawn, and whitewashed, I believe. The old abbey faces the house on the east side, and appears to stand upon the same green lawn, which, though close to the town, is entirely excluded from it by high walls and trees.

We had been undetermined respecting our future course when we came to Dunkeld, whether to go on directly to Perth and Edinburgh, or to make a circuit and revisit the Trossachs. We decided upon the latter plan, and accordingly after breakfast set forward towards Crieff, where we intended to sleep, and the next night at Callander. The first part of our road, after having crossed the ferry, was up the glen of the Bran. Looking backwards, we saw Dunkeld very pretty under the hills, and surrounded by rich cultivated ground, but we had not a good distant view of the abbey.

Left our car, and went about a hundred yards from the road to see the Rumbling Brig, which, though well worth our going out of the way even much further, disappointed us, as places in general do which we hear much spoken of as savage, tremendous, etc.,—and no wonder, for they are usually described by people to whom rocks are novelties. The gardener had told us

that we should pass through the most populous glen in Scotland, the glen of Amulree. It is not populous in the usual way, with scattered dwellings; but many clusters of houses, hamlets such as we had passed near the Tummel, which had a singular appearance, being like small encampments, were generally without trees, and in high situations—every house the same as its neighbour, whether for men or cattle. There was nothing else remarkable in the glen. We halted at a lonely inn at the foot of a steep barren moor, which we had to cross; then, after descending considerably, came to the narrow glen, which we had approached with no little curiosity, not having been able to procure any distinct description of it.

At Dunkeld, when we were hesitating what road to take, we wished to know whether that glen would be worth visiting, and accordingly put several questions to the waiter, and, among other epithets used in the course of interrogation, we stumbled upon the word "grand," to which he replied, "No, I do not think there are any gentlemen's seats in it." However, we drew enough from this describer and the gardener to determine us finally to go to Callander, the Narrow Glen being in the way.

Entered the glen at a small hamlet at some distance from the head, and turning aside a few steps, ascended a hillock which commanded a view to the top of it—a very sweet scene, a green valley, not very narrow, with a few scattered trees and huts, almost invisible in a misty gleam of afternoon light. At this hamlet we crossed a bridge, and the road led us down the glen, which had become exceedingly narrow, and so continued to the end: the hills on both sides heathy and rocky, very steep, but continuous; the rocks not single or overhanging, not scooped into caverns or sounding with torrents: there are no trees, no houses, no traces of cultivation, not one outstanding object. It is truly a solitude, the road even making it appear still more so: the bottom of

the valley is mostly smooth and level, the brook not noisy: everything is simple and undisturbed, and while we passed through it the whole place was shady, cool, clear, and solemn. At the end of the long valley we ascended a hill to a great height, and reached the top, when the sun, on the point of setting, shed a soft yellow light upon every eminence. The prospect was very extensive; over hollows and plains, no towns, and few houses visible—a prospect, extensive as it was, in harmony with the secluded dell, and fixing its own peculiar character of removedness from the world, and the secure possession of the quiet of nature more deeply in our minds. The following poem was written by William on hearing of a tradition relating to it, which we did not know when we were there:—

In this still place remote from men
Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen,
In this still place where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one.
He sung of battles and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death,
And should, methinks, when all was pass'd,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heap'd, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled,
In some complaining, dim retreat
Where fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the bard sleep here indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it? I blame them not
Whose fancy in this lonely spot
Was moved, and in this way express'd
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell
Would break the silence of this Dell;
It is not quiet, is not ease,

But something deeper far than these;
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
And happy feelings of the dead:
And therefore was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race,
Lies buried in this lonely place.

Having descended into a broad cultivated vale, we saw nothing remarkable. Observed a gentleman's house,[1] which stood pleasantly among trees. It was dark some time before we reached Crieff, a small town, though larger than Dunkeld.

Saturday, September 10th.—Rose early, and departed without breakfast. We were to pass through one of the most celebrated vales of Scotland, Strath Erne. We found it a wide, long, and irregular vale, with many gentlemen's seats under the hills, woods, copses, frequent cottages, plantations, and much cultivation, yet with an intermixture of barren ground; indeed, except at Killin and Dunkeld, there was always something which seemed to take from the composure and simplicity of the cultivated scenes. There is a struggle to overcome the natural barrenness, and the end not attained, an appearance of something doing or imperfectly done, a passing with labour from one state of society into another. When you look from an eminence on the fields of Grasmere Vale, the heart is satisfied with a simple undisturbed pleasure, and no less, on one of the green or heathy dells of Scotland, where there is no appearance of change to be, or having been, but such as the seasons make. Strath Erne is so extensive a vale that, had it been in England, there must have been much inequality, as in Wensley Dale; but at Wensley there is a unity, a softness, a melting together, which in the large vales of Scotland I never perceived. The difference at Strath

[1] Monzie probably.—J. C. S.

Erne may come partly from the irregularity, the undefined outline, of the hills which enclose it; but it is caused still more by the broken surface, I mean broken as to colour and produce, the want of hedgerows, and also the great number of new fir plantations. After some miles it becomes much narrower as we approach nearer the mountains at the foot of the lake of the same name, Loch Erne.

Breakfasted at a small public-house, a wretchedly dirty cottage, but the people were civil, and though we had nothing but barley cakes we made a good breakfast, for there were plenty of eggs. Walked up a high hill to view the seat of Mr. Dundas, now Lord Melville—a spot where, if he have gathered much wisdom from his late disgrace or his long intercourse with the world, he may spend his days as quietly as he need desire. It is a secluded valley, not rich, but with plenty of wood: there are many pretty paths through the woods, and moss huts in different parts. After leaving the cottage where we breakfasted the country was very pleasing, yet still with a want of richness; but this was less perceived, being huddled up in charcoal woods, and the vale narrow. Loch Erne opens out in a very pleasing manner, seen from a hill along which the road is carried through a wood of low trees; but it does not improve afterwards, lying directly from east to west without any perceivable bendings: and the shores are not much broken or varied, not populous, and the mountains not sufficiently commanding to make up for the deficiencies. Dined at the head of the lake. I scarcely know its length, but should think not less than four or five miles, and it is wide in proportion. The inn is in a small village—a decent house.

Walked about half a mile along the road to Tyndrum, which is through a bare glen,[1] and over a mountain pass. It rained when we pursued our journey again, and con-

[1] Glen Ogle.—J. C. S.

tinued to rain for several hours. The road which we were to take was up another glen, down which came a stream that fell into the lake on the opposite side at the head of it, so, after having crossed the main vale, a little above the lake, we entered into the smaller glen. The road delightfully smooth and dry—one gentleman's house very pleasant among large coppice woods. After going perhaps three miles up this valley, we turned to the left into another, which seemed to be much more beautiful. It was a level valley, not—like that which we had passed—a wide sloping cleft between the hills, but having a quiet, slow-paced stream, which flowed through level green grounds tufted with trees intermingled with cottages. The tops of the hills were hidden by mists, and the objects in the valley seen through misty rain, which made them look exceedingly soft, and indeed partly concealed them, and we always fill up what we are left to guess at with something as beautiful as what we see. This valley seemed to have less of the appearance of barrenness or imperfect cultivation than any of the same character we had passed through; indeed, we could not discern any traces of it. It is called Strath Eyer. "Strath" is generally applied to a broad vale; but this, though open, is not broad.

We next came to a lake, called Loch Lubnaig, a name which signifies "winding." In shape it somewhat resembles Ulswater, but is much narrower and shorter, being only four miles in length. The character of this lake is simple and grand. On the side opposite to where we were is a range of steep craggy mountains, one of which—like Place Fell—encroaching upon the bed of the lake, forces it to make a considerable bending. I have forgotten the name of this precipice: it is a very remarkable one, being almost perpendicular, and very rugged.

We, on the other side, travelled under steep and rocky hills which were often covered with low woods to a considerable height; there were one or two farm-

houses, and a few cottages. A neat white dwelling[1] on the side of the hill over against the bold steep of which I have spoken, had been the residence of the famous traveller Bruce, who, all his travels ended, had arranged the history of them in that solitude—as deep as any Abyssinian one—among the mountains of his native country, where he passed several years. Whether he died there or not we did not learn; but the manner of his death was remarkable and affecting,—from a fall down-stairs in his own house, after so many dangers through which fortitude and courage had never failed to sustain him. The house stands sweetly, surrounded by coppice-woods and green fields. On the other side, I believe, were no houses till we came near to the outlet, where a few low huts looked very beautiful, with their dark brown roofs, near a stream which hurried down the mountain, and after its turbulent course travelled a short way over a level green, and was lost in the lake.

Within a few miles of Callander we come into a grand region; the mountains to a considerable height were covered with wood, enclosing us in a narrow passage, the stream on our right, generally concealed by wood, made a loud roaring; at one place, in particular, it fell down the rocks in a succession of cascades. The scene is much celebrated in Scotland, and is called the Pass of Leny. It was nearly dark when we reached Callander. We were wet and cold, and glad of a good fire. The inn was comfortable; we drank tea; and after tea the waiter presented us with a pamphlet descriptive of the neighbourhood of Callander, which we brought away with us, and I am very sorry I lost it.

[1] Ardhullary.—J. C. S.

FIFTH WEEK

Sunday, September 11th.—Immediately after breakfast, the morning being fine, we set off with cheerful spirits towards the Trossachs, intending to take up our lodging at the house of our old friend the ferryman. A boy accompanied us to convey the horse and car back to Callander from the head of Loch Achray. The country near Callander is very pleasing; but, as almost everywhere else, imperfectly cultivated. We went up a broad vale, through which runs the stream from Loch Ketterine, and came to Loch Vennachar, a larger lake than Loch Achray, the small one which had given us such unexpected delight when we left the Pass of the Trossachs. Loch Vennachar is much larger, but greatly inferior in beauty to the image which we had conceived of its neighbour, and so the reality proved to us when we came up to that little lake, and saw it before us in its true shape in the cheerful sunshine. The Trossachs, overtopped by Benledi and other high mountains, enclose the lake at the head; and those houses which we had seen before, with their corn fields sloping towards the water, stood very prettily under low woods. The fields did not appear so rich as when we had seen them through the veil of mist; but yet, as in framing our expectations we had allowed for a much greater difference, so we were even a second time surprised with pleasure at the same spot.

Went as far as these houses of which I have spoken, in the car, and then walked on, intending to pursue the road up the side of Loch Ketterine along which Coleridge had come; but we had resolved to spend some hours in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs, and accordingly coasted the head of Loch Achray, and pursued the brook between the two lakes as far as there was any track. Here we found, to our surprise—for we had expected nothing but heath and rocks like the rest of the neigh-

bourhood of the Trossachs—a secluded farm, a plot of verdant ground with a single cottage and its company of out-houses. We turned back, and went to the very point from which we had first looked upon Loch Achray when we were here with Coleridge. It was no longer a visionary scene: the sun shone into every crevice of the hills, and the mountain-tops were clear. After some time we went into the pass from the Trossachs, and were delighted to behold the forms of objects fully revealed, and even surpassing in loveliness and variety what we had conceived. The mountains, I think, appeared not so high; but on the whole we had not the smallest disappointment; the heather was fading, though still beautiful.

Sate for half-an-hour in Lady Perth's shed, and scrambled over the rocks and through the thickets at the head of the lake. I went till I could make my way no further, and left William to go to the top of the hill, whence he had a distinct view, as on a map, of the intricacies of the lake and the course of the river. Returned to the huts, and, after having taken a second dinner of the food we had brought from Callander, set our faces towards the head of Loch Ketterine. I can add nothing to my former description of the Trossachs, except that we departed with our old delightful remembrances endeared, and many new ones. The path or road—for it was neither the one nor the other, but something between both—is the pleasantest I have ever travelled in my life for the same length of way,—now with marks of sledges or wheels, or none at all, bare or green, as it might happen; now a little descent, now a level; sometimes a shady lane, at others an open track through green pastures; then again it would lead us into thick coppice-woods, which often entirely shut out the lake, and again admitted it by glimpses. We have never had a more delightful walk than this evening. Ben Lomond and the three pointed-topped mountains of Loch Lomond, which we had seen from the Garrison, were very

majestic under the clear sky, the lake perfectly calm, the air sweet and mild. I felt that it was much more interesting to visit a place where we have been before than it can possibly be the first time, except under peculiar circumstances. The sun had been set for some time, when, being within a quarter of a mile of the ferryman's hut, our path having led us close to the shore of the calm lake, we met two neatly dressed women, without hats, who had probably been taking their Sunday evening's walk. One of them said to us in a friendly, soft tone of voice, "What! you are stepping westward?" I cannot describe how affecting this simple expression was in that remote place, with the western sky in front, yet glowing with the departed sun. William wrote the following poem long after, in remembrance of his feelings and mine:—

"What! you are stepping westward?" Yea,
'Twould be a wildish destiny
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold,
Behind all gloomy to behold,
And stepping westward seem'd to be
A kind of heavenly destiny;
I liked the greeting, 'twas a sound
Of something without place or bound;
And seem'd to give me spiritual right
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft; and she who spake
Was walking by her native Lake;
The salutation was to me
The very sound of courtesy;
Its power was felt, and while my eye
Was fix'd upon the glowing sky,

The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

We went up to the door of our boatman's hut as to a home, and scarcely less confident of a cordial welcome than if we had been approaching our own cottage at Grasmere. It had been a very pleasing thought, while we were walking by the side of the beautiful lake, that, few hours as we had been there, there was a home for us in one of its quiet dwellings. Accordingly, so we found it; the good woman, who had been at a preaching by the lake-side, was in her holiday dress at the door, and seemed to be rejoiced at the sight of us. She led us into the hut in haste to supply our wants; we took once more a refreshing meal by her fireside, and, though not so merry as the last time, we were not less happy, bating our regrets that Coleridge was not in his old place. I slept in the same bed as before, and listened to the household stream, which now only made a very low murmuring.

Monday, September 12th.—Rejoiced in the morning to see the sun shining upon the hills when I first looked out through the open window-place at my bed's head. We rose early, and after breakfast, our old companion, who was to be our guide for the day, rowed us over the water to the same point where Coleridge and I had sate down and eaten our dinner, while William had gone to survey the unknown coast. We intended to cross Loch Lomond, follow the lake to Glenfalloch, above the head of it, and then come over the mountains to Glengyle, and so down the glen, and passing Mr. Macfarlane's house, back again to the ferry-house, where we should sleep. So, a third time we went through the mountain hollow, now familiar ground. The inhabitants had not yet got in all their hay, and were at work in the fields; our guide often stopped to talk with them, and no doubt

was called upon to answer many inquiries respecting us two strangers.

At the ferry-house of Inversneyde we had not the happy sight of the Highland girl and her companion, but the good woman received us cordially, gave me milk, and talked of Coleridge, who, the morning after we parted from him, had been at her house to fetch his watch, which he had forgotten two days before. He has since told me that he questioned her respecting the miserable condition of her hut, which, as you may remember, admitted the rain at the door, and retained it in the hollows of the mud floor: he told her how easy it would be to remove these inconveniences, and to contrive something, at least, to prevent the wind from entering at the window-places, if not a glass window for light and warmth by day. She replied that this was very true, but if they made any improvements the laird would conclude that they were growing rich, and would raise their rent.

The ferryman happened to be just ready at the moment to go over the lake with a poor man, his wife and child. The little girl, about three years old, cried all the way, terrified by the water. When we parted from this family, they going down the lake, and we up it, I could not but think of the difference in our condition to that poor woman, who, with her husband, had been driven from her home by want of work, and was now going a long journey to seek it elsewhere: every step was painful toil, for she had either her child to bear or a heavy burthen. *I* walked as she did, but pleasure was my object, and if toil came along with it, even *that* was pleasure,—pleasure, at least, it would be in the remembrance.

We were, I believe, nine miles from Glenfalloch when we left the boat. To us, with minds at ease, the walk was delightful; it could not be otherwise, for we passed by a continual succession of rocks, woods, and mountains; but the houses were few, and the ground cultivated only in small portions near the water, consequently there was not that sort of variety which leaves distinct separate

remembrances, but one impression of solitude and greatness. While the Highlander and I were plodding on together side by side, interspersing long silences with now and then a question or a remark, looking down to the lake he espied two small rocky islands, and pointing to them, said to me, "It will be gay[1] and dangerous sailing there in stormy weather when the water is high." In giving my assent I could not help smiling, but I afterwards found that a like combination of words is not uncommon in Scotland, for, at Edinburgh, William being afraid of rain, asked the ostler what he thought, who, looking up to the sky, pronounced it to be "gay and dull," and therefore rain might be expected. The most remarkable object we saw was a huge single stone, I believe three or four times the size of Bowder Stone. The top of it, which on one side was sloping like the roof of a house, was covered with heather. William climbed up the rock, which would have been no easy task but to a mountaineer, and we constructed a rope of pocket-handkerchiefs, garters, plaids, coats, etc., and measured its height. It was *so* many times the length of William's walking-stick, but, unfortunately, having lost the stick, we have lost the measure. The ferryman told us that a preaching was held there once in three months by a certain minister—I think of Arrochar —who engages, as a part of his office, to perform the service. The interesting feelings we had connected with the Highland Sabbath and Highland worship returned here with double force. The rock, though on one side a high perpendicular wall, in no place overhung so as to form a shelter, in no place could it be more than a screen from the elements. Why then had it been selected for such a purpose? Was it merely from being a central situation and a conspicuous object? Or did there belong to it some inheritance of superstí-

[1] This is none other than the well-known Scottish word "*gey*,"—indifferently, tolerable, considerable.—J. C. S.

tion from old times? It is impossible to look at the stone without asking, How came it hither? Had then that obscurity and unaccountableness, that mystery of power which is about it, any influence over the first persons who resorted hither for worship? Or have they now on those who continue to frequent it? The lake is in front of the perpendicular wall, and behind, at some distance, and totally detached from it, is the continuation of the ridge of mountains which forms the vale of Loch Lomond—a magnificent temple, of which this spot is a noble Sanctum Sanctorum.

We arrived at Glenfalloch at about one or two o'clock. It is no village; there being only scattered huts in the glen, which may be four miles long, according to my remembrance: the middle of it is very green, and level, and tufted with trees. Higher up, where the glen parts into two very narrow ones, is the house of the laird; I daresay a pretty place. The view from the door of the public-house is exceedingly beautiful; the river flows smoothly into the lake, and the fields were at that time as green as possible. Looking backward, Ben Lomond very majestically shuts in the view. The top of the mountain, as seen here, being of a pyramidal form, it is much grander than with the broken outline, and stage above stage, as seen from the neighbourhood of Luss. We found nobody at home at the inn, but the ferryman shouted, wishing to have a glass of whisky, and a young woman came from the hay-field, dressed in a white bed-gown, without hat or cap. There was no whisky in the house, so he begged a little whey to drink with the fragments of our cold meat brought from Callander. After a short rest in a cool parlour we set forward again, having to cross the river and climb up a steep mountain on the opposite side of the valley. I observed that the people were busy bringing in the hay before it was dry into a sort of "fauld" or yard, where they intended to leave it, ready to be gathered into the house with the first threatening of rain. and if not com-

pletely dry brought out again. Our guide bore me in his arms over the stream, and we soon came to the foot of the mountain. The most easy rising, for a short way at first, was near a naked rivulet which made a fine cascade in one place. Afterwards, the ascent was very laborious, being frequently almost perpendicular.

It is one of those moments which I shall not easily forget, when at that point from which a step or two would have carried us out of sight of the green fields of Glenfalloch, being at a great height on the mountain, we sate down, and heard, as if from the heart of the earth, the sound of torrents ascending out of the long hollow glen. To the eye all was motionless, a perfect stillness. The noise of waters did not appear to come this way or that, from any particular quarter: it was everywhere, almost, one might say, as if "exhaled" through the whole surface of the green earth. Glenfalloch, Coleridge has since told me, signifies the Hidden Vale; but William says, if we were to name it from our recollections of that time, we should call it the Vale of Awful Sound. We continued to climb higher and higher; but the hill was no longer steep, and afterwards we pursued our way along the top of it with many small ups and downs. The walk was very laborious after the climbing was over, being often exceedingly stony, or through swampy moss, rushes, or rough heather. As we proceeded, continuing our way at the top of the mountain, encircled by higher mountains at a great distance, we were passing, without notice, a heap of scattered stones round which was a belt of green grass —green, and as it seemed rich, where all else was either poor heather and coarse grass, or unprofitable rushes and spongy moss. The Highlander made a pause, saying, "This place is much changed since I was here twenty years ago." He told us that the heap of stones had been a hut where a family was then living, who had their winter habitation in the valley, and brought their goats thither in the summer to feed on the mountains,

and that they were used to gather them together at night and morning to be milked close to the door, which was the reason why the grass was yet so green near the stones. It was affecting in that solitude to meet with this memorial of manners passed away; we looked about for some other traces of humanity, but nothing else could we find in that place. We ourselves afterwards espied another of those ruins, much more extensive—the remains, as the man told us, of several dwellings. We were astonished at the sagacity with which our Highlander discovered the track, where often no track was visible to us, and scarcely even when he pointed it out. It reminded us of what we read of the Hottentots and other savages. He went on as confidently as if it had been a turnpike road—the more surprising, as when he was there before it must have been a plain track, for he told us that fishermen from Arrochar carried herrings regularly over the mountains by that way to Loch Ketterine when the glens were much more populous than now.

Descended into Glengyle, above Loch Ketterine, and passed through Mr. Macfarlane's grounds, that is, through the whole of the glen, where there was now no house left but his. We stopped at his door to inquire after the family, though with little hope of finding them at home, having seen a large company at work in a hay field, whom we conjectured to be his whole household—as it proved, except a servant-maid, who answered our inquiries. We had sent the ferryman forward from the head of the glen to bring the boat round from the place where he left it to the other side of the lake. Passed the same farm-house we had such good reason to remember, and went up to the burying-ground that stood so sweetly near the water-side. The ferryman had told us that Rob Roy's grave was there, so we could not pass on without going up to the spot. There were several tomb-stones, but the inscriptions were either worn-out or unintelligible to us, and the place choked up with nettles

and brambles. You will remember the description I have given of the spot. I have nothing here to add, except the following poem[1] which it suggested to William :—

A famous Man is Robin Hood,
The English Ballad-singer's joy,
And Scotland boasts of one as good,
She has her own Rob Roy !

Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
And let us chaunt a passing stave
In honour of that Outlaw brave.

Heaven gave Rob Roy a daring heart
And wondrous length and strength of arm,
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet Robin was as wise as brave,
As wise in thought as bold in deed,
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves:
They stir us up against our kind,
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion; make a law,
Too false to guide us or control:
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And puzzled, blinded thus, we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few:
These find I graven on my heart:
That tells me what to do.

"The Creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind !
With them no strife can last; they live
In peace, and peace of mind.

[1] See *Rob Roy's Grave*, in "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 403.—ED.

"For why? Because the good old rule
Suffices them, the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson which is quickly learn'd,
A signal this which all can see!
Thus nothing here provokes the strong
To tyrannous cruelty.

"And freakishness of mind is check'd;
He tamed who foolishly aspires,
While to the measure of their might
All fashion their desires.

"All kinds and creatures stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit,
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,
And who is to submit.

"Since then," said Robin, "right is plain,
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among these rocks he lived
Through summer's heat and winter's snow;
The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—would at least have been
But through untowardness of fate;
For polity was then too strong:
He came an age too late.

Or shall we say an age too soon?
For were the bold man living now,
How might he flourish in his pride
With buds on every bough?

Then Rents and Land-marks, Rights of chase,
Sheriffs and Factors, Lairds and Thanes,
Would all have seem'd but paltry things
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never linger'd here,
To these few meagre vales confined,
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind.

And to his Sword he would have said,
" Do thou my sovereign will enact
From land to land through half the earth ;
Judge thou of law and fact.

" 'Tis fit that we should do our part ;
Becoming that mankind should learn
That we are not to be surpass'd
In fatherly concern.

" Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough ;
I'll shew that I can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

" I, too, will have my Kings that take
From me the sign of life and death,
Kingdoms shall shift about like clouds
Obedient to my breath."

And if the word had been fulfil'd
As might have been, then, thought of joy !
France would have had her present Boast,
And we our brave Rob Roy.

Oh ! say not so, compare them not ;
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave !
Would wrong thee nowhere ; least of all
Here, standing by thy Grave.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts
Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan,
Hadst this to boast of—thou didst love
The Liberty of Man.

And had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou wouldst have nobly stirr'd thyself,
And battled for the right.

For Robin was the poor man's stay;
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand,
And all the oppress'd who wanted strength
Had Robin's to command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's Braes.

And far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
Kindling with instantaneous joy
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

Soon after we saw our boat coming over the calm water. It was late in the evening, and I was stiff and weary, as well I might, after such a long and toilsome walk, so it was no poor gratification to sit down and be conscious of advancing in our journey without further labour. The stars were beginning to appear, but the brightness of the west was not yet gone;—the lake perfectly still, and when we first went into the boat we rowed almost close to the shore under steep crags hung with birches: it was like a new-discovered country of which we had not dreamed, for in walking down the lake, owing to the road in that part being carried at a considerable height on the hill-side, the rocks and the indentings of the shore had been hidden from us. At this time, those rocks and their images in the calm water composed one mass, the surfaces of both equally distinct, except where the water trembled with the motion of our boat. Having rowed a while under the bold steeps, we launched out further when the shores were no longer abrupt. We hardly spoke to each other as we moved along receding from the west, which diffused a solemn animation over the lake. The sky was cloudless: and everything seemed at rest except our solitary boat, and the mountain-streams,—seldom heard, and but faintly. I think I have rarely experienced a more elevated

pleasure than during our short voyage of this night. The good woman had long been looking out for us, and had prepared everything for our refreshment; and as soon as we had finished supper, or rather tea, we went to bed. William, I doubt not, rested well, and, for my part, I slept as soundly on my chaff bed as ever I have done in childhood after the long day's playing of a summer's holiday.

Tuesday, 13th September.—Again a fine morning. I strolled into the green field in which the house stands while the woman was preparing breakfast, and at my return found one of her neighbours sitting by the fire, a feeble paralytic old woman. After having inquired concerning our journey the day before, she said, "I have travelled far in my time," and told me she had married an English soldier who had been stationed at the Garrison; they had had many children, who were all dead or in foreign countries; and she had returned to her native place, where now she had lived several years, and was more comfortable than she could ever have expected to be, being very kindly dealt with by all her neighbours. Pointing to the ferryman and his wife, she said they were accustomed to give her a day of their labour in digging peats, in common with others, and in that manner she was provided with fuel, and, by like voluntary contributions, with other necessaries. While this infirm old woman was relating her story in a tremulous voice, I could not but think of the changes of things, and the days of her youth, when the shrill fife, sounding from the walls of the Garrison, made a merry noise through the echoing hills. I asked myself, if she were to be carried again to the deserted spot after her course of life, no doubt a troublesome one, would the silence appear to her the silence of desolation or of peace?

After breakfast we took a final leave of our hostess, and, attended by her husband, again set forward on foot. My limbs were a little stiff, but the morning being uncommonly fine I did not fear to aim at the accomplish-

ment of a plan we had laid of returning to Callander by a considerable circuit. We were to go over the mountains from Loch Ketterine, a little below the ferry-house on the same side of the water, descending to Loch Voil, a lake from which issues the stream that flows through Strath Eyer into Loch Lubnaig. Our road, as is generally the case in passing from one vale into another, was through a settling between the hills, not far from a small stream. We had to climb considerably, the mountain being much higher than it appears to be, owing to its retreating in what looks like a gradual slope from the lake, though we found it steep enough in the climbing. Our guide had been born near Loch Voil, and he told us that at the head of the lake, if we would look about for it, we should see the burying-place of a part of his family, the MacGregors, a clan who had long possessed that district, a circumstance which he related with no unworthy pride of ancestry. We shook hands with him at parting, not without a hope of again entering his hut in company with others whom we loved.

Continued to walk for some time along the top of the hill, having the high mountains of Loch Voil before us, and Ben Lomond and the steeps of Loch Ketterine behind. Came to several deserted mountain huts or shiels, and rested for some time beside one of them, upon a hillock of its green plot of monumental herbage. William here conceived the notion of writing an ode upon the affecting subject of those relics of human society found in that grand and solitary region. The spot of ground where we sate was even beautiful, the grass being uncommonly verdant, and of a remarkably soft and silky texture.

After this we rested no more till we came to the foot of the mountain, where there was a cottage, at the door of which a woman invited me to drink some whey: this I did, while William went to inquire respecting the road at a new stone house a few steps further. He was told to cross the brook, and proceed to the other side of the

vale, and that no further directions were necessary, for we should find ourselves at the head of the lake, and on a plain road which would lead us downward. We waded the river and crossed the vale, perhaps half a mile or more. The mountains all round are very high; the vale pastoral and unenclosed, not many dwellings, and but few trees; the mountains in general smooth near the bottom. They are in large unbroken masses, combining with the vale to give an impression of bold simplicity.

Near the head of the lake, at some distance from us, we discovered the burial-place of the MacGregors, and did not view it without some interest, with its ornamental balls on the four corners of the wall, which, I daresay, have been often looked at with elevation of heart by our honest friend of Loch Ketterine. The lake is divided right across by a narrow slip of flat land, making a small lake at the head of the large one. The whole may be about five miles long.

As we descended, the scene became more fertile, our way being pleasantly varied—through coppices or open fields, and passing farm-houses, though always with an intermixture of uncultivated ground. It was harvest-time, and the fields were quietly—might I be allowed to say pensively?—enlivened by small companies of reapers. It is not uncommon in the more lonely parts of the Highlands to see a single person so employed. The following poem was suggested to William by a beautiful sentence in Thomas Wilkinson's *Tour in Scotland:* [1]

> Behold her single in the field,
> Yon solitary Highland Lass,
> Reaping and singing by herself—
> Stop here, or gently pass.
> Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
> And sings a melancholy strain.
> Oh! listen, for the Vale profound
> Is overflowing with the sound.

[1] See *The Solitary Reaper*, in "Poetical Works," vol. ii. p. 397, with note appended.—ED.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian Sands;
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago;—
Or is it some more humble lay—
Familiar matter of to-day—
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sung
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listen'd till I had my fill,
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

Towards the foot of the lake, on the opposite side, which was more barren than that on which we travelled, was a bare road up a steep hill, which leads to Glen Finlas, formerly a royal forest. It is a wild and rocky glen, as we had been told by a person who directed our notice to its outlet at Loch Achray. The stream which passes through it falls into that lake near the head. At the end of Loch Voil the vale is wide and populous—large pastures with many cattle, large tracts of corn. We walked downwards a little way, and then crossed over to the same road along which we had travelled from Loch Erne to Callander, being once again at the entrance of Strath Eyer. It might be about four or five o'clock in the afternoon; we were ten miles from Callander, exceedingly tired, and wished heartily for the

poor horse and car. Walked up Strath Eyer, and saw in clear air and sunshine what had been concealed from us when we travelled before in the mist and rain. We found it less woody and rich than it had appeared to be, but, with all deductions, a very sweet valley.

Not far from Loch Lubnaig, though not in view of it, is a long village, with two or three public-houses, and being in despair of reaching Callander that night without over-fatigue we resolved to stop at the most respectable-looking house, and, should it not prove wretched indeed, to lodge there if there were beds for us: at any rate it was necessary to take some refreshment. The woman of the house spoke with gentleness and civility, and had a good countenance, which reconciled me to stay, though I had been averse to the scheme, dreading the dirt usual in Scotch public-houses by the way-side. She said she had beds for us, and clean sheets, and we desired her to prepare them immediately. It was a two-storied house, light built, though in other respects no better than the huts, and—as all the slated cottages are —much more uncomfortable in appearance, except that there was a chimney in the kitchen. At such places it is fit that travellers should make up their minds to wait at least an hour longer than the time necessary to prepare whatever meal they may have ordered, which we, I may truly say, did with most temperate philosophy. I went to talk with the mistress, who was baking barley cakes, which she wrought out with her hands as thin as the oaten bread we make in Cumberland. I asked her why she did not use a rolling-pin, and if it would not be much more convenient, to which she returned me no distinct answer, and seemed to give little attention to the question: she did not know, or that was what they were used to, or something of the sort. It was a tedious process, and I thought could scarcely have been managed if the cakes had been as large as ours; but they are considerably smaller, which is a great loss of time in the baking.

This woman, whose common language was the Gaelic, talked with me a very good English, asking many questions, yet without the least appearance of an obtrusive or impertinent curiosity; and indeed I must say that I never, in those women with whom I conversed, observed anything on which I could put such a construction. They seemed to have a faith ready for all; and as a child when you are telling him stories, asks for "more, more," so they appeared to delight in being amused without effort of their own minds. Among other questions she asked me the old one over again, if I was married; and when I told her that I was not, she appeared surprised, and, as if recollecting herself, said to me, with a pious seriousness and perfect simplicity, "To be sure, there is a great promise for virgins in Heaven"; and then she began to tell how long she had been married, that she had had a large family and much sickness and sorrow, having lost several of her children. We had clean sheets and decent beds.

Wednesday, September 14th. — Rose early, and departed before breakfast. The morning was dry, but cold. Travelled as before, along the shores of Loch Lubnaig, and along the pass of the roaring stream of Leny, and reached Callander at a little past eight o'clock. After breakfast set off towards Stirling, intending to sleep there; the distance eighteen miles. We were now entering upon a populous and more cultivated country, having left the mountains behind, therefore I shall have little to tell; for what is most interesting in such a country is not to be seen in passing through it as we did. Half way between Callander and Stirling is the village of Doune, and a little further on we crossed a bridge over a pleasant river, the Teith. Above the river stands a ruined castle of considerable size, upon a woody bank. We wished to have had time to go up to the ruin. Long before we reached the town of Stirling, saw the Castle, single, on its stately and commanding emin-

ence. The rock or hill rises from a level plain; the print in Stoddart's book does indeed give a good notion of its form. The surrounding plain appears to be of a rich soil, well cultivated. The crops of ripe corn were abundant. We found the town quite full; not a vacant room in the inn, it being the time of the assizes: there was no lodging for us, and hardly even the possibility of getting anything to eat in a bye-nook of the house. Walked up to the Castle. The prospect from it is very extensive, and must be exceedingly grand on a fine evening or morning, with the light of the setting or rising sun on the distant mountains, but we saw it at an unfavourable time of day, the mid-afternoon, and were not favoured by light and shade. The Forth makes most intricate and curious turnings, so that it is difficult to trace them, even when you are overlooking the whole. It flows through a perfect level, and in one place cuts its way in the form of a large figure of eight. Stirling is the largest town we had seen in Scotland, except Glasgow. It is an old irregular place; the streets towards the Castle on one side very steep. On the other, the hill or rock rises from the fields. The architecture of a part of the Castle is very fine, and the whole building in good repair: some parts indeed, are modern. At Stirling we bought Burns's Poems in one volume, for two shillings. Went on to Falkirk, ten or eleven miles. I do not recollect anything remarkable after we were out of sight of Stirling Castle, except the Carron Ironworks, seen at a distance;—the sky above them was red with a fiery light. In passing through a turnpike gate we were greeted by a Highland drover, who, with many others, was coming from a fair at Falkirk, the road being covered all along with horsemen and cattle. He spoke as if we had been well known to him, asking us how we had fared on our journey. We were at a loss to conceive why he should interest himself about us, till he said he had passed us on the Black Mountain, near King's House. It was pleasant to observe the effect of solitary

places in making men friends, and to see so much kindness, which had been produced in such a chance encounter, retained in a crowd. No beds in the inns at Falkirk—every room taken up by the people come to the fair. Lodged in a private house, a neat clean place —kind treatment from the old man and his daughter.

Thursday, September 15th.—Breakfasted at Linlithgow, a small town. The house is yet shown from which the Regent Murray was shot. The remains of a royal palace, where Queen Mary was born, are of considerable extent; the banks of gardens and fish-ponds may yet be distinctly traced, though the whole surface is transformed into smooth pasturage where cattle graze. The castle stands upon a gentle eminence, the prospect not particularly pleasing, though not otherwise; it is bare and wide. The shell of a small ancient church is standing, into which are crammed modern pews, galleries, and pulpit—very ugly, and discordant with the exterior. Nothing very interesting till we came to Edinburgh. Dined by the way at a small town or village upon a hill, the back part of the houses on one side overlooking an extensive prospect over flat corn fields. I mention this for the sake of a pleasant hour we passed sitting on the bank, where we read some of Burns's poems in the volume which we had bought at Stirling.

Arrived at Edinburgh a little before sunset. As we approached, the Castle rock resembled that of Stirling—in the same manner appearing to rise from a plain of cultivated ground, the Firth of Forth being on the other side, and not visible. Drove to the White Hart in the Grassmarket, an inn which had been mentioned to us, and which we conjectured would better suit us than one in a more fashionable part of the town. It was not noisy, and tolerably cheap. Drank tea, and walked up to the Castle, which luckily was very near. Much of the daylight was gone, so that except it had

been a clear evening, which it was not, we could not have seen the distant prospect.

Friday, September 16th.—The sky the evening before, as you may remember the ostler told us, had been "gay and dull," and this morning it was downright dismal: very dark, and promising nothing but a wet day, and before breakfast was over the rain began, though not heavily. We set out upon our walk, and went through many streets to Holyrood House, and thence to the hill called Arthur's Seat, a high hill, very rocky at the top, and below covered with smooth turf, on which sheep were feeding. We climbed up till we came to St. Anthony's Well and Chapel, as it is called, but it is more like a hermitage than a chapel,—a small ruin, which from its situation is exceedingly interesting, though in itself not remarkable. We sate down on a stone not far from the chapel, overlooking a pastoral hollow as wild and solitary as any in the heart of the Highland mountains: there, instead of the roaring of torrents, we listened to the noises of the city, which were blended in one loud indistinct buzz,—a regular sound in the air, which in certain moods of feeling, and at certain times, might have a more tranquillizing effect upon the mind than those which we are accustomed to hear in such places. The Castle rock looked exceedingly large through the misty air: a cloud of black smoke overhung the city, which combined with the rain and mist to conceal the shapes of the houses,—an obscurity which added much to the grandeur of the sound that proceeded from it. It was impossible to think of anything that was little or mean, the goings-on of trade, the strife of men, or every-day city business:—the impression was one, and it was visionary; like the conceptions of our childhood of Bagdad or Balsora when we have been reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Though the rain was very heavy we remained upon the hill for some time, then returned by the same road by which we

had come, through green flat fields, formerly the pleasure-grounds of Holyrood House, on the edge of which stands the old roofless chapel, of venerable architecture. It is a pity that it should be suffered to fall down, for the walls appear to be yet entire. Very near to the chapel is Holyrood House, which we could not but lament has nothing ancient in its appearance, being sash-windowed and not an irregular pile. It is very like a building for some national establishment,—a hospital for soldiers or sailors. You have a description of it in Stoddart's Tour, therefore I need not tell you what we saw there.

When we found ourselves once again in the streets of the city, we lamented over the heavy rain, and indeed before leaving the hill, much as we were indebted to the accident of the rain for the peculiar grandeur and affecting wildness of those objects we saw, we could not but regret that the Firth of Forth was entirely hidden from us, and all distant objects, and we strained our eyes till they ached, vainly trying to pierce through the thick mist. We walked industriously through the streets, street after street, and, in spite of wet and dirt, were exceedingly delighted. The old town, with its irregular houses, stage above stage, seen as we saw it, in the obscurity of a rainy day, hardly resembles the work of men, it is more like a piling up of rocks, and I cannot attempt to describe what we saw so imperfectly, but must say that, high as my expectations had been raised, the city of Edinburgh far surpassed all expectation. Gladly would we have stayed another day, but could not afford more time, and our notions of the weather of Scotland were so dismal, notwithstanding we ourselves had been so much favoured, that we had no hope of its mending. So at about six o'clock in the evening we departed, intending to sleep at an inn in the village of Roslin, about five miles from Edinburgh. The rain continued till we were almost at Roslin; but then it was quite dark, so we did not see the Castle that night.

Saturday, September 17th.—The morning very fine. We rose early and walked through the glen of Roslin, past Hawthornden, and considerably further, to the house of Mr. Walter Scott at Lasswade. Roslin Castle stands upon a woody bank above a stream, the North Esk, too large, I think, to be called a brook, yet an inconsiderable river. We looked down upon the ruin from higher ground. Near it stands the Chapel, a most elegant building, a ruin, though the walls and roof are entire. I never passed through a more delicious dell than the glen of Roslin, though the water of the stream is dingy and muddy. The banks are rocky on each side, and hung with pine wood. About a mile from the Castle, on the contrary side of the water, upon the edge of a very steep bank, stands Hawthornden, the house of Drummond the poet, whither Ben Jonson came on foot from London to visit his friend. We did hear to whom the house at present belongs, and some other particulars, but I have a very indistinct recollection of what was told us, except that many old trees had been lately cut down. After Hawthornden the glen widens, ceases to be rocky, and spreads out into a rich vale, scattered over with gentlemen's seats.

Arrived at Lasswade before Mr. and Mrs. Scott had risen, and waited some time in a large sitting-room. Breakfasted with them, and stayed till two o'clock, and Mr. Scott accompanied us back almost to Roslin, having given us directions respecting our future journey, and promised to meet us at Melrose two days after.[1]

We ordered dinner on our return to the inn, and went to view the inside of the Chapel of Roslin, which is kept locked up, and so preserved from the injuries it

[1] See Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. i. pp. 402-7, for an account of this visit. Lockhart says, "I have drawn up the account of this meeting from my recollection, partly of Mr. W.'s conversation, partly from that of his sister's charming 'Diary,' which he was so kind as to read to me on the 16th May 1836."—ED.

might otherwise receive from idle boys; but as nothing is done to keep it together, it must in the end fall. The architecture within is exquisitely beautiful. The stone both of the roof and walls is sculptured with leaves and flowers, so delicately wrought that I could have admired them for hours, and the whole of their groundwork is stained by time with the softest colours. Some of those leaves and flowers were tinged perfectly green, and at one part the effect was most exquisite: three or four leaves of a small fern, resembling that which we call adder's tongue, grew round a cluster of them at the top of a pillar, and the natural product and the artificial were so intermingled that at first it was not easy to distinguish the living plant from the other, they being of an equally determined green, though the fern was of a deeper shade

We set forward again after dinner. The afternoon was pleasant. Travelled through large tracts of ripe corn, interspersed with larger tracts of moorland—the houses at a considerable distance from each other, no longer thatched huts, but farm-houses resembling those of the farming counties in England, having many corn-stacks close to them. Dark when we reached Peebles; found a comfortable old-fashioned public-house, had a neat parlour, and drank tea.

SIXTH WEEK

Sunday, September 18th.—The town of Peebles is on the banks of the Tweed. After breakfast walked up the river to Neidpath Castle, about a mile and a half from the town. The castle stands upon a green hill, overlooking the Tweed, a strong square-towered edifice, neglected and desolate, though not in ruin, the garden overgrown with grass, and the high walls that fenced it broken down. The Tweed winds between green steeps,

upon which, and close to the river-side, large flocks of sheep pasturing; higher still are the grey mountains; but I need not describe the scene, for William has done it better than I could do in a sonnet which he wrote the same day; the five last lines, at least, of his poem will impart to you more of the feeling of the place than it would be possible for me to do:[1]—

> Degenerate Douglas! thou unworthy Lord
> Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
> And love of havoc (for with such disease
> Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word
> To level with the dust a noble horde,
> A brotherhood of venerable trees,
> Leaving an ancient Dome and Towers like these
> Beggar'd and outraged! Many hearts deplored
> The fate of those old Trees; and oft with pain
> The Traveller at this day will stop and gaze
> On wrongs which Nature scarcely seems to heed;
> For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
> And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
> And the green silent pastures yet remain.

I was spared any regret for the fallen woods when we were there, not then knowing the history of them. The soft low mountains, the castle, and the decayed pleasure-grounds, the scattered trees which have been left in different parts, and the road carried in a very beautiful line along the side of the hill, with the Tweed murmuring through the unfenced green pastures spotted with sheep, together composed an harmonious scene, and I wished for nothing that was not there. When we were with Mr. Scott he spoke of cheerful days he had spent in that castle not many years ago, when it was inhabited by Professor Ferguson and his family, whom the Duke of Queensberry, its churlish owner, forced to quit it. We discovered a very fine echo within a few yards of the building.

[1] See in the "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803," the *Sonnet composed at —— Castle.*—ED.

The town of Peebles looks very pretty from the road in returning: it is an old town, built of grey stone, the same as the castle. Well-dressed people were going to church. Sent the car before, and walked ourselves, and while going along the main street William was called aside in a mysterious manner by a person who gravely examined him—whether he was an Irishman or a foreigner, or what he was; I suppose our car was the occasion of suspicion at a time when every one was talking of the threatened invasion. We had a day's journey before us along the banks of the Tweed, a name which has been sweet to my ears almost as far back as I can remember anything. After the first mile or two our road was seldom far from the river, which flowed in gentleness, though perhaps never silent; the hills on either side high and sometimes stony, but excellent pasturage for sheep. In some parts the vale was wholly of this pastoral character, in others we saw extensive tracts of corn ground, even spreading along whole hill-sides, and without visible fences, which is dreary in a flat country; but there is no dreariness on the banks of the Tweed,—the hills, whether smooth or stony, uncultivated or covered with ripe corn, had the same pensive softness. Near the corn tracts were large farm-houses, with many corn-stacks; the stacks and house and out-houses together, I recollect, in one or wo places upon the hills, at a little distance, seemed almost as large as a small village or hamlet. It was a clear autumnal day, without wind, and, being Sunday, the business of the harvest was suspended, and all that we saw, and felt, and heard, combined to excite one sensation of pensive and still pleasure.

Passed by several old halls yet inhabited, and others in ruin; but I have hardly a sufficiently distinct recollection of any of them to be able to describe them, and I now at this distance of time regret that I did not take notes. In one very sweet part of the vale a gate crossed the road, which was opened by an old woman who lived

in a cottage close to it; I said to her, "You live in a very pretty place!" "Yes," she replied, "the water of Tweed is a bonny water." The lines of the hills are flowing and beautiful, the reaches of the vale long; in some places appear the remains of a forest, in others you will see as lovely a combination of forms as any traveller who goes in search of the picturesque need desire, and yet perhaps without a single tree; or at least if trees there are, they shall be very few, and he shall not care whether they are there or not.

The road took us through one long village, but I do not recollect any other; yet I think we never had a mile's length before us without a house, though seldom several cottages together. The loneliness of the scattered dwellings, the more stately edifices decaying or in ruin, or, if inhabited, not in their pride and freshness, aided the general effect of the gently varying scenes, which was that of tender pensiveness; no bursting torrents when we were there, but the murmuring of the river was heard distinctly, often blended with the bleating of sheep. In one place we saw a shepherd lying in the midst of a flock upon a sunny knoll, with his face towards the sky,—happy picture of shepherd life.

The transitions of this vale were all gentle except one, a scene of which a gentleman's house was the centre, standing low in the vale, the hills above it covered with gloomy fir plantations, and the appearance of the house itself, though it could scarcely be seen, was gloomy. There was an allegorical air—a person fond of Spenser will understand me—in this uncheerful spot, single in such a country,

"The house was hearsed about with a black wood."

We have since heard that it was the residence of Lord Traquair, a Roman Catholic nobleman, of a decayed family.

We left the Tweed when we were within about a mile and a half or two miles of Clovenford, where we were to

lodge. Turned up the side of a hill, and went along sheep-grounds till we reached the spot—a single stone house, without a tree near it or to be seen from it. On our mentioning Mr. Scott's name the woman of the house showed us all possible civility, but her slowness was really amusing. I should suppose it is a house little frequented, for there is no appearance of an inn. Mr. Scott, who she told me was a very clever gentleman, "goes there in the fishing season"; but indeed Mr. Scott is respected everywhere: I believe that by favour of his name one might be hospitably entertained throughout all the borders of Scotland. We dined and drank tea—did not walk out, for there was no temptation; a confined barren prospect from the window.

At Clovenford, being so near to the Yarrow, we could not but think of the possibility of going thither, but came to the conclusion of reserving the pleasure for some future time, in consequence of which, after our return, William wrote the poem which I shall here transcribe:[1]—

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd,
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd.
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my winsome Marrow,
"Whate'er betide we'll turn aside
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow Folk frae Selkirk Town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow:—'tis their own,
Each Maiden to her dwelling.
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow,
But we will downwards with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

[1] See in "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803," *Yarrow Unvisited*.—ED.

" There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us ;
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus.
There's pleasant Teviot Dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow,
Why throw away a needful day,
To go in search of Yarrow ?

" What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under ?
There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn,
My true-love sigh'd for sorrow,
And look'd me in the face to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow.

" Oh ! green," said I, " are Yarrow's Holms
And sweet is Yarrow flowing,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open Strath
We'll wander Scotland thorough,
But though so near we will not turn
Into the Dale of Yarrow.

" Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burnmill Meadow,
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow.
We will not see them, will not go,
To-day nor yet to-morrow ;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

" Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown,
It must, or we shall rue it,
We have a vision of our own,
Ah ! why should we undo it ?
The treasured dreams of times long past
We'll keep them, ' winsome Marrow,'
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.

"If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy,
Should life be dull and spirits low,
'Twill sooth us in our sorrow
That earth hath something yet to show—
The bonny Holms of Yarrow."

The next day we were to meet Mr. Scott, and again join the Tweed. I wish I could have given you a better idea of what we saw between Peebles and this place. I have most distinct recollections of the effect of the whole day's journey; but the objects are mostly melted together in my memory, and though I should recognise them if we revisit the place, I cannot call them out so as to represent them to you with distinctness. William, in attempting in verse to describe this part of the Tweed, says of it,

More pensive in sunshine
Than others in moonshine,

which perhaps may give you more power to conceive what it is than all I have said.

Monday, September 19th.—We rose early, and went to Melrose, six miles, before breakfast. After ascending a hill, descended, and overlooked a dell, on the opposite side of which was an old mansion, surrounded with trees and steep gardens, a curious and pleasing, yet melancholy spot; for the house and gardens were evidently going to decay, and the whole of the small dell, except near the house, was unenclosed and uncultivated, being a sheep-walk to the top of the hills. Descended to Gala Water, a pretty stream, but much smaller than the Tweed, into which the brook flows from the glen I have spoken of. Near the Gala is a large modern house, the situation very pleasant, but the old building which we had passed put to shame the fresh colouring and meagre outline of the new one. Went through a part of the village

of Galashiels, pleasantly situated on the bank of the stream; a pretty place it once has been, but a manufactory is established there; and a townish bustle and ugly stone houses are fast taking place of the brown-roofed thatched cottages, of which a great number yet remain, partly overshadowed by trees. Left the Gala, and, after crossing the open country, came again to the Tweed, and pursued our way as before near the river, perhaps for a mile or two, till we arrived at Melrose. The valley for this short space was not so pleasing as before, the hills more broken, and though the cultivation was general, yet the scene was not rich, while it had lost its pastoral simplicity. At Melrose the vale opens out wide; but the hills are high all round—single distinct risings. After breakfast we went out, intending to go to the Abbey, and in the street met Mr. Scott, who gave us a cordial greeting, and conducted us thither himself. He was here on his own ground, for he is familiar with all that is known of the authentic history of Melrose and the popular tales connected with it. He pointed out many pieces of beautiful sculpture in obscure corners which would have escaped our notice. The Abbey has been built of a pale red stone; that part which was first erected of a very durable kind, the sculptured flowers and leaves and other minute ornaments being as perfect in many places as when first wrought. The ruin is of considerable extent, but unfortunately it is almost surrounded by insignificant houses, so that when you are close to it you see it entirely separated from many rural objects, and even when viewed from a distance the situation does not seem to be particularly happy, for the vale is broken and disturbed, and the Abbey at a distance from the river, so that you do not look upon them as companions of each other. And surely this is a national barbarism: within these beautiful walls is the ugliest church that was ever beheld—if it had been hewn out of the side of a hill it could not have been more dismal; there was no neatness, nor even decency, and it appeared

to be so damp, and so completely excluded from fresh air, that it must be dangerous to sit in it; the floor is unpaved, and very rough. What a contrast to the beautiful and graceful order apparent in every part of the ancient design and workmanship! Mr. Scott went with us into the gardens and orchards of a Mr. Riddel, from which we had a very sweet view of the Abbey through trees, the town being entirely excluded. Dined with Mr. Scott at the inn; he was now travelling to the assizes at Jedburgh in his character of Sheriff of Selkirk, and on that account, as well as for his own sake, he was treated with great respect, a small part of which was vouchsafed to us as his friends, though I could not persuade the woman to show me the beds, or to make any sort of promise till she was assured from the Sheriff himself that he had no objection to sleep in the same room with William.

Tuesday, September 20th.—Mr. Scott departed very early for Jedburgh, and we soon followed, intending to go by Dryburgh to Kelso. It was a fine morning. We went without breakfast, being told that there was a public-house at Dryburgh. The road was very pleasant, seldom out of sight of the Tweed for any length of time, though not often close to it. The valley is not so pleasantly defined as between Peebles and Clovenford, yet so soft and beautiful, and in many parts pastoral, but that peculiar and pensive simplicity which I have spoken of before was wanting, yet there was a fertility chequered with wildness which to many travellers would be more than a compensation. The reaches of the vale were shorter, the turnings more rapid, the banks often clothed with wood. In one place was a lofty scar, at another a green promontory, a small hill skirted by the river, the hill above irregular and green, and scattered over with trees. We wished we could have brought the ruins of Melrose to that spot, and mentioned this to Mr. Scott, who told us that the monks had first fixed their

abode there, and raised a temporary building of wood. The monastery of Melrose was founded by a colony from Rievaux Abbey in Yorkshire, which building it happens to resemble in the colour of the stone, and I think partly in the style of architecture, but is much smaller, that is, has been much smaller, for there is not at Rievaux any one single part of the ruin so large as the remains of the church at Melrose, though at Rievaux a far more extensive ruin remains. It is also much grander, and the situation at present much more beautiful, that ruin not having suffered like Melrose Abbey from the encroachments of a town. The architecture at Melrose is, I believe, superior in the exactness and taste of some of the minute ornamental parts; indeed, it is impossible to conceive anything more delicate than the workmanship, especially in the imitations of flowers.

We descended to Dryburgh after having gone a considerable way upon high ground. A heavy rain when we reached the village, and there was no public-house. A well-dressed, well-spoken woman courteously—shall I say charitably?—invited us into her cottage, and permitted us to make breakfast; she showed us into a neat parlour, furnished with prints, a mahogany table, and other things which I was surprised to see, for her husband was only a day-labourer, but she had been Lady Buchan's waiting-maid, which accounted for these luxuries and for a noticeable urbanity in her manners. All the cottages in this neighbourhood, if I am not mistaken, were covered with red tiles, and had chimneys. After breakfast we set out in the rain to the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which are near Lord Buchan's house, and, like Bothwell Castle, appropriated to the pleasure of the owner. We rang a bell at the gate, and, instead of a porter, an old woman came to open it through a narrow side-alley cut in a thick plantation of evergreens. On entering, saw the thatch of her hut just above the trees, and it looked very pretty, but the poor creature

herself was a figure to frighten a child,—bowed almost double, having a hooked nose and overhanging eyebrows, a complexion stained brown with smoke, and a cap that might have been worn for months and never washed. No doubt she had been cowering over her peat fire, for if she had emitted smoke by her breath and through every pore, the odour could not have been stronger. This ancient woman, by right of office, attended us to show off the curiosities, and she had her tale as perfect, though it was not quite so long a one, as the gentleman Swiss, whom I remember to have seen at Blenheim with his slender wand and dainty white clothes. The house of Lord Buchan and the Abbey stand upon a large flat peninsula, a green holm almost covered with fruit-trees. The ruins of Dryburgh are much less extensive than those of Melrose, and greatly inferior both in the architecture and stone, which is much mouldered away. Lord Buchan has trained pear-trees along the walls, which are bordered with flowers and gravel walks, and he has made a pigeon-house, and a fine room in the ruin, ornamented with a curiously-assorted collection of busts of eminent men, in which lately a ball was given; yet, deducting for all these improvements, which are certainly much less offensive than you could imagine, it is a very sweet ruin, standing so enclosed in wood, which the towers overtop, that you cannot know that it is not in a state of natural desolation till you are close to it. The opposite bank of the Tweed is steep and woody, but unfortunately many of the trees are firs. The old woman followed us after the fashion of other guides, but being slower of foot than a younger person, it was not difficult to slip away from the scent of her poor smoke-dried body. She was sedulous in pointing out the curiosities, which, I doubt not, she had a firm belief were not to be surpassed in England or Scotland.

Having promised us a sight of the largest and oldest yew-tree ever seen, she conducted us to it; it was a

goodly tree, but a mere dwarf compared with several of our own country—not to speak of the giant of Lorton. We returned to the cottage, and waited some time in hopes that the rain would abate, but it grew worse and worse, and we were obliged to give up our journey, to Kelso, taking the direct road to Jedburgh.

We had to ford the Tweed, a wide river at the crossing-place. It would have been impossible to drive the horse through, for he had not forgotten the fright at Connel Ferry, so we hired a man to lead us. After crossing the water, the road goes up the bank, and we had a beautiful view of the ruins of the Abbey, peering above the trees of the woody peninsula, which, in shape, resembles that formed by the Tees at Lickburn, but is considerably smaller. Lord Buchan's house is a very neat, modest building, and almost hidden by trees. It soon began to rain heavily. Crossing the Teviot by a stone bridge—the vale in that part very wide—there was a great deal of ripe corn, but a want of trees, and no appearance of richness. Arrived at Jedburgh half an hour before the Judges were expected out of Court to dinner.

We gave in our passport—the name of Mr. Scott, the Sheriff—and were very civilly treated, but there was no vacant room in the house except the Judge's sitting-room, and we wanted to have a fire, being exceedingly wet and cold. I was conducted into that room, on condition that I would give it up the moment the Judge came from Court.[1] After I had put off my wet clothes I went up into a bedroom, and sate shivering there, till the people of the inn had procured lodgings for us in a private house.

We were received with hearty welcome by a good woman, who, though above seventy years old, moved about as briskly as if she was only seventeen. Those

[1] Compare Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. i. p. 403.—ED.

parts of the house which we were to occupy were neat and clean; she showed me every corner, and, before I had been ten minutes in the house, opened her very drawers that I might see what a stock of linen she had; then asked me how long we should stay, and said she wished we were come for three months. She was a most remarkable person; the alacrity with which she ran up-stairs when we rung the bell, and guessed at, and strove to prevent, our wants was surprising; she had a quick eye, and keen strong features, and a joyousness in her motions, like what used to be in old Molly when she was particularly elated. I found afterwards that she had been subject to fits of dejection and ill-health: we then conjectured that her overflowing gaiety and strength might in part be attributed to the same cause as her former dejection. Her husband was deaf and infirm, and sate in a chair with scarcely the power to move a limb—an affecting contrast! The old woman said they had been a very hard-working pair; they had wrought like slaves at their trade—her husband had been a currier; and she told me how they had portioned off their daughters with money, and each a feather-bed, and that in their old age they had laid out the little they could spare in building and furnishing that house, and she added with pride that she had lived in her youth in the family of Lady Egerton, who was no high lady, and now was in the habit of coming to her house whenever she was at Jedburgh, and a hundred other things; for when she once began with Lady Egerton, she did not know how to stop, nor did I wish it, for she was very entertaining. Mr. Scott sate with us an hour or two, and repeated a part of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. When he was gone our hostess came to see if we wanted anything, and to wish us good-night. On all occasions her manners were governed by the same spirit: there was no withdrawing one's attention from her. We were so much interested that William, long afterwards, thought it worth while to express in verse the sensations which

she had excited, and which then remained as vividly in his mind as at the moment when we lost sight of Jedburgh :[1]—

Age ! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,
And call a train of laughing Hours ;
And bid them dance, and bid them sing,
And Thou, too, mingle in the Ring !
Take to thy heart a new delight !
If not, make merry in despite
That one should breathe who scorns thy power.
—But dance ! for under Jedborough Tower
A Matron dwells who, tho' she bears
Our mortal complement of years,
Lives in the light of youthful glee,
And she will dance and sing with thee.

Nay ! start not at that Figure—there !
Him who is rooted to his Chair !
Look at him, look again ; for He
Hath long been of thy Family.
With legs that move not, if they can,
And useless arms, a Trunk of Man,
He sits, and with a vacant eye ;
A Sight to make a Stranger sigh !
Deaf, drooping, such is now his doom ;
His world is in that single room—
Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?
Can merry-making enter here ?

The joyous Woman is the Mate
Of him in that forlorn estate ;
He breathes a subterraneous damp ;
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp.
He is as mute as Jedborough Tower,
She jocund as it was of yore
With all its bravery on, in times
When all alive with merry chimes
Upon a sun-bright morn of May
It roused the Vale to holiday.

[1] See in "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803, *The Matron of Jedborough and her Husband.*—ED.

I praise thee, Matron! and thy due
Is praise, heroic praise and true.
With admiration I behold
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold:
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present
The picture of a life well spent;
This do I see, and something more,
A strength unthought of heretofore.
Delighted am I for thy sake,
And yet a higher joy partake:
Our human nature throws away
Its second twilight, and looks gay,
A Land of promise and of pride
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.

Ah! see her helpless Charge! enclosed
Within himself as seems, composed;
To fear of loss and hope of gain,
The strife of happiness and pain—
Utterly dead! yet in the guise
Of little Infants when their eyes
Begin to follow to and fro
The persons that before them go,
He tracks her motions, quick or slow.
Her buoyant spirits can prevail
Where common cheerfulness would fail.
She strikes upon him with the heat
Of July suns; he feels it sweet;
An animal delight, though dim!
'Tis all that now remains for him!

I look'd, I scann'd her o'er and o'er,
And, looking, wondered more and more:
When suddenly I seem'd to espy
A trouble in her strong black eye,
A remnant of uneasy light,
A flash of something over-bright!
Not long this mystery did detain
My thoughts. She told in pensive strain
That she had borne a heavy yoke,
Been stricken by a twofold stroke;
Ill health of body, and had pined
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.

So be it!—but let praise ascend
To Him who is our Lord and Friend!
Who from disease and suffering
As bad almost as Life can bring,
Hath call'd for thee a second Spring;
Repaid thee for that sore distress
By no untimely joyousness;
Which makes of thine a blissful state;
And cheers thy melancholy Mate!

Wednesday, September 21st.—The house where we lodged was airy, and even cheerful, though one of a line of houses bordering on the churchyard, which is the highest part of the town, overlooking a great portion of it to the opposite hills. The kirk is, as at Melrose, within the walls of a conventual church; but the ruin is much less beautiful, and the church a very neat one. The churchyard was full of graves, and exceedingly slovenly and dirty; one most indecent practice I observed: several women brought their linen to the flat table-tombstones, and, having spread it upon them, began to batter as hard as they could with a wooden roller, a substitute for a mangle.

After Mr. Scott's business in the Courts was over, he walked with us up the Jed—"sylvan Jed" it has been properly called by Thomson—for the banks are yet very woody, though wood in large quantities has been felled within a few years. There are some fine red scars near the river, in one or two of which we saw the entrances to caves, said to have been used as places of refuge in times of insecurity.

Walked up to Ferniehurst, an old hall, in a secluded situation, now inhabited by farmers; the neighbouring ground had the wildness of a forest, being irregularly scattered over with fine old trees. The wind was tossing their branches, and sunshine dancing among the leaves, and I happened to exclaim, "What a life there is in trees!" on which Mr. Scott observed that the words reminded him of a young lady who had been born and

educated on an island of the Orcades, and came to spend a summer at Kelso and in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. She used to say that in the new world into which she was come nothing had disappointed her so much as trees and woods; she complained that they were lifeless, silent, and, compared with the grandeur of the ever-changing ocean, even insipid. At first I was surprised, but the next moment I felt that the impression was natural. Mr. Scott said that she was a very sensible young woman, and had read much. She talked with endless rapture and feeling of the power and greatness of the ocean; and with the same passionate attachment returned to her native island without any probability of quitting it again.[1]

The valley of the Jed is very solitary immediately under Ferniehurst; we walked down the river, wading almost up to the knees in fern, which in many parts overspread the forest-ground. It made me think of our walks at Alfoxden, and of *our own* park—though at Ferniehurst is no park at present—and the slim fawns that we used to startle from their couching-places among the fern at the top of the hill. We were accompanied on our walk by a young man from the Braes of Yarrow, an acquaintance of Mr. Scott's,[2] who, having been much delighted with some of William's poems which he had chanced to see in a newspaper, had wished to be introduced to him; he lived in the most retired part of the dale of Yarrow, where he had a farm: he was fond of reading, and well-informed, but at first meeting as shy as any of our Grasmere lads, and not less rustic in his appearance. He had been in the Highlands, and gave me such an account of Loch Rannoch as made us regret that we had not persevered in our journey thither, especially as he told us that the bad road ended at a very little

[1] Compare Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. i. p. 404.—ED.

[2] William Laidlaw.—ED.

distance from the place where we had turned back, and that we should have come into another good road, continued all along the shore of the lake. He also mentioned that there was a very fine view from the steeple at Dunkeld.

The town of Jedburgh, in returning along the road, as it is seen through the gently winding narrow valley, looks exceedingly beautiful on its low eminence, surmounted by the conventual tower, which is arched over, at the summit, by light stone-work resembling a coronet; the effect at a distance is very graceful. The hills all round are high, and rise rapidly from the town, which though it stands considerably above the river, yet, from every side except that on which we walked, appears to stand in a bottom.

We had our dinner sent from the inn, and a bottle of wine, that we might not disgrace the Sheriff, who supped with us in the evening,—stayed late, and repeated some of his poem.

Thursday, September 22nd.—After breakfast, the minister, Dr. Somerville, called upon us with Mr. Scott, and we went to the manse, a very pretty house, with pretty gardens, and in a beautiful situation, though close to the town. Dr. Somerville and his family complained bitterly of the devastation that had been made among the woods within view from their windows, which looked up the Jed. He conducted us to the church, which under his directions has been lately repaired, and is a very neat place within. Dr. Somerville spoke of the dirt and other indecencies in the churchyard, and said that he had taken great pains to put a stop to them, but wholly in vain. The business of the assizes closed this day, and we went into Court to hear the Judge pronounce his charge, which was the most curious specimen of old woman's oratory and newspaper-paragraph loyalty that was ever heard. When all was over they returned to the inn in procession, as they had come, to the sound of

a trumpet, the Judge first, in his robes of red, the Sheriffs next, in large cocked hats, and inferior officers following, a show not much calculated to awe the beholders. After this we went to the inn. The landlady and her sister inquired if we had been comfortable, and lamented that they had not had it in their power to pay us more attention. I began to talk with them, and found out that they were from Cumberland: they knew Captain and Mrs. Wordsworth, who had frequently been at Jedburgh, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister having married a gentleman of that neighbourhood. They spoke of them with great pleasure. I returned to our lodgings to take leave of the old woman, who told me that I had behaved "very discreetly," and seemed exceedingly sorry that we were leaving her so soon. She had been out to buy me some pears, saying that I must take away some "Jeddered" pears. We learned afterwards that Jedburgh is famous in Scotland for pears, which were first cultivated there in the gardens of the monks.

Mr. Scott was very glad to part from the Judge and his retinue, to travel with us in our car to Hawick; his servant drove his own gig. The landlady, very kindly, had put up some sandwiches and cheese-cakes for me, and all the family came out to see us depart. Passed the monastery gardens, which are yet gardens, where there are many remarkably large old pear-trees. We soon came into the vale of Teviot, which is open and cultivated, and scattered over with hamlets, villages, and many gentlemen's seats, yet, though there is no inconsiderable quantity of wood, you can never, in the wide and cultivated parts of the Teviot, get rid of the impression of barrenness, and the fir plantations, which in this part are numerous, are for ever at war with simplicity. One beautiful spot I recollect of a different character, which Mr. Scott took us to see a few yards from the road. A stone bridge crossed the water at a deep and still place, called Horne's Pool, from a contemplative schoolmaster, who had lived not far from it, and was

accustomed to walk thither, and spend much of his leisure near the river. The valley was here narrow and woody. Mr. Scott pointed out to us Ruberslaw, Minto Crags, and every other remarkable object in or near the vale of Teviot, and we scarcely passed a house for which ne had not some story. Seeing us look at one, which stood high on the hill on the opposite side of the river, he told us that a gentleman lived there who, while he was in India, had been struck with the fancy of making his fortune by a new speculation, and so set about collecting the gods of the country, with infinite pains and no little expense, expecting that he might sell them for an enormous price. Accordingly, on his return they were offered for sale, but no purchasers came. On the failure of this scheme, a room was hired in London in which to exhibit them as a show; but alas! nobody would come to see; and this curious assemblage of monsters is now, probably, quietly lodged in the vale of Teviot. The latter part of this gentleman's history is more affecting: —he had an only daughter, whom he had accompanied into Spain two or three years ago for the recovery of her health, and so for a time saved her from a consumption, which now again threatened her, and he was about to leave his pleasant residence, and attend her once more on the same errand, afraid of the coming winter.

We passed through a village, whither Leyden, Scott's intimate friend, the author of *Scenes of Infancy*,[1] was used to walk over several miles of moorland country every day to school, a poor barefooted boy. He is now in India, applying himself to the study of Oriental literature, and, I doubt not, it is his dearest thought that he may come and end his days upon the banks of Teviot, or some other of the Lowland streams—for he is, like Mr. Scott, passionately attached to the district of the Borders.

[1] The full title was *Scenes of Infancy, descriptive of Teviotdale*, published in 1803.—ED.

Arrived at Hawick to dinner; the inn is a large old house with walls above a yard thick, formerly a gentleman's house. Did not go out this evening.

Friday, September 23rd.—Before breakfast, walked with Mr. Scott along a high road for about two miles, up a bare hill. Hawick is a small town. From the top of the hill we had an extensive view over the moors of Liddisdale, and saw the Cheviot Hills. We wished we could have gone with Mr. Scott into some of the remote dales of this country, where in almost every house he can find a home and a hearty welcome. But after breakfast we were obliged to part with him, which we did with great regret: he would gladly have gone with us to Langholm, eighteen miles further. Our way was through the vale of Teviot, near the banks of the river.

Passed Branxholm Hall, one of the mansions belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, which we looked at with particular interest for the sake of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Only a very small part of the original building remains: it is a large strong house, old, but not ancient in its appearance—stands very near the river-side; the banks covered with plantations.

A little further on, met the Edinburgh coach with several passengers, the only stage-coach that had passed us in Scotland. Coleridge had come home by that conveyance only a few days before. The quantity of arable land gradually diminishes, and the plantations become fewer, till at last the river flows open to the sun, mostly through unfenced and untilled grounds, a soft pastoral district, both the hills and the valley being scattered over with sheep: here and there was a single farm-house, or cluster of houses, and near them a portion of land covered with ripe corn.

Near the head of the vale of Teviot, where that stream is but a small rivulet, we descended towards another valley, by another small rivulet. Hereabouts Mr. Scott had directed us to look about for some old stumps of trees, said to be the place where Johnny

Armstrong was hanged; but we could not find them out. The valley into which we were descending, though, for aught I know, it is unnamed in song, was to us more interesting than the Teviot itself. Not a spot of tilled ground was there to break in upon its pastoral simplicity; the same soft yellow green spread from the bed of the streamlet to the hill-tops on each side, and sheep were feeding everywhere. It was more close and simple than the upper end of the vale of Teviot, the valley being much narrower, and the hills equally high and not broken into parts, but on each side a long range. The grass, as we had first seen near Crawfordjohn, had been mown in the different places of the open ground, where it might chance to be best; but there was no part of the surface that looked perfectly barren, as in those tracts.

We saw a single stone house a long way before us, which we conjectured to be, as it proved, Moss Paul, the inn where we were to bait. The scene, with this single dwelling, was melancholy and wild, but not dreary, though there was no tree nor shrub; the small streamlet glittered, the hills were populous with sheep; but the gentle bending of the valley, and the correspondent softness in the forms of the hills, were of themselves enough to delight the eye. At Moss Paul we fed our horse;—several travellers were drinking whisky. We neither ate nor drank, for we had, with our usual foresight and frugality in travelling, saved the cheese-cakes and sandwiches which had been given us by our countrywoman at Jedburgh the day before. After Moss Paul, we ascended considerably, then went down other reaches of the valley, much less interesting, stony and barren. The country afterwards not peculiar, I should think, for I scarcely remember it.

Arrived at Langholm at about five o'clock. The town, as we approached, from a hill, looked very pretty, the houses being roofed with blue slates, and standing close to the river Esk, here a large river, that scattered its waters wide over a stony channel. The inn neat

and comfortable—exceedingly clean: I could hardly believe we were still in Scotland.

After tea walked out; crossed a bridge, and saw, at a little distance up the valley, Langholm House, a villa of the Duke of Buccleuch: it stands upon a level between the river and a steep hill, which is planted with wood. Walked a considerable way up the river, but could not go close to it on account of the Duke's plantations, which are locked up. When they ended, the vale became less cultivated; the view through the vale towards the hills very pleasing, though bare and cold.

Saturday, September 24th.—Rose very early and travelled about nine miles to Longtown, before breakfast, along the banks of the Esk. About half a mile from Langholm crossed a bridge. At this part of the vale, which is narrow, the steeps are covered with old oaks and every variety of trees. Our road for some time through the wood, then came to a more open country, exceedingly rich and populous; the banks of the river frequently rocky, and hung with wood; many gentlemen's houses. There was the same rich variety while the river continued to flow through Scottish grounds; but not long after we had passed through the last turnpike gate in Scotland and the first in England—but a few yards asunder—the vale widens, and its aspect was cold, and even dreary, though Sir James Graham's plantations are very extensive. His house, a large building, stands in this open part of the vale. Longtown was before us, and ere long we saw the well-remembered guide-post, where the circuit of our six weeks' travels had begun, and now was ended.

We did not look along the white line of the road to Solway Moss without some melancholy emotion, though we had the fair prospect of the Cumberland mountains full in view, with the certainty, barring accidents, of reaching our own dear home the next day. Breakfasted at the Graham's Arms. The weather had been very

fine from the time of our arrival at Jedburgh, and this was a very pleasant day. The sun "shone fair on Carlisle's walls" when we first saw them from the top of the opposite hill. Stopped to look at the place on the sand near the bridge where Hatfield had been executed. Put up at the same inn as before, and were recognised by the woman who had waited on us. Everybody spoke of Hatfield as an injured man. After dinner went to a village six miles further, where we slept.

Sunday, September 25th, 1803.—A beautiful autumnal day. Breakfasted at a public-house by the road-side; dined at Threlkeld; arrived at home between eight and nine o'clock, where we found Mary in perfect health, Joanna Hutchinson with her, and little John asleep in the clothes-basket by the fire.

SONNET[1]

COMPOSED BETWEEN DALSTON AND GRASMERE, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1803

FLY, some kind spirit, fly to Grasmere Vale!
Say that we come, and come by this day's light.
Glad tidings!—spread them over field and height,
But, chiefly, let one Cottage hear the tale!
There let a mystery of joy prevail,
The kitten frolic with unruly might,
And Rover whine as at a second sight
Of near-approaching good that will not fail:
And from that Infant's face let joy appear;
Yea, let our Mary's one companion child,
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
With intimations manifold and dear,
While we have wander'd over wood and wild—
Smile on its Mother now with bolder cheer!

[1] See "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803," "Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale!"—ED.

VIII

JOURNAL OF A MOUNTAIN RAMBLE BY DOROTHY AND WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

November 7th to 13th, 1805

JOURNAL OF A MOUNTAIN RAMBLE, WRITTEN BY DOROTHY WORDSWORTH[1]

. . . . . .

Wednesday, November 7th.—On a damp and gloomy morning we set forward, William on foot, and I upon the pony, with William's greatcoat slung over the saddle crutch, and a wallet containing our bundle of "needments." As we went along the mist gathered upon the valleys, and it even rained all the way to the head of Patterdale; but there was never a drop upon my habit larger than the smallest pearls upon a lady's ring. The trees of the larger island upon Rydale Lake were of the most gorgeous colours; the whole island reflected in the water, as I remember once in particular to have seen it with dear Coleridge, when either he or William observed that the rocky shore, spotted and streaked with purplish brown heath, and its image in the water, together were like an immense caterpillar, such as, when we were children, we used to call *Woolly Boys*, from their hairy coats. . . . As the mist thickened, our enjoyments increased, and my hopes grew bolder; and when we were at the top of Kirkstone (though we could not see fifty yards before us) we were as happy travellers as ever paced side by side on a holiday ramble. At such a time and in such a place every scattered stone the size of one's head becomes a companion. There is a

[1] This title is given by the editor. There is none in the original MS.—ED.

fragment of an old wall at the top of Kirkstone, which, magnified yet obscured as it was by the mist, was scarcely less interesting to us when we cast our eyes upon it, than the view of a noble monument of ancient grandeur has been—yet this same pile of stones we had never before observed. When we had descended considerably, the fields of Hartsop, below Brotherswater, were first seen like a lake, coloured by the reflection of yellow clouds. I mistook them for the water; but soon after we saw the lake itself gleaming faintly with a grey, steely brightness; then appeared the brown oaks, and the birches of splendid colour, and, when we came still nearer to the valley, the cottages under their tufts of trees and the old Hall of Hartsop with its long irregular front and elegant chimneys. . . .

Thursday, November 8th.—Incessant rain till eleven o'clock, when it became fair, and William and I walked to Blowick. Luff joined us by the way. The wind was strong, and drove the clouds forward along the side of the hill above our heads; four or five goats were bounding among the rocks; the sheep moved about more quietly, or cowered in their sheltering-places. The two storm-stiffened black yew-trees on the crag above Luff's house were striking objects, close under or seen through the flying mists. . . . When we stood upon the naked crag upon the common, overlooking the woods and bush-besprinkled fields of Blowick, the lake, clouds, and mists were all in motion to the sound of sweeping winds—the church and cottages of Patterdale scarcely visible from the brightness of the thin mist. Looking backwards towards the foot of the water, the scene less visionary. Place Fell steady and bold as a lion; the whole lake driving down like a great river, waves dancing round the small islands. We walked to the house. The owner was salving sheep in the barn; an appearance of poverty and decay everywhere. He asked us if we wanted to purchase the estate. We

could not but stop frequently, both in going and returning, to look at the exquisite beauty of the woods opposite. The general colour of the trees was dark-brown, rather that of ripe hazel-nuts ; but towards the water there were yet beds of green, and in some of the hollow places in the highest part of the woods the trees were of a yellow colour, and through the glittering light they looked like masses of clouds as you see them gathered together in the west, and tinged with the golden light of the sun. After dinner we walked with Mrs. Luff up the vale ; I had never had an idea of the extent and width of it, in passing through along the road, on the other side. We walked along the path which leads from house to house ; two or three times it took us through some of those copses or groves that cover every little hillock in the middle of the lower part of the vale, making an intricate and beautiful intermixture of lawn and woodland. We left William to prolong his walk, and when he came into the house he told us that he had pitched upon the spot where he should like to build a house better than in any other he had ever yet seen. Mrs. Luff went with him by moonlight to view it. The vale looked as if it were filled with white light when the moon had climbed up to the middle of the sky ; but long before we could see her face a while all the eastern hills were in black shade, those on the opposite side were almost as bright as snow. Mrs. Luff's large white dog lay in the moonshine upon the round knoll under the old yew-tree, a beautiful and romantic image—the dark tree with its dark shadow, and the elegant creature as fair as a spirit.

Friday, November 9th.—It rained till near ten o'clock ; but a little after that time, it being likely for a tolerably fine day, we packed up, and with Luff's servant to help to row, set forward in the boat. As we proceeded the day grew finer, clouds and sunny gleams on the mountains. In a grand bay under Place Fell we

saw three fishermen with a boat dragging a net, and rowed up to them. They had just brought the net ashore, and hundreds of fish were leaping in their prison. They were all of one kind, what are called Skellies. After we had left them the fishermen continued their work, a picturesque group under the lofty and bare crags; the whole scene was very grand, a raven croaking on the mountain above our heads. Landed at Sanwick, the man took the boat home, and we pursued our journey towards the village along a beautiful summer path, at first through a copse by the lake-side, then through green fields. The village and brook very pretty, shut out from mountains and lake; it reminded me of Somersetshire. Passed by Harry Hebson's house; I longed to go in for the sake of former times. William went up one side of the vale, and we the other, and he joined us after having crossed the one-arched bridge above the church; a beautiful view of the church with its "base ring of mossy wall" and single yew-tree. At the last house in the vale we were kindly grèeted by the master. . . . We were well prepared to face the mountain, which we began to climb almost immediately. Martindale divides itself into two dales at the head. In one of these (that to the left) there is no house to be seen, nor any building but a cattle-shed on the side of a hill which is sprinkled over with wood, evidently the remains of a forest, formerly a very extensive one. At the bottom of the other valley is the house of which I have spoken, and beyond the enclosures of this man's farm there are no other. A few old trees remain, relics of the forest; a little stream passes in serpentine windings through the uncultivated valley, where many cattle were feeding. The cattle of this country are generally white or light-coloured; but those were mostly dark-brown or black, which made the scene resemble many parts of Scotland. When we sat on the hillside, though we were well contented with the quiet everyday sounds, the lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep,

and the very gentle murmuring of the valley stream, yet we could not but think what a grand effect the sound of the bugle-horn would have among these mountains. It is still heard once a year at the chase—a day of festivity for all the inhabitants of the district, except the poor deer, the most ancient of them all. The ascent, even to the top of the mountain, is very easy. When we had accomplished it we had some exceedingly fine mountain views, some of the mountains being resplendent with sunshine, others partly hidden by clouds. Ullswater was of a dazzling brightness bordered by black hills, the plain beyond Penrith smooth and bright (or rather *gleamy*) as the sea or sea-sands. Looked into Boar Dale above Sanwick—deep and bare, a stream winding down it. After having walked a considerable way on the tops of the hills, came in view of Glenridding and the mountains above Grisdale. Luff then took us aside, before we had begun to descend, to a small ruin, which was formerly a chapel or place of worship where the inhabitants of Martindale and Patterdale were accustomed to meet on Sundays. There are now no traces by which you could discover that the building had been different from a common sheepfold; the loose stones and the few which yet remain piled up are the same as those which lie about on the mountain; but the shape of the building being oblong is not that of a common sheepfold, and it stands east and west. Whether it was ever consecrated ground or not I know not; but the place may be kept holy in the memory of some now living in Patterdale; for it was the means of preserving the life of a poor old man last summer, who, having gone up the mountain to gather peats, had been overtaken by a storm, and could not find his way down again. He happened to be near the remains of the old chapel, and, in a corner of it, he contrived, by laying turf and ling and stones from one wall to the other, to make a shelter from the wind, and there he lay all night. The woman who had sent him

on his errand began to grow uneasy towards night, and the neighbours went out to seek him. At that time the old man had housed himself in his nest, and he heard the voices of the men, but could not make *them* hear, the wind being so loud, and he was afraid to leave the spot lest he should not be able to find it again, so he remained there all night; and they returned to their homes, giving him up for lost; but the next morning the same persons discovered him huddled up in the sheltered nook. He was at first stupefied and unable to move; but after he had eaten and drunk, and recollected himself a little, he walked down the mountain, and did not afterwards seem to have suffered.[1] As we descend, the vale of Patterdale appears very simple and grand, with its two heads, Deep Dale, and Brotherswater or Hartsop. It is remarkable that two pairs of brothers should have been drowned in that lake. There is a tradition, at least, that it took its name from two who were drowned there many years ago, and it is a fact that two others did meet that melancholy fate about twenty years since. . . .

Saturday, November 10th.—A beautiful morning. When we were at breakfast we heard suddenly the tidings of Lord Nelson's death and the victory of Trafalgar. Went to the inn to make further inquiries. Returned by William's rock and grove, and were so much pleased with the spot that William determined to buy it if possible, therefore we prepared to set off to Parkhouse that William might apply to Thomas Wilkinson to negotiate for him with the owner. We went down that side of the lake opposite to Stybarrow Crag. I dismounted, and we sat some time under the same rock as before, above Blowick. Owing to the brightness of the

[1] Compare the account given of this incident in *The Excursion*, towards the close of book ii.; also in the Fenwick note to *The Excursion*.—ED

sunshine the church and other buildings were even more concealed from us than by the mists the other day. It had been a sharp frost in the night, and the grass and trees were yet wet. We observed the lemon-coloured leaves of the birches in the wood below, as the wind turned them to the sun, sparkle, or rather flash, like diamonds. The day continued unclouded to the end.

Monday, November 12th.—The morning being fine, we resolved to go to Lowther. . . . Crossed the ford at Yanworth. Found Thomas Wilkinson at work in one of his fields; he cheerfully laid down the spade and walked by our side with William. We left our horses at the mill below Brougham, and walked through the woods till we came to the quarry, where the road ends—the very place which has been the boundary of some of the happiest of the walks of my youth. The sun did not shine when we were there, and it was mid-day; therefore, if it had shone, the light could not have been the same; yet so vividly did I call to mind those walks, that, when I was in the wood, I almost seemed to see the same rich light of evening upon the trees which I had seen in those happy hours. . . .

Tuesday, November 13th.—A very wet morning; no hope of being able to return home. William read in a book lent him by Thomas Wilkinson. I read *Castle Rackrent.* The day cleared at one o'clock, and after dinner, at a little before three, we set forward. . . . Before we reached Ullswater the sun shone, and only a few scattered clouds remained on the hills, except at the tops of the very highest. The lake perfectly calm. We had a delightful journey. . . . The trees in Gowborough Park were very beautiful, the hawthorns leafless, their round heads covered with rich red berries, and adorned with arches of green brambles; and eglantine hung with glossy hips; many birches yet tricked out in full foliage of bright yellow; oaks brown or leafless; the smooth

branches of the ashes bare; most of the alders green as in spring. At the end of Gowborough Park a large troop of deer were moving slowly, or standing still, among the fern. I was grieved when our companions startled them with a whistle, disturbing a beautiful image of grave simplicity and thoughtful enjoyment, for I could have fancied that even they were partaking with me a sensation of the solemnity of the closing day. I think I have more pleasure in looking at deer than any other animals, perhaps chiefly from their living in a more natural state. The sun had been set some time, though we could only just perceive that the daylight was partly gone, and the lake was more brilliant than before. . . . A delightful evening; the Seven Stars close to the hill-tops in Patterdale; all the stars seemed brighter than usual. The steeps were reflected in Brotherswater, and above the lake appeared like enormous black perpendicular walls. The torrents of Kirkstone had been swollen by the rains, and filled the mountain pass with their roaring, which added greatly to the solemnity of our walk. The stars in succession took their stations on the mountain-tops. Behind us, when we had climbed very high, we saw one light in the vale at a great distance, like a large star, a solitary one, in the gloomy region. All the cheerfulness of the scene was in the sky above us. . . .[1]

[1] A curious *recast* of this journal by his sister was published by Wordsworth, in his *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes.*—ED.

IX

EXTRACTS

FROM

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL

OF A

TOUR ON THE CONTINENT

1820

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820

Monday, July 10th, 1820.—We—William, Mary, and Dorothy Wordsworth—left the Rectory House, Lambeth, at a quarter to eight o'clock. Had the "Union" coach to ourselves, till within two stages of Canterbury, when two young ladies demanded inside places. . . . The Cathedral of Canterbury, described by Erasmus as lifting itself up in "such majesty towards heaven, that it strikes religion into the beholders from a distance," looks stately on the plain, when first seen from the gently descending road, and appeared to me a much finer building than in former times; and I felt, as I had often done during my last abode in London, that, whatever change, tending to melancholy, twenty years might have produced, they had called forth the capacity of enjoying the sight of ancient buildings to which my youth was, comparatively, a stranger. Between London and Canterbury the scenes are varied and cheerful; first Blackheath, and its bordering villas, and shady trees; goats, asses, sheep, etc., pasturing at large near the houses. The Thames glorious; ships like castles, cutting their way as through green meadows, the river being concealed from view; then it spreads out like a wide lake, scattered over with vessels.

Dover, Tuesday, July 11th.—We walked to the Castle before breakfast. The building, when you are

close to it, appears even *sublime*, from its immense height and bulk; but it is not rich or beautiful in architecture. The old warder stood in waiting upon the hill to lead us forward. After ascending above a hundred stone steps, we were greeted by the slender tinkling of a bell, a delicately wild sound in that place. It is fixed at the top of a pillar, on which is inscribed a poetical petition in behalf of the prisoners confined above in the Castle.

Calais, Tuesday, July 11th.—Landed on the shores of France at half-past one. What shall I say of Calais? I looked about for what I remembered, and looked for new things, and in both quests was gratified. . . On my bedroom door is inscribed "Sterne's Room," and a print of him hangs over the fireplace. The walls painted in panels, handsome carpets, chimney-piece marble-coloured, hearth red, bed-curtains white, sheets coarse, coverlet a mixture of cotton and woollen, beautifully white; but how clumsy all contrivances of braziers and smiths! The bell hangs on the outside of the wall, and gives a single, loud, dull stroke when pulled by the string, so that you must stand and pull four or five times, as if you were calling the people to prayers.

Calais, Wednesday, July 12th.—We rose at five; sunshine and clear, but rather cold air. The Cathedral, a large edifice, not finely wrought; but the first effect is striking, from the size of the numerous pillars and arches, though they are paltry in the finishing, merely white-washed and stuck over with bad pictures and tawdry images; yet the whole view at the entrance was affecting. Old men and women—*young* women and girls kneeling at their silent prayers, and some we espied, in obscure recesses, before a concealed crucifix, image, or altar. One grey-haired man I cannot forget, whose countenance bore the impression of worldly cares subdued, and peace in heavenly aspiration. . . . Another figure I must

not leave unnoticed, a squalid, ragged woman. She sate alone upon some steps at the side of the entrance to the quire. There she sate, with a white dog beside her; no one was near, and the dog and she evidently belonged to each other, probably her only friend, for never was there a more wretchedly forlorn and miserable-looking human being. She did not notice us; but her rags and her sickly aspect drew a penny from me, and the change in the woman's skinny, doleful face is not to be imagined: it was brightened by a light and gracious smile—the effect was almost as of something supernatural —she bowed her body, waved her hand, and, with a politeness of gesture unknown in England in almost any station of life, beckoned that we might enter the church, where the people were kneeling upon chairs, of which there might be a thousand—*two* thousand—I cannot say how many—piled up in different parts of the Cathedral. . . .

9 *o'clock*, *Inn-yard*, *Calais*.—Off we drove, preceded by our friends, each postilion smacking his whip along the street with a dexterity truly astonishing. Never before did I know the power of a clumsy whip, in concert with the rattling of wheels upon rough pavement! The effect was certainly not less upon the spectators, and we jolted away as merry as children—showed our passports —passed the gateways, drawbridges, and shabby soldiers, and, fresh to the feeling of being in a foreign land, drove briskly forward, watchful and gay. The country for many miles populous; this makes it amusing, though sandy and flat; no trees worth looking at singly *as* trees. . . .

Half-past 10.—The party gone to bed. This *salle*, where I sit, how unlike a parlour in an English inn! Yet the history of a sea-fight, or a siege, painted on the walls, with the costumes of Philip the Second, or even of our own time, would have better suited my associations, with the names of Gravelines and Dunkirk, than the story of Cupid and Psyche now before my eyes, as large

as life, on French paper! The paper is in panels, with big mirrors between, in gilt frames. With all this taste and finery, and wax candles,[1] and Brussels carpets, what a mixture of troublesome awkwardness! They brought us a ponderous teapot that would not pour out the tea; the latches (with metal enough to fasten up a dungeon) can hardly, by unpractised hands, be made to open and shut the doors! I have seen the diligence come into the yard and unload—heavy, dirty, dusty—a lap-dog walking about the top, like a panther in its cage, and viewing the gulf below. A monkey was an outside passenger when it departed.

Furnes, July 13th, Thursday, 5 o'clock.—I will describe this Square. Houses yellow, grey, white, and *there* is a green one! Yet the effect is not gaudy—a half Grecian church, with Gothic spire; storks have built their nests, and are sitting upon the venerable tower of another church, a sight that pleasingly reminds us of our neighbourhood to Holland. The interior of that which outwardly mimics the Grecian is Gothic, and rather handsome in form, but whitewashed, and bedaubed with tinsel, and dolls, and tortured images. . . . Bells continually tinkling. *There* goes a woman to her prayers, in a long black cloak, and bright blue stockings; *here* comes a nicely-dressed old woman, leaning on her staff! Surely it is a blessing to the aged in Roman Catholic countries to have the churches always open for them, if it were only that it makes a variety in the course of a long day! How soothing, how natural to the aged, thus to withdraw from the stir of household cares, and occupations in which they can no longer take a part! and I must say (little as I have yet seen of this mode of worshipping God) I never beheld more of the expression of piety and earnest feeling than in some of the very old people in these churches. Every avenue of the square of this town

[1] A charge was made for wax candles.—D W.

presents some picturesque continuation of buildings. All is old, and old-*fashioned;* nothing to complain of but a want of Dutch cleanliness, yet it does not obtrude on the eye, out of doors, and the exterior is grave, decent, and quiet. . . .

The priests in their gaudy attire, with their young white-robed attendants, made a solemn appearance, while clouds of incense were ascending over their heads to the large crucifix above the altar; and the "pealing organ" sounded to the "full-voiced quire." There was a beautiful nun in a grey garment with a long black scarf, white forehead band, belt, and rosary. Intent upon her devotions, she did not cast an eye towards us, and we stood to look at her. The faces of many of the women are handsome, but the steady grace, the chastened motions of their persons, and the mild seriousness of their countenances, are *most* remarkable. . . .

From Furnes to Bruges we had travelled through a flat country, yet with an endless variety, produced by the various produce of a beautiful soil carefully cultivated. We had been told that the country between Ghent and Bruges was much of the same kind, only not so interesting, therefore we were not sorry to interpose the variety of the packet-boat to Ghent. . . . And, when all was ready, took our places on the deck of the vessel. The tinkling of a bell, the signal for departure; and we glided gently away with motion only perceptible by the *eye*, looking at the retreating objects on the shore. . . . Two nuns and a priest (his prayer-book in his hand), an English dandy, a handsome lady-like Flemish girl, dressed in an elegant gauze mob-cap with flowers, and robe *à la française*, were the most noticeable people. . . . The groups under the awning would make a lively picture. The priest, in his cocked hat, standing at his prayers, the pretty maiden in her cap and flowers, and *there* are the nuns. My brother and the nuns are very merry. *They* seem to have left their prayer-books at home, and one of them has a pamphlet in her hand that looks like

a magazine. Low cottages, pretty and clean, close to the bank; a woman scouring a copper vessel, in white jacket, red cap, blue petticoat, and clean sailcloth apron; the flat country to be seen over the low banks of the canal, spires and towers, and sometimes a village may be descried among trees; many little public-houses to tempt a landing; near one I see a pleasant arbour, with seats aloft for smoking. . . . The nuns are merry; so is the priest, in his spectacles; the dandy recommends shoes, in preference to boots, as more convenient. "There is nobody that can clean either on the Continent." For my part, I think they clean *them* as well as anything else, except their vessels for cookery! they cannot get the dust out of a chair, or *rub* a table! . . . William and I remained till the carriages were safely landed, amid a confusion of tongues, French, German, and English, and inarticulate shoutings, such as belong to all nations. . . . Canals round the town, rows of trees, fortifications converted into pleasure-grounds. We pass through old and picturesque streets, with an intermixture of houses of a later date, and showy shops; an appearance of commerce and bustle, which makes the contrast with Bruges the more striking, as the architecture of the ancient houses is of the same kind. William and I, with our English lady, reached first the appointed inn, though our friends had left the boat long before us. . . .

Ghent.—After tea, walked through the city. The buildings, streets, squares, all are picturesque. The houses, green, blue, pink, yellow, with richest ornaments still varying. Strange it is that so many and such strongly-contrasted colours should compose an undiscordant whole. Towers and spires overlook the lofty houses, and nothing is wanting of venerable antiquity at Ghent to give to the mind the same melancholy composure, which cannot but be felt in passing through the streets of Bruges—nothing but the impression that no change is going on, except through the silent progress of

time. *There* the very dresses of the women might have been the same for hundreds of years. *Here*, though the black cloak is prevalent, we see a mixture of all kinds, from the dress of the English or French belle to that of the poorest of our poor in a country town. . . .

Saturday, July 15th.—The architecture is a mixture of Gothic and Grecian. Three orders of pillars, one above another, the Gothic part very rich. . . . Multitudes of swallows were wheeling round the roof, regardless of carts and hammers, or whatever noise was heard below, and the effect was indescribably interesting. The restless motions and plaintive call of those little creatures seemed to impart a stillness to every other object, and had the power to lead the imagination gently on to the period when that once superb but now decaying structure shall be "lorded over and possessed by nature." . . .

Arrival at Brussels.—Light and shade very solemn upon the drawbridge. Passing through a heavy gateway, we entered the city, and drove through street after street with a pleasure wholly new to us. Garlands of fresh boughs and flowers in festoons hung on each side, and the great height of the houses, especially in the narrow streets (lighted as they were), gave a beautiful effect to the exhibition. Some of the streets were very steep, others long or winding; and in the triangular openings at the junction of different streets there was generally some stately ornament. For instance, in one place a canopy, with white drapery attached to the centre, and suspended in four inverted arches by means of four pillars at the distance of six or seven yards from the centre.

Sunday, July 16th.—Brussels.—After breakfast, proceeded through the park, a very large open space with shady walks, statues, fountains, pools, arbours, and seats, and surrounded by palaces and fine houses—to the Cathedral, which, though immensely large, was so filled with people that we could scarcely make our way so as,

by standing upon chairs (for which we paid two sous each), to have a view of the building over the multitudes of heads. The priests, at high mass, could not be seen; but the melody of human voices, accompanied by the organ, pierced through every recess—then came bursts of sound like thunder; and, at times, the solemn rousing of the trumpet. Powerful as was the effect of the music, the excessive heat and crowding after a short while overcame every other feeling, and we were glad to go into the open air. Our *laquais de place* conducted us to the house of a shopkeeper, where, from a room in the attics, we might view the procession. It was close to one of the triangular openings with which most of the streets of Brussels terminate. To the right, we looked down the street along which the procession was to come, and, a little to the left below us, overlooked the triangles, in the centre of which was a fountain ornamented with three marble statues, and a pillar in the midst, topped by a golden ball—the whole decorated with festoons of holly, and large roses made of paper, alternately red and yellow. In like manner the garlands were composed in all the streets through which the procession was to pass; but in some parts there were also young fir-trees stuck in the pavement, leaving a footway between them and the houses. Paintings were hung out by such as possessed them, and ribands and flags. The street where we were was lined with people assembled like ourselves in expectation, all in their best attire. Peasants to be distinguished by their short jackets, petticoats of scarlet or some other bright colour (in contrast), crosses, or other ornament of gold or gilding; the bourgeoises, with black silk scarfs overhead, and reaching almost to their feet; ladies, a little too much of the French or English; little girls, with or without caps, and some in elegant white veils. The windows of all the houses open, and people seen at full length, or through doorways, sitting, or standing in patient expectation. It amused us to observe *them*, and the

arrangements of their houses—which were even splendid, compared with those of persons of like condition in our own country—with an antique cast over all. Nor was it less amusing to note the groups or lines of people below us. Whether standing in the hot sunshine, or the shade, they appeared equally contented. Some approached the fountain—a sacred spot!—to drink of the pure waters, out of which rise the silent statues. The spot is sacred; for there, before the priests arrived in the procession, incense was kindled in the urns, and a pause was made with the canopy of the Host, while they continued chanting the service. But I am going too fast.

The procession was, in its beginning, military, and its approach announced by sound of trumpets. Then came a troop of cavalry, four abreast, splendidly accoutred, dressed in blue and gold, and accompanied by a full band of music; next, I think, the magistrates and constituted authorities. But the order of the procession I do not recollect; only that the military, civil, and religious authorities and symbols were pleasingly combined, and the whole spectacle was beautiful. Long before the sound of the sacred service reached our ears, the martial music had died away in the distance, though there was no interruption in the line of the procession. The contrast was very pleasing when the solemn chaunting came along the street, with the stream of banners; priests and choristers in their appropriate robes; and not the least pleasing part of it was a great number of young girls, two and two, all dressed in white frocks. It was a day made on purpose for this exhibition; the sun seemed to be feasting on the gorgeous colours and glittering banners; and there was no breeze to disturb garland or flower. When all was passed away, we returned to the Cathedral, which we found not so crowded as much to interrupt our view: yet the whole effect of the interior was much injured by the decorations for the fête—especially by stiff orange-trees in tubs, placed

between the pillars of the aisles. Though not equal to those of Bruges or Ghent, it is a very fine Gothic building, massy pillars and numerous statues, and windows of painted glass—an ornament which we have been so accustomed to in our own cathedrals that we lamented the want of it at Ghent and Bruges.

Monday, July 17th.—Brussels.—Brussels exhibits in its different quarters the stateliness of the ancient and the princely splendour of modern times, mixed with an uncouth irregularity, resembling that of the lofty tiers of houses at Edinburgh; but the general style of building in the old streets is by no means so striking as in those of Ghent or Bruges. . . .

Waterloo.—Waterloo is a mean village; straggling on each side of the broad highway, children and poor people of all ages stood on the watch to conduct us to the church. Within the circle of its interior are found several mural monuments of our brave soldiers—long lists of naked names inscribed on marble slabs—not less moving than laboured epitaphs displaying the sorrow of surviving friends. . . . Here we took up the very man who was Southey's guide (Lacoste), whose name will make a figure in history. He bowed to us with French ceremony and liveliness, seeming proud withal to show himself as a sharer in the terrors of that time when Buonaparte's confusion and overthrow released him from unwilling service. He had been tied upon a horse as Buonaparte's guide through the country previous to the battle, and was compelled to stay by his side till the moment of flight. . . .

Monday, July 17th.—Brussels.—The sky had been overshadowed by clouds during most of our journey, and now a storm threatened us, which helped our own melancholy thoughts to cast a gloom over the open country, where few trees were to be seen except forests on the distant heights. The ruins of the severely con-

tested chateau of Hougomont had been ridded away since the battle, and the injuries done to the farm-house repaired. Even these circumstances, natural and trivial as they were, suggested melancholy thoughts, by furnishing grounds for a charge of ingratitude against the course of things, that was thus hastily removing from the spot all vestiges of so momentous an event. Feeble barriers against this tendency are the few frail memorials erected in different parts of the field of battle! and we could not but anticipate the time, when through the flux and reflux of war, to which this part of the Continent has always been subject, or through some turn of popular passion, *these* also should fall; and "Nature's universal robe of green, humanity's appointed shroud," enwrap them:—and the very names of those whose valour they record be cast into shade, if not obliterated even in their own country, by the exploits of recent favourites in future ages.

Tuesday, July 18th.—Namur.—Before breakfast we went to the church of the Jesuits; beautiful pillars of marble, roof of pumice-stone curiously wrought, the colour chaste and sombre: The churches of Ghent and Bruges are injured by being whitewashed: that of Brussels is of a pale grey, or stone-colour, which has a much better effect, though nothing equal to the roof of the Jesuits' church at Namur; yet in one point (*i.e.* the painted windows) the Cathedral of Brussels surpasses all the churches we have yet seen. . . . Several women passed us who had come thither to attend upon the labourers employed in repairing and enlarging the fortifications. Their dresses were neat and gay; and, in that place of which we had so often read in histories of battles and sieges, their appearance, while they struggled cheerfully with the blustering wind, was wild and romantic. The fondness for flowers appears in this country wherever you go. Nothing is more common than to see a man, driving a cart, with a rose in his

mouth. At the very top of our ascent, I saw one at work with his spade, a full-blown rose covering his lips, which he must have brought up the hill,—or had some favourite lass there presented it to him? . . .

Wednesday, July 19th.—Liége.—My first entrance into the market-place brought a shock of cheerful sensation. It was like the bursting into life of a Flemish picture. Such profusion of fruit! such outspreading of flowers! and heaps of vegetables! and such variety in the attire of the women! A curious and abundant fountain, surrounded with large stone basins, served to wash and refresh the vegetables. Torrents of voices assailed us while we threaded our way among the fruit and fragrant flowers; bouquets were held out to us by half a score of sunburnt arms at once. The women laughed—*we* laughed, took one bouquet, and gave two sous, our all. . . . Left Liége about 9 o'clock—were recognised and greeted by many of the women at their stalls as we passed again through the market-place. . . . Ascended a very steep hill, on the top of which stands the ruined convent of the Chartreuse, and there we left our carriages to look back upon the fine view of the city, spreading from the ridge of the crescent hill opposite to us (which is, however, somewhat unpleasingly scarified by new fortifications), and over the central plain of the vale, to the magnificent river which, split into many channels, flows at the foot of the eminence where we stood. . . . Still, as we proceed, we are reminded of England—the fields, even the cottages, and large farm-houses, are English-like; country undulating, and prospects extensive, yet continually some pretty little spot detains the eye; groups of cottages, or single ones, green to the very door.[1]

[1] Compare in *Tintern Abbey*, ll. 16, 17—

"these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door." ED.

Thursday, July 20th.—Aix-la-Chapelle.—I went to the Cathedral, a curious building, where are to be seen the chair of Charlemagne, on which the Emperors were formerly crowned, some marble pillars much older than *his* time, and many pictures; but I could not stay to examine any of these curiosities, and gladly made my way alone back to the inn to rest there. The market-place is a fine old square; but at Aix-la-Chapelle there is always a mighty preponderance of poverty and dulness, except in a few of the showiest of the streets, and even there, a flashy meanness, a slight patchery of things falling to pieces, is everywhere visible. . . .

Road to Cologne.—At the distance of ten miles we saw before us, over an expanse of open country, the Towers of Cologne. Even at this distance they appeared very tall and bulky; and Mary pointed out that one of them was a ruin, which no other eyes could discover. To the left was a range of distant hills; and, to the right, in front of us, another range—rather a *cluster*—which we looked at with peculiar interest, as guardians and companions of the famous river Rhine, whither we were tending, and (sick and weary though I was) I felt as much of the glad eagerness of hope as when I first visited the Wye, and all the world was fresh and new. Having travelled over the intermediate not interesting country, the massy ramparts of Cologne, guarded by grotesque turrets, the bridges, and heavy arched gateways, the central towers and spires, rising above the concealed mass of houses in the city, excited something of gloomy yet romantic expectation.

Friday, July 21st.—Cologne.—I busied myself repairing garments already tattered in the journey, at the same time observing the traffic and business of the river, here very wide, and the banks low. I was a prisoner; but really the heat this morning being oppressive, I felt not even a wish to stir abroad, and could, I believe, have

been amused more days than one by the lading and unlading of a ferry-boat, which came to and started from the shore close under my window. Steadily it floats on the lively yet smooth water, a square platform, not unlike a section cut out of a thronged market-place, and the busy crowd removed with it to the plain of water. The square is enclosed by a white railing. Two slender pillars rise from the platform, to which the ropes are attached, forming between them an inverted arch, elegant enough. When the boat draws up to her mooring-place, a bell, hung aloft, is rung as a signal for a fresh freight. All walk from the shore, without having an inch to rise or to descend. Carts with their horses wheel away—rustic, yet not without parade of stateliness—the foreheads of the meanest being adorned with scarlet fringes. In the neighbourhood of Brussels (and indeed all through the *Low Countries*), we remarked the large size and good condition of the horses, and their studied decorations, but near Brussels those decorations were the *most* splendid. A scarlet net frequently half-covered each of the six in procession. The frock of the driver, who paces beside the train, is often handsomely embroidered, and its rich colour (Prussian blue) enlivens the scarlet ornaments of his steeds. But I am straying from my ferry-boat. The first debarkation which we saw early in the morning was the most amusing. Peasants, male and female, sheep, and calves; the women hurrying away, with their cargoes of fruit and vegetables, as if eager to be beforehand with the market. But I will transcribe verbatim from my journal, "written at mid-day," the glittering Rhine spread out before me, in width that helped me to image forth an American lake.

. . . . . .

"It has gone out with a fresh load, and returned every hour; the comers have again disappeared as soon as landed; and now, the goers are gathering together. Two young ladies trip forward, their dark hair *basketed*

round the crown of the head, green bags on their arms, two gentlemen of their party ; next a lady with smooth black hair stretched upward from the forehead, and a skull-cap at the top, like a small dish. The gentry passengers seem to arrange themselves on one side, the peasants on the other ;—how much more picturesque the peasants ! *There* is a woman in a sober dark-coloured dress ; she wears no cap. Next, one with red petticoat, blue jacket, and cap as white as snow. Next, one with a red handkerchief over her head, and a long brown cloak. There a smart female of the bourgeoise—dark shawl, white cap, blue dress. Two women (now seated side by side) make a pretty picture : their attire is scarlet, a pure white handkerchief falling from the head of each over the shoulders. They keep watch beside a curiously constructed basket, large enough to contain the marketing of a whole village. A girl crosses the platform with a handsome brazen ewer hanging on her arm. Soldiers—a dozen at least—are coming in. They take the centre. Again two women in scarlet garb, with a great fruit basket. A white cap next ; the same with a green shawl. *There* is a sunburnt daughter of toil ! her olive skin whitens her white head-dress, and she is decked in lively colours. One beside her, who, I see, counts herself of higher station, is distinguished by a smart French mob. I am brought round to the gentry side, which is filled up, as you may easily fancy, with much less variety than the other. A cart is in the centre, its peasant driver, not to be unnoticed, with a polished tobacco-pipe hung over his cleanly blue frock. Now they float away ! "

Cologne, *Friday*, *July* 21*st*.—Before I left the interior of the Cathedral, I ought to have mentioned that the side-chapels contain some superb monuments. There is also a curious picture (marvellously rich in enamel and colouring) of the Three Kings of Cologne, and of a small number of the eleven thousand virgins, who were said,

after shipwreck, to have landed at this city in the train of St. Ursula. The Huns, who had possession of the city, became enamoured of their beauty; and the fair bevy, to save themselves from persecution, took the veil; in commemoration of which event the convent of St. Ursula was founded, and within the walls of that church an immense number of their skulls (easily turned into eleven thousand), are ranged side by side dressed in green satin caps. We left these famous virgins (though our own countrywomen), unvisited, and many other strange sights; and what wonder? we had but one day; and *I* saw nothing within gate or door except the Cathedral—not even Rubens's famous picture of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, a grateful offering presented by him as an altar-piece for the church in which he was baptized, and had served as a chorister. Among the outrages committed at Cologne during the Revolution, be it noted that the Cathedral, in 1800, was used as a granary, and that Buonaparte seized on the picture bestowed on his parish church by Rubens, and sent it to Paris. The Three Kings shared the same fate.

The houses of Cologne are very old, overhanging, and uncouth; the streets narrow and gloomy in the cheerfulest of their corners or openings; yet oftentimes pleasing. Windows and balconies make a pretty show of flowers; and birds hang on the outside of houses in cages. These sound like cheerful images of active leisure; but with such feeling it is impossible to walk through these streets. Yet it is pleasing to note how quietly a dull life may be varied, and how innocently; though, in looking at the plants which yearly put out their summer blossoms to adorn these decaying walls and windows, I had something of the melancholy which I have felt on seeing a human being gaily dressed—a female tricked out with ornaments, while disease and death were on her countenance.

Cologne, Saturday, July 22nd.—Upon a bright sunny morning, driven by a civil old postilion, we turned our

backs upon the cathedral tower of Cologne, an everlasting monument of riches and grandeur, and I fear of devotion passed away; of sublime designs unaccomplished—remaining, though not wholly developed, sufficient to incite and guide the dullest imagination,—

> Call up him who left half-told
> The story of Cambuscan bold![1]

Feelingly has Milton selected this story, not from a preference to the subject of it (as has been suggested), but from its paramount accordance with the musings of a melancholy man—in being left *half*-told—

> Foundations must be laid
> In Heaven; for, 'mid the wreck of *is* and *was*,
> Things incomplete and purposes betrayed
> Make sadder transits o'er truth's mystic glass
> Than noblest objects utterly decayed.[2]

Bonn.—The great area of the vale here is a plain, covered with corn, vines, and fruit-trees: the impression is of richness, profusion, amplitude of space. The hills are probably higher than some of our own which we call mountains; but on the spot we named them hills. Such they appeared to our eyes; but when objects are all upon a large scale there is no means of comparing them accurately with others of their kind, which do not bear the same proportions to the objects with which they are surrounded. Those in the neighbourhood of Bonn are of themselves sufficiently interesting in shape and variety of surface: but what a dignity does the form of an ancient castle or tower confer upon a precipitous woody or craggy eminence! Well might this lordly river spare one or two of his castles,—which are too numerous for the most romantic fancy to hang its legends round each and all of them,—well might he spare, to our purer and more humble streams and lakes, one solitary ruin for the

[1] See *Il Penseroso*, ll. 109, 110.—Ed.

[2] Compare the sonnet *Malham Cove*, in "Poetical Works," vol. vi. p. 185.—Ed

delight of our poets of the English mountains! To the right (but let him keep this to himself, it is too grand to be coveted by us) is the large ruined castle of Gottesberg, far-spreading on the summit of the hill—very light and elegant, with one massy tower. . . .

For some miles, the traveller goes through the magnificent plain which from its great width, appears almost circular. Though *unseen*, the River Rhine, we never can forget that it is there! When the vale becomes narrower, one of the most interesting and beautiful of prospects opens on the view from a gentle rising in the road. On an island stands a large grey Convent—sadly pensive among its garden walls and embowering wood. The musket and cannon have spared that sanctuary; and we were told that, though the establishment is dissolved, a few of the Nuns still remain there, attached to the spot;—or probably having neither friends or other home to repair to. On the right bank of the river, opposite to us, is a bold precipice, bearing on its summit a ruined fortress which looks down upon the Convent; and the warlike and religious edifices are connected together by a chivalrous story of slighted, or luckless love, which caused the withdrawing of a fair damsel to the island, where she founded the monastery. Another bold ruin stands upon another eminence adjoining; and all these monuments of former times combine with villages and churches, and dells (between the steeps) green or corn-clad, and with the majestic river (here spread out like a lake) to compose a most affectingly beautiful scene, whether viewed in prospect or in retrospect. Still we rolled along (ah! far too swiftly! and often did I wish that I were a youthful traveller on foot)—still we rolled along—meeting the flowing river, smooth as glass, yet so rapid that the stream of motion is always perceptible, even from a great distance. The riches of this region are not easily to be fancied—the pretty paths—the gardens among plots of vineyard and corn—cottages peeping from the shade—villages and

spires—in never-ending variety. The trees, however, in the whole of the country through which we have hitherto passed, are not to be compared with the trees of England, except on the banks of the Meuse. On the Rhine they are generally small in size; much of the wood appears to be cut when young, to spring again. In the little town of Remagan where we changed horses, crowds of people of all ages gathered round us; the beggars, who were indefatigable in clamour, might have been the only inhabitants of the place who had any work to do. . . .

Andernach.—Departed at about five o'clock. Andernach is an interesting place, both at its entrance from Cologne, and its outlet towards Coblentz. There is a commanding desolation in the first approach; the massy square tower of defence, though bearded by green shrubs, stands, as it were, untameable in its strength, overlooking the half-ruined gateway of the ramparts. Close to the other gate, leading to Coblentz, are seen many picturesque fragments and masses; and the ancient walls shelter and adorn fruitful gardens, cradled in the otherwise now useless trenches. The town itself appears so dull—the inhabitants so poor, that it was almost surprising to observe walks for public use and pleasure, with avenues and arbours on the level adjoining the ramparts. The struggle between melancholy and cheerfulness, fanciful improvements, and rapid decay, leisure and poverty, was very interesting. We had a fine evening; and the ride, though, in comparison with the last, of little interest—the vale of the Rhine being here wide and level, the hills lowered by distance—was far from being a dull one, as long as I kept myself awake. I was roused from sleep in crossing the bridge of the Moselle near Coblentz.

Coblentz, Sunday, July 23rd.—Cathedral.—The music at our entrance fixed us to our places. The swell was solemn, even *aweful*, sinking into strains of delicious sweetness; and though the worship was to us wholly

unintelligible, it was not possible to listen to it without visitings of devotional feeling. Mary's attention was entirely absorbed till the service ceased, and I think she never stirred from her seat. After a little while I left her, and drew towards the railing of the gallery, to look round on the congregation, among whom there appeared more of the old-fashioned gravity, and of antique gentility, than I have seen anywhere else; and the varieties of costume were infinite. . . . The area of the Cathedral, upon which we looked down from the crowded gallery, was filled with old, middle-aged, and young persons of both sexes; and at Coblentz, even the male dress, especially that of boys and youths, has a pleasing cast of antiquity, reminding one of old pictures—of assemblies in halls,—or of banquets as represented by the Flemish masters. The figure of a young girl tightly laced up in bodice and petticoat, with adornings of gold clasps and neck-chain, beside a youth with open throat and ornamented shirt-collar falling upon the shoulders of a coat of antique cut, especially when there chanced to be near them some matron in her costly robe of seventy years;—these, together, made an exhibition that even had I been a good Catholic, yet fresh from England, might have interfered with my devotions; but where all except the music was an unmeaning ceremony, what wonder that I should be amused in looking round as at a show! . . . All that we witnessed of bustle or gaiety was near the river, facing the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein; and upon the wide wooden bridge which we crossed in our way to the fortress. Fruit-women were seated on the bridge, and peasants, gentry, soldiers, continually passing to and fro. All but the soldiers paid toll. The citadel stands upon a very lofty bare hill, and the walk was fatiguing; but I beguiled my weariness with the company of a peasant lass, who took pains to understand my broken German, and contrived to make me acquainted with no small part of her family history. . . . This bonny maiden's complexion was as fresh as a rose, though no kerchief

screened it from the sunshine. Many a fierce breeze, and many a burning sun must she have struggled with in her way from the citadel to the town; and, on looking at her, I fancied there must be a stirring and invigorating power in the wind to counteract the cankering effect of the sun, which is so noticeable in the French peasantry on their hot dry plains. No sooner do you set foot in the neighbourhood of Calais than you are struck with it; and, at the same time, with the insensibility of young and old to discomfort from glaring light and heat. Whatever slender shade of willows may be at the door of a hut on the flats between Calais and Gravelines, the female peasants, at their sewing or other work, choose it not, but seat themselves full in the sunshine. Thence comes a habit of wrinkling the cheeks and forehead, so that their faces are mostly ploughed with wrinkles before they are fifty years old. In this country, and all through the Netherlands, the complexions of the people are much fresher and fairer than in France, though *they* also are much out of doors. This may perhaps be, in part, attributed to the greater quantity of wood scattered over the country, and to the shade of garden and orchard trees. . . . The view from the summit of the hill of Ehrenbreitstein is magnificent. Beneath, on a large, flat angle, formed by the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, stands the city, its purple-slated roofs surrounded by many tall buildings—towers and spires, and big palaces among trees. The vale of the Moselle is deep and green, formed by vine-clad steeps, among which the eye, from the heights where we stood, espies many a pleasant village. That of the Rhine is more varied and splendid—with towns that, from their size, the irregularity of their buildings, and the numerous towers and spires, give dignity to the proud river itself, and to the prodigally scattered hills. Downwards we looked through the plain, along which we had travelled the evening before from the town of Andernach, which stands, as Coblentz does, upon a low bank of the Rhine: and there is no eminence

between the two towns to obstruct the view. The course of the road, which is widely parted from that of the river, may be seen in a straight line for many miles. We behold below us the junction of the two great rivers; how steady and quiet is their meeting! A little while each goes in his own distinct path, side by side, yet one stream; and they slowly and by degrees unite, each lost in the other—happy type of a tranquil meeting, and joining together in the journey of life!

. . . . . .

Coblentz, as every one knows, was for a long time the headquarters of the French *noblesse*, and other emigrants, during the Revolution; and it is surprising that in the exterior of manners and habits there should be so little to remind the passing traveller of the French. In Ghent and Brussels, it is impossible to forget that you are in towns *not* making a part of France; yet, in both those places, the French have sown seeds which will never die—their manners, customs, and decorations are everywhere struggling with the native stiffness of the Flemish: but in *Coblentz* it is merely incidentally that the French courtier or gentleman is brought to mind; and shops, houses, public buildings, are all of the soil where they have been reared—so at least they appeared to us, in our transient view.

St. Goar, Monday, July 24th.— . . . The town, seen from the heights, is very beautiful, with purple roofs, two tall spires, and one tower. On the opposite side of the river we peep into narrow valleys, formed by the lofty hills, on which stand two ruins called, as we were told by our lively attendant, the Katzen and Mausen Towers (*i.e.* the Towers of the Cat and the Mouse). They stare upon each other at safe distance, though near neighbours; and, across the river, the greater fortress of Rheinfels defies them both. A lovely dell runs behind one of the hills; at its opening where it pours out its stream into the Rhine we espied a one-

arched Borrowdale bridge, and behind the bridge a village almost buried between the abruptly-rising steeps. . . . I will transcribe the few words I wrote in my memorandum-book, dated "Beside the Rhine, St. Goar": —"How shall I describe this soothing, this elegant place! The river flows on. I see it flow, yet it is like a lake—the bendings of the hills enclosing it at each end. Here I sit, half-way from the centre of the curve. At the turning of that semi-circular curve stands our Inn; near it is the Post-House, both rather handsome buildings. The town, softened white and purple, the green hills rising abruptly above it. Behind me (but I cannot see it) is the Castle of Rheinfels. On the opposite banks of the river, the vine-clad steeps appear as if covered with fern. It is a sweep of hills that from this point appear *even*-topped. At the foot of one of the dells which we noticed from the Castle eminence, there is a purple roofed town with one spire, and one church or convent tower; and I see the Borrowdale bridge beside the lowly hamlet in the cleft of the other dell. A ferry-boat has been approaching its landing-place with a crew of peasants. They come now slowly up from the shore, a picturesque train in grey attire—no showy colours; and at this moment I can fancy that even that circumstance gives a sweeter effect to the scene, though I have never wished to expel the crimson garments, or the blue, from any landscape." Here let me observe that grey clothing—the pastoral garb of *our* mountains—does, when it is found on the banks of the Rhine, only look well at a certain distance. It seems not to be worn from choice, but poverty; and in this day's journey we have met with crowds of people whose dress was accordant with the appearance close at hand of their crumbling houses and fortifications.

Bingen, Tuesday, July 25th.—Most delightful to the imagination was our journey of yesterday, still tempting to hope and expectation! Yet wherever we passed

through a village or small town the veil of romance was withdrawn, and we were compelled to think of human distress and poverty—their causes how various in a country where Nature has been so bountiful—and, even when removed from the immediate presence of painful objects, there is one melancholy thought which will attend the traveller along the ever-winding course of the Rhine—the thought that of those buildings, so lavishly scattered on the ridges of the heights or lurking in sheltering corners, many *have* perished, all *are* perishing, and *will entirely* perish! Buildings that link together the Past and the Present—times of war and depredation, of piracy, of voyages by stealth and in fear, of superstitious ceremonies, of monastic life, of quiet, and of retreat from persecution! Yet some of the strongest of the fortresses may, for aught I know, endure as long as the rocks on which they have been reared, deserted as they are, and never more be tenanted by pirate, lord, or vassal. The parish churches are in bad repair, and many ruinous. . . .

Mayence.—I thought of some thriving friar of old times; but last night,[1] in reading Chaucer's Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, mine host of the *Tabard* recalled to my memory our merry master in the dining-room at Mayence.

> A seemly man our Hoste was with alle
> To han bene a Marshal in an Halle;
> A large man he was—bold of his speech.

Frankfort, Wednesday, July 26th.—The town is large, though you do not feel as if you were walking in a large town. Standing on a perfect level you see no further than the street in which you are, or the one that leads to it; and there is little stirring of people.

[1] This was when writing out her Journal, begun two months after her return to Rydal Mount.—ED.

Two huge palaces are going to ruin. One of these (the Episcopal Palace) of red stone is very handsome in its style of heavy architecture, and there are many public buildings by the river-side. The quay is a cheerful and busy place. After driving a short way on the shore below those lofty buildings, we crossed a bridge of boats; and now (had we proceeded in the same direction as before) we should have had the Rhine on our right hand; but we turned back again, *i.e.* downwards, and still had it on our left for two miles (more or less), not close to us; but always in view broad and majestic, scattered over with vessels of various kinds. Large rafters piled with wood were by the shore, or floating with the stream; and a long row of mills (for grinding corn I suppose) made a curious appearance on the water. We had a magnificent prospect downwards in the *Rheingaw* (stretching towards Bingen), a district famed for producing finer vines than any other country of the Rhine.[1] The broad hills are enlivened by hamlets, villas, villages, and churches. After about two miles, the road to Wisbaden turns from the river (to the right), and with regret did we part from our majestic companion to meet no more till we should rejoin him for one short day among the rocks of Schaffhausen. . . . We went to the Cathedral, a very large, but not otherwise remarkable building, in the interior. The people assembled at prayers, sate on benches as in our country churches, and accompanied by the organ were chaunting, and making the responses. We ascend the Tower. It is enormously high; and after an ascent of above five hundred steps, we found a family living in as neatly-furnished a set of apartments as need be seen in any street in Frankfort. A baby in the cradle smiled upon us, and played with the Kreutzers which we gave her. The mother was alert and cheerful—nay, she

[1] Hockheim on the right bank of the Rhine, nearly opposite Mayence.—ED.

seemed to glory in her contentment, and in the snugness of her abode. I said to her, "but when the wind blows fiercely how terrible!" and she replied, "Oh nein! es thut nichts." "Oh no! it does no harm." The view from the Cathedral is very extensive. The windings of the river Maine; vessels in their harbours, or smoothly gliding, plains of corn, of forest, of fruit-trees, chateaus, villages, towns, towers and spires; the expanse irregularly bounded by distinct mountains. . . .

In the winding staircase, while descending from the Tower, met different people, who seemed to be going to make neighbourly visits to the family above. Passed through the market-place, very entertaining, and nowhere a greater variety of people and of head-dresses than there. The women's caps were high. My eye was caught by a tightly-clad, stiff-waisted lady who wore a gold cap (almost as lofty as a grenadier's) with long lappets of riband behind. I saw no reason why that cap (saving its silken ornaments) might not have belonged to her great grandmother's grandmother. The *Maison de Ville* stands on one side of a handsome square, in the centre of which is a noble fountain, that used to flow with wine at the crowning of the Emperors. Oxen were roasted in the square, and, in memory of the same, two heads, with their horns, are preserved under the outside of a window of an old church adjoining the *Maison de Ville*.

Heidelberg, Thursday, July 27th.—After dinner, Mary, Miss H., and I set off towards the castle. . . . The ascent is long and steep, the way plain, and no guide needed, for the castle walks are free; and there—among treasures of art, decaying and decayed, and the magnificent bounties of nature—the stranger may wander the day through. The building is of various dates: it is not good in architecture *as a whole*, though very fine in parts. There is a noble round tower, and the remains of the chapel, and long ranges of lofty and

massy wall, often adorned with ivy, the figure of a saint, a lady, or a warrior looking safely from their niches under the ivy bower. The moats, which must long ago have been drained, retain their shape, yet have now the wild luxuriance of sequestered dells. Fruit and forest trees, flowers and grass, are intermingled. I now speak of the more ruinous and the most ancient part of the castle. . . . We walked upon a platform before the windows, where a band of music used to be stationed, as on the terrace at Windsor—a fine place for festivals in time of peace, and to keep watch in time of war. . . . From the platform where we stood, the eye (overlooking the city, bridge, and the deep vale, to the point where the Neckar is concealed from view by its winding to the left) is carried across the plain to the dim stream of the Rhine, perceived under the distant hills. The pleasure-grounds are the most delightful I ever beheld; the happiest mixture of wildness, which no art could overcome, and formality, often necessary to conduct you along the ledge of a precipice—whence you may look down upon the river, enlivened by boats, and on the rich vale, or to the more distant scenes before mentioned. One long terrace is supported on the side of the precipice by arches resembling those of a Roman aqueduct; and from that walk the view of the Castle and the Town beneath it is particularly striking. I cannot imagine a more delightful situation than Heidelberg for a University—the pleasures, ceremonies, and distractions of a Court being removed. Parties of students were to be seen in all quarters of the groves and gardens. I am sorry, however, to say that their appearance was not very scholarlike. They wear whatever wild and coarse apparel pleases them—their hair long and disorderly, or rough as a water-dog, throat bare or with a black collar, and often no appearance of a shirt. Every one has his pipe, and they all talk loud and boisterously. . . .

Never surely was any stream more inviting! It flows in its deep bed—stately, yet often turbulent; and what

dells, cleaving the green hills, even close to the city! Looking down upon the purple roofs of Heidelberg variously tinted, the spectacle is curious—narrow streets, small squares, and gardens many and flowery. The main street, long and also narrow, is (though the houses are built after no good style) very pretty as seen from the heights, with its two gateways and two towers. The Cathedral (it has an irregular spire) overtops all other edifices, which, indeed, have no grace of architecture, and the University is even mean in its exterior; but, from a small distance, *any* city looks well that is not modern, and where there is bulk and irregularity, with harmony of colouring. But we did not enter the cathedral, having so much to see out of doors.

Heidelberg, Friday, July 28th.— . . . The first reach of the river for a moment transported our imagination to the Vale of the Wye above Tintern Abbey. A single cottage, with a poplar spire, was the central object. . . . As we went further, villages appeared. But Mr. P. soon conducted us from the river up a steep hill, and, after a long ascent, he took us aside to a cone-shaped valley, a pleasure-dell—I call it so—for it was terminated by a rural tavern and gardens, seats and alcoves, placed close beside beautiful springs of pure water, spread out into pools and distributed by fountains. A grey stone statue, in its stillness, is a graceful object amid the rushing of water! . . . Our road along the side of the hill, that still rose high above our heads, led us through shady covert and open glade, over hillock or through hollow; at almost every turning convenient seats inviting us to rest, or to linger in admiration of the changeful prospects, where wild and cultivated grounds seemed equally the darlings of the fostering sun. Many of the hills are covered with forests, which are cut down after little more than thirty years' growth; the ground is then ploughed, and sown with buck-wheat, and afterwards with beech-nuts. The forests of *firs* (numerous higher up, but not

so here) are sown in like manner. Immense quantities of timber are floated down the river. Sometimes in our delightful walk we were led through tracts of vines, all belonging to the Grand Duke. They are as free as the forest thickets and flowery glades, and separated from them by no distinguishable boundary. Whichever way the eye turned, it settled upon some pleasant sight. . . . Passed through the walled town of Durlach (about two miles from Carlesrhue), the palace deserted by the Duke. Coffee-houses all full, windows open, billiards, wine and smoking, finery, shabbiness and idleness. Large pleasure gardens beyond the barrier-walls, and we enter an avenue of tall poplars, continued all the way to Carlesrhue. After a little while nothing was to be seen but the poplar stems in shape of columns on each side, the leafy part of the trees forming a long black wall above them, so lofty that it appeared to reach the sky, that pale blue roof of the Gothic aisle still contracting in the distance, and seemingly of interminable length. Such an avenue is truly a noble approach to the favoured residence of a *grand* Duke.

Baden-Baden, July 29th (Saturday).— . . . Met with old-fashioned civility in all quarters. This little town is a curious compound of rural life, German country-townishness, watering-place excitements, court stateliness, ancient mouldering towers, old houses and new, and a life and cheerfulness over all. . . . A bright reflection from the evening sky powdered with golden dust that distant vapoury plain, bounded by the chain of purple mountains. We quitted this spectacle with regret when it faded in the late twilight, struggling with the light of the moon.

Road to Homburg.—Sunday, July 30th.—We were continually reminded of the vales of our own country in this lovely winding valley, where seven times we crossed the clear stream over strong wooden bridges ; but when-

ever in our travels the streams and vales of England have been most called to mind there has been something that marks a difference. Here it is chiefly observable in the large brown wood houses, and in the people—the shepherd and shepherdess gaiety of their dress, with a sort of antiquated stiffness. Groups of children in rustic flower-crowned hats were in several places collected round the otherwise solitary swine-herd. . . . The sound of the stream (if there be any sound) is a sweet, unwearied, and unwearying under-song, to detain the pious passenger, which he cannot but at times connect with the silent object of his worship.

Road to Schaffhausen.—A part of the way through the uncleared forest was pleasingly wild; juniper bushes, broom, and other woodland plants, among the moss and flowery turf. Before we had finished our last ascent, the postilion told us what a glorious sight we *might* have seen, in a few moments, had we been here early in the morning or on a fine evening; but, as it was midday, nothing was to be expected. That glorious sight which *should* have been was no less than the glittering prospect of the mountains of Switzerland. We did burst upon an extensive view; but the mountains were hidden; and of the Lake of Constance we saw no more than a vapoury substance where it lay among apparently low hills. This first sight of that country, so dear to the imagination, though then of no peculiar grandeur, affected me with various emotions. I remembered the shapeless wishes of my youth—wishes without hope—my brother's wanderings thirty years ago,[1] and the tales brought to me the following Christmas holidays at Forncett, and often repeated while we paced together on the gravel walk in the parsonage garden, by moon or star light.[2] . . . The towers of Schaffhausen appear

[1] His first visit to the Alps, with Robert Jones, in 1790.—ED.

[2] Compare Dorothy Wordsworth's letters written at Forncett rectory in 1790-91.—ED.

under the shelter of woody and vine-clad hills, but no greetings from the river Rhine, which is not visible from this approach, yet flowing close to the town. . . . But at the entrance of the old city gates you cannot but be roused, and say to yourself, "Here is something which I have not seen before, yet I hardly know what." The houses are grey, irregular, dull, overhanging, and clumsy; streets narrow and crooked—the walls of houses often half-covered with rudely-painted representations of the famous deeds of the defenders of this land of liberty. . . . In place of the splendour of faded aristocracy, so often traceable in the German towns, there is a character of ruggedness over all that we see. . . . Never shall I forget the first view of the stream of the Rhine from the bank, and between the side openings of the bridge—rapid in motion, bright, and green as liquid emeralds! and wherever the water dashed against tree, stone, or pillar of the bridge, the sparkling and the whiteness of the foam, melting into and blended with the green, can hardly be imagined by any one who has not seen the Rhine, or some other of the great rivers of the Continent, before they are sullied in their course. . . . The first visible indication of our approach to the cataracts was the sublime tossing of vapour above them, at the termination of a curved reach of the river. Upon the woody hill, above that tossing vapour and foam, we saw the old chateau, familiar to us in prints, though there represented in connection with the falls themselves; and now seen by us at the end of the rapid, yet majestic, sweep of the river; where the ever-springing tossing clouds are all that the eye beholds of the wonderful commotion. But an awful sound ascends from the concealed abyss; and it would almost seem like irreverent intrusion if a stranger, at his first approach to this spot, should not pause and listen before he pushes forward to seek the revelation of the mystery. . . . We were gloriously wetted and stunned and deafened by the waters of the Rhine. It is impossible even to remember

(therefore, how should I enable any one to imagine?) the power of the dashing, and of the sounds, the breezes, the dancing dizzy sensations, and the exquisite beauty of the colours! The whole stream falls like liquid emeralds —a solid mass of translucent green hue; or, in some parts, the green appears through a thin covering of snow-like foam. Below, in the ferment and hurly-burly, drifting snow and masses resembling collected snow mixed with sparkling green billows. We walked upon the platform, as dizzy as if we had been on the deck of a ship in a storm. Mary returned with Mrs. Monkhouse to Schaffhausen, and William recrossed in a boat with Mr. Monkhouse and me, near the extremity of the river's first sweep, after its fall, where its bed (as is usual at the foot of all cataracts) is exceedingly widened, and larger in proportion to the weight of waters. The boat is trusted to the current, and the passage, though long, is rapid. At first, when seated in that small unresisting vessel, a sensation of helplessness and awe (it was not fear) overcame me, but that was soon over. From the centre of the stream the view of the cataract in its majesty of breadth is wonderfully sublime. Being landed, we found commodious seats, from which we could look round at leisure, and we remained till the evening darkness revealed two intermitting columns of fire, which ascended from a forge close to the cataract.

Monday, July 31st.—Hornberg.—After this, over the wide country to *Villengen*, a walled town upon the treeless waste, the way unvaried except by distant views of remnants of the forest, and towns or villages, shelterless, and at long distances from each other. They are very striking objects: they stand upon the waste in disconnection with everything else, and one is at a loss to conceive how any particular town came to be placed in *this* spot or *that*, nature having framed no allurement of valley shelter among the undulations of the wide expanse. Each town stands upon its site, as if it might have been wheeled

thither. There is no sympathy, no bond of connection with surrounding fields, not a fence to be seen, no woods for *shelter*, only the dreary black patches and lines of forest, used probably for fuel, and often far fetched. In short, it is an unnatural-looking region. In comparison with the social intermixture of towns, villages, cottages, fruit-trees, corn and meadow land, which we had so often travelled through, the feeling was something like what one has in looking at a dead yet gaudy picture painted by an untutored artist, who first *makes* his country, then claps upon it, according to his fancy, such buildings as he thinks will adorn it.

Thursday, August 3rd.—Zurich.—At a little distance from Zurich we remarked a very fine oak tree. Under its shade stood a little building like an oratory, but as we were not among the Roman Catholics it puzzled us. In front of the tree was an elevated platform, resembling the *Mount* at Rydal, to be ascended by steps. The postilion told us the building was a Chapel whither condemned criminals retired to pray, and there had their hair cut off; and that the platform was the place of execution.

August 4th. — Lenzburg. . . . At six o'clock we caught a glimpse of the castle walls glittering in sunshine, a hopeful sign, and we set forward through the fog. The ruin stands at the brink of a more than perpendicular, an overhanging rock, on the top of a green hill, which rises abruptly from the town. The steepest parts are ascended by hundreds of stone steps, worn by age, often broken, and half-buried in turf and flowers. These steps brought us to a terrace bordered by neatly-trimmed vines; and we found ourselves suddenly in broad sunshine under the castle walls, elevated above an ocean of vapour, which was bounded on one side by the clear line of the Jura Mountains, and out of which rose at a distance what seemed an island, crested by another castle. We then ascended the loftiest of the towers, and

the spectacle all around was magnificent, visionary—I was going to say endless, but on one side was the substantial barrier of the Jura. By degrees (the vapours settling or shifting) other castles were seen on island eminences; and the tops of bare or woody hills taking the same island form; while trees, resembling ships, appeared and disappeared, and rainbow lights (scarcely more visionary than the mimic islands) passed over, or for a moment rested on the breaking mists. On the other side the objects were more slowly developed. We looked long before we could distinguish the far-distant Alps, but by degrees discovered them, shining like silver among masses of clouds. The intervening wide space was a sea of vapour, but we stayed on the eminence till the sun had mastery of all beneath us, after a silent process of change and interchange—of concealing and revealing. I hope we were not ungrateful to the memory of past times when (standing on the summit of Helvellyn, Scaw Fell, Fairfield, or Skiddaw) we have felt as if the world itself could not present a more sublime spectacle. . . .

Herzogenboschee.—At length we dropped asleep, but were soon roused by a fitful sound of gathering winds, heavy rain followed, and vivid flashes of lightning, with tremendous thunder. It was very awful. Mary and I were sitting together, alone, in the open street; a strange situation! yet we had no personal fear. Before the storm began, all the lights had been extinguished except one opposite to us, and another at an inn behind, where were turbulent noises of merriment, with singing and haranguing, in the style of our village politicians. These ceased; and, after the storm, lights appeared in different quarters; pell-mell rushed the fountain; then came a watchman with his dismal recitative song, or lay; the church clock telling the hours and the quarters, and house clocks with their silvery tone; one scream we heard from a human voice; but no person seemed to

notice *us*, except a man who came out upon the wooden gallery of his house right above our heads, looked down this way and that, and especially towards the *voitures*. . . . The beating of the rain, and the rushing of that fountain were continuous, and with the periodical and the irregular sounds (among which the howling of a dog was not the least dismal), completed the wildness of the awful scene, and of our strange situation; sheltered from wet, yet in the midst of it—and exposed to intermitting blasts, though struggling with excessive heat—while flashes of lightning at intervals displayed the distant mountains, and the wide space between; at other times a blank gloom.

Berne.—The fountains of Berne are ornamented with statues of William Tell and other heroes. There is a beautiful order, a solidity, a gravity in this city which strikes at first sight, and never loses its effect. The houses are of one grey hue, and built of stone. They are large and sober, but not heavy or barbarously elbowing each other. On each side is a covered passage under the upper stories, as at Chester, only wider, much longer, and with more massy supporters. . . . In all quarters we noticed the orderly decency of the passengers, the handsome public buildings, with appropriate decorations symbolical of a love of liberty, of order, and good government, with an aristocratic stateliness, yet free from show or parade. . . . The green-tinted river flows below—wide, full, and impetuous. I saw the snows of the Alps burnished by the sun about half an hour before his setting. After that they were left to their wintry marble coldness, without a farewell gleam; yet suddenly the city and the cathedral tower and trees were singled out for favour by the sun among his glittering clouds, and gilded with the richest light. A few minutes, and that glory vanished. I stayed till evening gloom was gathering over the city, and over hill and dale, while the snowy tops of the Alps were still visible.

Sunday, August 6th.—Upon a spacious level adjoining the cathedral are walks planted with trees, among which we sauntered, and were much pleased with the great variety of persons amusing themselves in the same way; and how we wished that one, at least, of our party had the skill to sketch rapidly with the pencil, and appropriate colours, some of the groups or single figures passing before us, or seated in sun or shade. Old ladies appeared on this summer parade dressed in flycaps, such as were worn in England fifty years ago, and broad-flowered chintz or cotton gowns; the bourgeoises, in grave attire of black, with tight white sleeves, yet seldom without ornament of gold lacing, or chain and ear-rings, and on the head a pair of stiff transparent butterfly wings, spread out from behind a quarter of a yard on each side, which wings are to appearance as thin as gauze, but being made of horse-hair, are very durable, and the larger are even made of wire. Among these were seen peasants in shepherdess hats of straw, decorated with flowers and coloured ribands, pretty little girls in grandmother's attire, and ladies *à la française*. We noticed several parties composed of persons dressed after these various modes, that seemed to indicate very different habits and stations in society—the peasant and the lady, the petty shopkeeper and the wealthy tradesman's wife, side by side in friendly discourse. But it is impossible by words to give a notion of the enlivening effect of these little combinations, which are also interesting as evidences of a state of society worn out in England. Here you see formality and simplicity, antiquated stateliness and decent finery brought together, with a pervading spirit of comfortable equality in social pleasures.

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Monday, August 7th.—I sate under an elm tree, looking down the woody steep to the lake, and across it, to a rugged mountain; no villages to be seen, no houses; the higher Alps shut out. I could have forgotten Switzerland, and fancied myself transported to one of the

lonesome lakes of Scotland. I returned to my open station to watch the setting sun, and remained long after the glowing hues had faded from those chosen summits that were touched by his beams, while others were obscurely descried among clouds in their own dark or snowy mantle. . . . Met with an inscription on a grey stone in a little opening of the wood, and would have copied it, for it was brief, but could not see to read the letters, and hurried on, still choosing the track that seemed to lead most directly downwards, and was indeed glad when I found myself again in the public road to the town. . . . Late as it was, and although twilight had almost given place to the darkness of a fine August night, I was tempted aside into a broad flat meadow, where I walked under a row of tall poplars by the river-side. The castle, church, and town appeared before us in stately harmony, all hues of red roofs and painting having faded away. Two groups of giant poplars rose up, like Grecian temples, from the level between me and the mass of towers and houses. In the smooth water the lingering brightness of evening was reflected from the sky; and lights from the town were seen at different heights on the hill.

Thun, Tuesday, August 8th.—The Lake of Thun is essentially a lake of the Alps. Its immediate visible boundary, third or fourth-rate mountains; but over-topping these are seen the snowy or dark summits of the Jungfrau, the Eiger, the Stockhorn, the Blumlis Alp, and many more which I cannot name; while the Kander, and other raging streams, send their voices across the wide waters. The remains of a ruined castle are sometimes seen upon a woody or grassy steep—pleasing remembrances of distant times, but taking no primary place in the extensive landscape, where the power of nature is magisterial, and where the humble villages composed of numerous houses clustering together near the lake, do not interfere with the impres-

sions of solitude and grandeur. Many of those villages must be more than half-deserted when the herdsmen follow their cattle to the mountains. Others of their numerous inhabitants find subsistence by fishing in the lake. We floated cheerfully along, the scene for ever changing. On the eastern side, to our left, the shores are more populous than on the western; one pretty village succeeded another, each with its spire, till we came to a hamlet, all of brown wood houses, except one large white dwelling, and no church. The villages are not, as one may say, in close neighbourhood; but a substantial solitary house is sometimes seen between them. The eminences on this side, as we advance, become very precipitous, and along the ridge of one of them appears a wall of rocks with turrets, resembling a mighty fortification. The boatmen directed our ears to the sound of waterfalls in a cleft of the mountain; but the *sight* of them we must leave to other voyagers. . . .

The broad pyramidal mountain, Niesen, rising directly from the lake on the western side towards the head, is always a commanding object. Its *form* recalled to my remembrance some of the stony pyramids of Glencoe, but *only* its form, the surface being covered with green pasturage. Sometimes, in the course of the morning, we had been reminded of our own country; but transiently, and never without a sense of characteristic difference. Many of the distinctions favourable to Switzerland I have noticed; and it seems as if I were ungrateful to our own pellucid lakes, those darlings of the summer breezes! But when floating on the Lake of Thun we did not forget them. The greenish hue of its waters is much less pleasing than the cerulean or purple of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland; the reflections are less vivid; shore and water do not so delicately blend together; hence a coasting voyage cannot be accompanied with an equal variety of minute objects. And I might add many other little circumstances or incidents that enliven the banks of our lakes.

For instance, in a summer forenoon, the troops of cattle that are seen solacing themselves in the cool waters within the belt of a pebbly shore; or, if the season do not drive them thither, how they beautify the pastures, and rocky unenclosed grounds! While on the Lake of Thun we did not see a single group of cattle of any kind. I have not spoken of that *other* sky, "received into the bosom" of our lakes, on tranquil summer evenings; for the time of day prevented our being reminded in the same degree of what we have so often beheld at such times; but it is obvious that, though the reflections from *masses* of brilliant clouds must often be very grand, the clouds in their delicate hues and forms cannot be seen, in the same soft distinctness, "bedded in another sky." . . .

In this pleasing valley we whirled away, again (as to the first sound of a Frenchman's whip in the streets of Calais) as blithe as children; when all at once, looking through a narrow opening of green and craggy mountains, the Jungfrau (the Virgin) burst upon our view, dazzling in brightness, which seemed rather heightened than diminished by a mantle of white clouds floating over the bosom of the mountain. The effect was indescribable. We had before seen the snows of the Alps at a distance, propped, as I may say, against the sky, or blending with, and often indistinguishable from it; and now, with the suddenness of a pantomimic change, we beheld a great mountain of snow, very near to us as it appeared, and in combination with hills covered with flourishing trees, in the pride of summer foliage. Our mirth was checked; and, awe-struck yet delighted, we stopped the car for some minutes.

Soon after we discovered the town of Unterseen, which stands right under the hill, and close to the river Aar, a most romantic spot, the large, ancient wooden houses of the market-place joining each other, yet placed in wondrous disregard of order, and built with uncouth and grotesque variety of gallery and pent-house. The

roofs are mostly secured from the wind by large rough stones laid upon them. At the end of the town we came to a bridge which we were to pass over; and here, almost as suddenly, was the river Aar presented to our view as the maiden-mountain in her resplendent garb had been before. Hitherto the river had been concealed by, or only partially seen through, the trees; but at Unterseen it is imperious, and will be heard, seen, and felt. In a fit of rage it tumbles over a craggy channel, spreading out and dividing into different streams, crossed by the long, ponderous wooden bridge, that, steady and rugged, adds to the wild grandeur of the spectacle. . . . I recollect one woody eminence far below us, about which we doubted whether the object on its summit was rock or castle, and the point remained undecided until, on our way to Lauterbrunnen, we saw the same above our heads, on its perpendicular steep, a craggy barrier fitted to war with the tempests of ten thousand years. If summer days had been at our command we should have remained till sunset upon our chosen eminence; but another, on the opposite side of the vale, named the Hohlbuhl, invited us, and we determined to go thither. Yet what could be looked for more delightful than the sights which, by stirring but a few yards from our elastic couch on the crags, we might see all round us? On one side, the river Aar streaming through the verdant vale; on the other, the pastoral, walnut-tree plain, with its one chapel and innumerable huts, bounded by varied steeps, and leading the eye, and still more the fancy, into its recesses and to the snowy barrier of the Jungfrau. We descended on the side opposite to that by which we climbed the hill, along an easy and delightful track cut in the forest among noble trees, chiefly beeches. Winding round the hill, we saw the bridge above the inn, which we must cross to reach the foot of the other eminence. We hurried along, through fields, woody lanes, and beside cottages where children offered us nosegays gathered from their shady gardens. Every

image, every object in the vale was soothing or cheerful: it seemed a paradise cradled in rugged mountains. At many a cottage door we could have loitered till daylight was gone. The way had appeared short at a distance, but we soon found out our want of skill in measuring the vales of Switzerland, and long before we had reached the foot of the hill, perceived that the sun was sinking, and would be gone before our labour was ended. The strong pushed forward; and by patience *I* too, at last gained the desired point a little too late; for the brilliance had deserted all but the highest mountains. They presented a spectacle of heavenly glory; and long did we linger after the rosy lights had passed away from their summits, and taken a station in the calm sky above them.[1] It was ten o'clock when we reached the inn.

Brienz, Wednesday, August 9th.— . . . There was something in the exterior of the people belonging to the inn at Brienz that reminded one of the ferry-houses in the Highlands—a sort of untamed familiarity with strangers, and an expression of savage fearlessness in danger. While we were waiting at the door, a company of females came up, returning from harvest labours in the Vale of Berne to their homes at the head of the lake. They gathered round, eyeing us steadily, and presently a girl began to sing, another joined, a third, a fourth, and then a fifth, their arms gracefully laid over each other's shoulders. Large black or straw hats shaded their heads, undecked with ribands, and their attire was grey; the air they sang was plaintive and wild, without sweetness, yet not harsh. The group collected round that lonely house on the river's edge would have made a pretty picture. . . . The shore of Brienz, as far as we saw it, is much richer in intricate

[1] After the sunshine has left the mountain-tops the sky frequently becomes brighter, and of the same hue as if the light from the hills had retreated thither.—D. W.

graces than the shores of the Lake of Thun. Its little retiring bays and shaggy rocks reminded me sometimes of Loch Ketterine.

Our minstrel peasants passed us on the water, no longer singing *plaintive* ditties, such as inspired the little poem which I shall transcribe in the following page; but with bursts of merriment they rowed lustily away. The poet has, however, transported the minstrels in their gentle mood from the cottage door to the calm lake.

> "What know we of the Blest above
> But that they sing and that they love?"
> Yet if they ever did inspire
> A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,
> Now, where those harvest Damsels float
> Homeward in their rugged Boat
> (While all the ruffling winds are fled,
> Each slumbering on some mountain's head)
> Now, surely, hath that gracious aid
> Been felt, that influence display'd.
> Pupils of Heaven, in order stand
> The rustic Maidens, every hand
> Upon a Sister's shoulders laid,—
> To chant, as Angels do above,
> The melodies of Peace, in love![1]

Interlachen, Thursday, August 10th.—Many a streamlet crossed our way, after tumbling down the hills —sometimes as clear as the springs of our Westmoreland mountains, but the instant they touched the glacier river of the valley their pure spirit was lost—annihilated by its angry waters. I have seen a muddy and a transparent streamlet at a few yards' distance hurrying down the same steep; in one instance the two joined at the bottom, travelled side by side in the same track, remaining distinct though joined together, as if each were jealous of its own character. Yielding to mild necessity,

[1] See the "Poetical Works," vol. vi. p. 315, in "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820," *Scene on the Lake of Brientz.*—ED.

they slowly blended, ere both, in turbulent disrespect, were swallowed up by the master torrent.

The Jungfrau (till then hidden except a small portion of its summit) burst upon our view, covered with snow from its *apparent* base to its highest pike. We had been ascending nearly four hours; and all at once the wintery mountain appeared before us; of majestic bulk, though but a small part of that mass springing from the same foundation, some of the pikes of which are seen far and wide from every quarter of the compass; and we, after all this climbing, seemed not nearer to the top than when we had viewed what *appeared* to be the highest summits from below. We were all on foot, and (at the moment when, about to turn to our left and coast along the side of the hill which, sloping down to the base of the snowy mountain, forms a hollow between) suddenly we heard a tremendous noise—loud like thunder; and all stood still. It was the most awful sound which had ever struck upon our ears. For some minutes, we did not utter a single word:—and when the sound was dying away exclaimed, "It is an avalanche!" eagerly asking "where?" and whence it had come. The guide pointed to a very small and almost perpendicular *rivulet* (as it appeared to us) perfectly white—and dashing down the mountains—"That," said he, "is the Avalanche!" We could not *believe* that such mighty tumult had proceeded from a little rill (to *our eyes* it was nothing else, though composed of falling masses of snow, and probably ice), and I suspect we were loth to leave the mystery explained: however, we were compelled to yield to our guide's experience, seeing a few minutes after, the motion of the little white rill or torrent gradually settle till all was gone, and perfect silence succeeded, silence more awful even than the noise which had preceded it. The hollow alongside of which our course lay might be in length half a league. On our right was the Jungfrau in stillness of deepest winter; and the opposite hill, the Wengern, was carpeted

with green grass and flowers. *These* heights were pastured by cattle, and we began to hear the tinkling of their bells, and shouts from boys at a distance; but no other stirring till we reached a single hut near the end of the sloping hollow, the only one visible hereabouts. At the door of the hut, our steeds were let loose to pasture, and we entered. Two or three young men and boys displayed the stores of their cupboard—one little piece of wheaten bread to help out the small supply which we had brought, plenty of cheese, and milk in abundance. It was not better than a savage shelter; and the youths looked as if they had had no valley culture; simple goodwill, however, cheerful smiles and stores proffered without reserve made all delightful, and had a shower and a wintry blast visited us from the Jungfrau we should have rejoiced in the comfort of that shelter; but the sun shone with *peculiar* brightness, enriching the soft green ground, and giving dazzling brilliancy to the snow. We desired our attendants to bring their stores into the open air, and seated ourselves on the turf beside the *household* spring (so let me call it, though but a child of summer at the foot of the icy mountain), the warm sun shone upon us; the air invigorated our spirits and we were as gay as larks, that soar in a region far below *ours* on that happy afternoon. Again we heard the thunder of avalanches, and saw them bursting out, fresh foaming springs. The sound is loud as thunder, but more metallic and musical. It also may be likened to the rattling of innumerable chariots passing over rocky places. . . . Soon the vale lay before us, with its two glaciers, and—as it might seem—its thousand cabins sown upon the steeps. The descent [1] became so precipitous that all were obliged to walk. Deep we go into the broad cradle-valley, every cottage we passed had its small garden, and cherry-trees sprinkled with leaves, bearing half-grown, half-ripe fruit.

[1] From the Wengern Alp.—D. W.

In plunging into this vale I was overcome with a sense of melancholy pervading the whole scene—not desolation, or dreariness. It is not the melancholy of the Scotch Highlands, but connected with social life in loneliness, not less than with the strife of all the seasons. . . . The sunshine had long deserted the valley, and was quitting the summits of the mountains behind the village; but red hues, dark as the red of rubies, settled in the clouds, and lingered there after the mountains had lost all but their cold whiteness, and the black hue of the crags. The gloomy grandeur of this spectacle harmonised with the melancholy of the vale; yet it was *heavenly glory* that hung over those cold mountains.

Grindelwald, Friday, August 11th.—Scheideck to Meiringen.—To our right, looking over the green cradle of the vale, we saw the glacier, with the stream issuing from beneath an arch of solid ice—the small pyramids around it of a greyish colour, mingled with vitriol green. The bed of icy snow above looked sullied, so that the glacier itself was not beautiful, like what we had read of; but the mass of mountains behind, their black crags and shadows, and the awful aspect of winter encroaching on the valley-domain (combinations so new to us) made ample amends for any disappointment we might feel. . . . The rain came on in heavy drops, but did not drive us to the closer shelter of the house. We heeded not the sprinkling which a gust of wind sometimes sent in upon us. Good fortune had hitherto favoured us; and, even if we had been detained at that house all night, the inconvenience would have been trifling. Our spirits were uplifted, and we felt as if it would be a privilege to be admitted to a near acquaintance with Alpine storms. This at least was my feeling, till the threatenings were over; and then, by happy transition, I gladly hailed the bursting light of the sun that flashed upon the crags, seen by glimpses between the dispersing clouds. The interior

of the house was roomy and warm; and, though the floors were of the bare soil, everything looked cleanly; the wooden vessels were pretty, ladles and spoons curiously carved, and all neatly arranged on shelves. Three generations, making a numerous family, were there living together in the summer season, with their cattle on the rough pastures round them:[1] no doubt the main support of the household, but the gains from travellers must be considerable. We were surprised at being asked if we chose coffee. Hardly should we have deserved our welcome shelter had we not preferred the peasant's fare—cheese, milk, and cream, with the addition of bread fetched from the vale; and I must not omit a dish of fruit—bilberries—here very fine. Indeed most of our mountain plants, except the branchy fern and the common daisy (which we rarely saw), grow in lavish beauty, and many others unknown to us, that enamel the turf like gems. The monkshood of our gardens, growing at a great height on the Alps, has a brighter hue than elsewhere. It is seen in tufts, that to my fancy presented fairy groves upon the green grass, and in rocky places, or under trees.

The storm over, we proceeded, still in the forest, which led us through different compartments of the vale, each of itself a little valley of the loveliest greenness, on all sides skirted with pine-trees, and often sprinkled with huts, the summer dwellings of the herdsmen. Sometimes (seen through a lateral opening) a meadow glade, not much larger than a calf-garth, would have its single dwelling; but the memory of one particular spot—the perfect image of peace and pastoral seclusion—remains with me as vividly as when, apart from my companions, I travelled over its soft carpet of turf. That valley-reach

[1] All these Alps are occupied by owners of land in the valleys, who have a right in common according to the quantity of their land. The cheeses, like the rest of the produce, are the property of all, and the distribution takes place at the end of the season.—D. W.

might be in length a quarter of a mile or more, and of proportionate width, surrounded by hills covered with pines, overtopped by craggy mountains. It was an apparently level plain, as smooth as velvet, and our course through the centre. On our right flowed the grey stream from the glaciers, with chastened voice and motion; and, on the other, were many cabins in an almost formal line, separated from each other, and elevated upon wooden pillars, the grass growing round and under them. There was not a sound except of the gushing stream; no cattle to be seen, nor any living creature.

. . . . .

Our way continued through interchange of pastoral and forest ground. Crossed a bridge, and then had the stream to our left in a rocky gulf overhung with trees, chiefly beeches and elms; sawing-mills on the river very picturesque. It is impossible to imagine a more beautiful descent than was before us to the vale of Hasli. The roaring stream was our companion; sometimes we looked down upon it from the edge of a lofty precipice; sometimes descended towards it, and could trace its furious course for a considerable way. The torrent bounded over rocks, and still went foaming on, no pausing-places, no gentle windings, no pools under the innumerable smaller cataracts; the substance and the grey hue still the same, whether the stream rushed in one impetuous current down a regularly rough part of its steep channel, or laboured among rocks in cloud-shaped heavings, or in boisterous fermentation. . . . We saw the cataract[1] through an open window. It is a tremendous one, but, wanting the accompaniments of overhanging trees, and all the minor graces which surround our waterfalls—overgrowings of lichen, moss, fern, and flowers—it gives little of what may be called pleasure. It was astonishment and awe—an overwhelming sense of the powers of nature for the destruction of all things, and of the help-

[1] The Fall of the Reichenbach.—ED.

lessness of man—of the weakness of his will if prompted to make a momentary effort against such a force. What weight and speed of waters! and what a tossing of grey mist! Though at a considerable distance from the fall, when standing at the window, a shower of misty rain blew upon us.

Meiringen, Saturday, August 12th.—Again crossed the river; then up a bare precipice, and along a gallery hewn out of the rock. Downwards to the valley more bare and open; a sprinkling of pines, among which the peasants were making hay. Hamlets and single huts not far asunder: no thought of dreariness crossed my mind; yet a pensiveness was spread over the long valley, where, year by year, the same simple employments go on in succession, and where the tempests of winter are patiently endured, and thoughtfully guarded against. . . . The *châlet* at Handek is large; four long apartments, in one of which our mules rested. Several men were living there for the summer season, but no women. They served us with the same kindliness we had experienced on the Wengern and Scheidegg Alps, but with slowness and gravity. These men were very tall, and had a sedate deportment, generally noticed I find by travellers in Ober Hasli, where the race has for centuries been distinguished by peculiar customs, manners, and habits. . . . From the brink of a rock we looked down the falls, and along the course of the torrent. The spectacle was tremendous, and, from that point, not less beautiful. The position of the sun here favoured us; and we beheld the arch of a bright rainbow, steadily poised on the cloud of vapour below us that burst out of the terrific waters. We looked down with awe upon

> the river, throwing
> His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,

yet at first hardly without personal fear. The noise was so great we could not help fancying it shook the very rock on

which we stood. That feeling passed away. . . . While I lay on my bed, the terrible solitudes of the Wetterhorn were revealed to me by fits—its black chasms, and snowy, dark, grey summits. All night, and all day, and for ever, the vale of Meiringen is sounding with torrents.

Meiringen, Sunday, August 13th.—Rain over, and the storm past away, long before the sunshine had touched the top of any other mountain, the snow upon the Wetterhorn shone like silver, and its grey adamantine towers appeared in a soft splendour all their own. I looked in vain for the rosy tints of morning, of which I had so often heard; but they could not have been more beautiful than the silvery brightness. . . .

Lake of Lungern.—At an upper window of one of a cluster of houses at the foot of the valley, a middle-aged man, with a long beard, was kneeling with a book in his hand. He fixed his eyes upon us, and, while his devotions were still going on, made me a bow. I passed slowly, and looked into that house with prying eyes, it was so different from any other, and so much handsomer. The wooden ceiling of the room, where the friar or monk (such I suppose him to be) knelt at his prayers, was curiously inlaid and carved, and the walls hung with pictures. The picturesque accompaniments of the Roman Catholic religion, the elegant white chapels on the hills, the steady grave people going to church, and the cheerfulness of the valley, had put me into good humour with the religion itself; but, while we were passing through this very hamlet, and close to the mansion of the godly man, Mr. M. having lost the cork of a little flask, I asked the guide to buy or beg for us another at one of the cottages, and he shook his head, assuring me they would neither give nor sell anything to us Protestants, except in the regular way of trade. They would do nothing for us out of goodwill. I had been too happy in passing through the tranquil valley to be ready to trust my informer, and, having first obliged him to make

the request, I asked myself at two respectable houses, and met with a refusal, and no very gracious looks. . . .

Sarnen, Monday, August 14th.—The road to the monastery is marked by small pillars of grey stone, not more than a quarter of a mile asunder. At the top of each pillar is a square cupboard, as I may call it, or it more resembles the head of a clock, where, secure from the rain, are placed paintings of the history of our Saviour from His birth to His ascension. Some of the designs are very pretty (taken, no doubt, from better pictures) and they generally tell their tale intelligibly. The pillars are in themselves pleasing objects in connection with the background of a crag or overhanging tree—a streamlet, or a bridge—and how touchingly must their pictured language have spoken to the heart of many a weary devotee! The ascent through the forest was interesting on every account. It led us sometimes along the brink of precipices, and always far above the boisterous river. We frequently met, or were overtaken, by peasants (mostly bearing heavy burthens). We spoke to each other; but here I could not understand three words of their language, nor they of mine.

Engelberg, Mount Titlis, Tuesday, August 15th.—We breakfasted in view of the flashing, silver-topped Mount Titlis, and its grey crags, a sight that roused William's youthful desires; and in spite of weak eyes, and the weight of fifty winters, he could not repress a longing to ascend that mountain. . . . But my brother had had his own visions of glory, and, had he been twenty years younger, sure I am that he would have trod the summit of the Titlis. Soon after breakfast we were warned to expect the procession, and saw it issuing from the church. Priests in their white robes, choristers, monks chanting the service, banners uplifted, and a full-dressed image of the Virgin carried aloft. The people were divided into several classes; the men, bareheaded;

and maidens, taking precedency of the married women, I suppose, because it was the festival of the Virgin.

The procession formed a beautiful stream upon the green level, winding round the church and convent. Thirteen hundred people were assembled at Engelberg, and joined in this service. The unmarried women wore straw hats, ornamented with flowers, white bodices, and crimson petticoats. The dresses of the elder people were curious. What a display of neck-chains and ear-rings! of silver and brocaded stomachers! Some old men had coats after the mode of the time of *The Spectator*, with worked seams. Boys, and even young men, wore flowers in their straw hats. We entered the convent; but were only suffered to go up a number of staircases, and through long whitewashed galleries, hung with portraits of saints, and prints of remarkable places in Switzerland, and particularly of the vale and convent of Engelberg, with plans and charts of the mountains, etc. There are now only eighteen monks; and the abbot no longer exists: his office, I suppose, became extinct with his temporal princedom. . . . I strolled to the chapel, near the inn, a pretty white edifice, entered by a long flight of steps. No priest, but several young peasants, in shepherdess attire of jackets, and showy petticoats, and flowery hats, were paying their vows to the Virgin. A colony of swallows had built their nests within the cupola, in the centre of the circular roof. They were flying overhead; and their voices seemed to me an harmonious accompaniment to the silent devotions of those rustics.

Lucerne, Wednesday, August 16th.—Lucerne stands close to the shore at the foot of the lake of the four cantons. The river Reuss, after its passage from the mountain of St. Gothard, falls into that branch called the Lake of Uri, and issues out of another branch at Lucerne, passing through the town. The river has three long wooden bridges; and another bridge, 1080 feet in

length, called the Cathedral Bridge, crosses a part of the lake, and leads to the Cathedral. Thither we repaired, having first walked the streets, and purchased a straw hat for 12 francs, at the shop of a pleasant talkative milliner, on whose counter, taking up a small pamphlet (a German magazine), we were surprised at opening upon our own name, and, still more, surprised to find it in connection with my brother's poem on the Duddon, so recently published.

But I was going to lead you to the end of the long bridge under a dark roof of wood, crossed and sustained by heavy beams, on each of which, on both sides—so that they face you both in going and returning—some portion of Scripture history is represented; beginning with Adam and Eve, and ending with the resurrection and ascension of Christ. These pictures, to the number of 230—though, to be sure, woful things as works of art—are by no means despicable daubs; and, while I looked at them myself, it pleased me much more to see the peasants, bringing their burthens to the city, often stay their steps, with eyes cast upwards. The lake is seen through the openings of the bridge; pleasant houses, not crowded, on its green banks. . . . It was dark when we reached the inn. We took tea at one end of the unoccupied side of the table in the *salle-à-manger;* while, on the other side, a large party were at supper. Before we had finished, a bustle at the door drew our attention to a traveller; rather an odd figure appeared in a greatcoat. Mary said, "He is like Mr. Robinson." He turned round while talking German, with loud voice, to the landlord; and, all at once, we saw that it was Mr. Robinson himself. Our joy cannot be expressed. If he had brought the half of old England along with him, we could not have been more glad. We started up with one consent; and, no doubt, all operations at the supper-table were suspended; but we had no eyes for that. Mr. Robinson introduced two young men, his companions, an American and a Scotch-

man—genteel, modest youths, who (the ceremony of introduction over) slipped away to the supper-table, wishing to leave us to ourselves. We were indeed happy—and Mr. Robinson was not less so. He seemed as if he had in one moment found two homes, his English home, and his home in Germany, though it were in the heart of Switzerland."

Lucerne, Friday, August 18th.—Merrily we floated between the soft banks of the first reach of the lake, keeping near the left shore.[1] Plots of corn interspersed among trees and green slopes, with pleasant houses, not neighbouring one another, as at Zurich, nor yet having a character of loneliness. Then we come to low shaggy rocks, forming pretty little bays, and a singular rock appears before us in the water, the terminating point of the promontory. That point passed, the Kusnach branch opening out on our left hand, we are soon on the body of the lake, from which the four smaller branches of Lucerne, Winkel, Alpnach, and Kusnach may be said to proceed. The lake is full and stately; the mountains are magnificent. The town of Lucerne, its red roofs softened (even in the sunshine of this bright day) by distance, is an elegant termination of its own compartment, backed by low hills. Rowing round the rocky point, we lose sight of that quarter: the long Reach of Kusnach is before us, bordered by soft shores with thinly-scattered villages, and but few detached cottages. Behind us, the lake stretches out to Mount Pilatus, dark, rugged, and lofty—the Sarnen and Meiringen mountains beyond; and the summits surrounding the hidden valley of Engelberg in the opposite quarter.

Top of Rigi, Saturday, August 19th.—At Goldau the *valley* desolation begins. It bears the name of the former village buried in ruins; and is now no more than

[1] Which is in fact the *right* bank as we were going *up* the Lake —D. W.

three or four houses and a church built on the same site. Masses of barren rubbish lie close to the houses, where but a few years past, nothing was seen but fruitful fields. We dined at the inn, and were waited on by the landlady, whose head-dress was truly surprising. She wore from the back of the neck to the forehead a cap shaped like a one-arched bridge with high parapets of stift muslin; the path of the bridge covered with artificial flowers—wonderously unbecoming; for she was a plain woman—not young—and her hair (I think powdered) was drawn tight up from the forehead. She served us with very small fish, from the lake, excellently cooked, boiled milk, eggs, an omelet, and dessert. From the room where we dined we had a view of the Lake of Zong, formerly separated from the small Lake of Lowertz only by *fertile* grounds, such as we now beheld stretching down to its shores. Yes! from a window in that house on its desolate site we beheld this lovely prospect; and nothing of the desolation.

Seewen, August 20th, Sunday.—A small white Church, with a graceful Tower, mitre-topped and surmounted by a slender spire, was in prospect, upon an eminence in the Vale, and thitherward the people led us. Passing through the small village of Engelbole, at the foot of that green eminence, we ascended to the churchyard, where was a numerous assemblage (you must not forget it was Sunday) keeping festival. It was like a *Fair* to the eye; but no squalls of trumpets or whistles—no battering of children's drums—all the people quiet, yet cheerful—cakes and fruit spread abundantly on the churchyard wall.

A beautiful prospect from that spot—new scenes to tempt us forward! We descended, by a long flight of steps, into the Vale, and, after about half a mile's walking, we arrived at *Brunnen*. Espied Wm. and M. upon a crag above the village, and they directed us to the Eagle Inn, where I instantly seated myself before a

window, with a long Reach of the Lake of Uri[1] before me, the magnificent commencement of our *regular* approach to the St. Gothard Pass of the Alps. My first feeling was of extreme delight in the excessive *beauty* of the scene ;—I had expected something of a more awful impression from the Lake of Uri ; but nothing so *beautiful.*

Monday, August 21st.—It was a moonlight night ;—rather a night of fitful moonshine ; for large clouds were driving rapidly over the narrow arch of sky above the town [Altorf]. A golden cross, upon one of the steeples, shone forth at times as bright as a star in heaven, against the black mountain-wall, while the transient touchings of the moonlight produced a most romantic effect upon the many-coloured paintings on the wall of the old Tower. I sate a long time at my window keeping watch, and wishing for a companion, that I might walk. At length, however, when I was preparing to go to bed (after ten o'clock) Mr. R. tapped at my door to tell me that Mr. M. was going out. I hastily re-dressed myself, and we two then sallied forth together. A fierce hot wind drove through the streets, whirling aloft the dust of the ruins, which almost blinded our eyes. We got a hasty glimpse of the moon perched on the head of a mountain pike—a moment and it was gone—then passed through the long street. Houses and ruins picturesque in the uncertain light—with a stateliness that does not belong to them by day—hurried on to the churchyard, which, being on an eminence, gave us another view of the moon wandering among clouds, above the jagged ridges of the steeps :—thence homewards struggling with the hot wind. *Some* matters are curiously managed on the Continent, a folding door, the sole entrance to my chamber, only separated it from the salon where, at my return, guests were at supper. I heard every word they spoke as distinctly as if I had been of the party, though without understanding more than that a careful father was travel-

[1] The head Branch of the Lake of the Four Cantons.—D. W.

ling with his two boys, to whom he talked incessantly; but so kindly and pleasantly that I hardly wished to get rid of his voice. We had broad flashes of lightning after I was in bed, but no thunder. This reminds me that we could have no fresh bread for breakfast in the morning, the bakers having, as we were told, been prohibited (since the destructive fire) under a heavy penalty, from heating their ovens except when the air is calm. I think it must often be the lot of the good people of Altorf to gnaw a hard crust; for these mountains are fine brewing-places for the winds; and the vale a very trough to receive and hold them fast.

Before our return to the Inn we had ascended to the convent—still between high walls. A grey stone image of our Saviour on the Cross was very striking in the early twilight, beside a rushing fountain near the convent. The building itself entirely shut out from view when close at hand. We continued our way between garden walls running parallel to the town—mortified by the almost entire exclusion of the prospect. Mr. R., Wm. and I entered a church. All was in darkness except where four dim tapers were burning on the Altar. Gradually the silver cross gleamed forth, and indistinct forms were seen—pictures of saints—and three or four motionless and silent figures upon the benches at their prayers. We sate—and could not help sitting; a rustling wind came suddenly with a fluttering sound, which disturbed the taper lights and sent a creeping through my body, though not from cold. We found our own comfortable Inn, the Ox, near the fountain of William Tell.

Tuesday, *August* 21*st*.[1]—*Altorf*.—The buildings here are fortunately disposed—with a pleasing irregularity. Opposite to our Inn stands the Tower of the Arsenal, built upon the spot where grew the Linden-tree to which Tell's son is reported to have

[1] There is a mistake here as to the date, which renders all subsequent ones inaccurate.—ED.

been bound when the arrow was shot. This tower was spared by the fire which consumed an adjoining building, *happily* spared, if only for the sake of the rude paintings on its walls. I studied them with infinite satisfaction, especially the face of the innocent little boy with the apple on his head. After dinner we walked up the valley to the reputed birthplace of Tell: it is a small village at the foot of a glen, rich yet very wild. A rude unroofed modern bridge crosses the boisterous river, and, beside the bridge, is a fantastic mill-race constructed in the same rustic style—uncramped by apprehensions of committing waste upon the woods. At the top of a steep rising directly from the river, stands a square tower of grey stone, partly covered with ivy, in itself rather a striking object from the bridge, even if not pointed out for notice as being built on the site of the dwelling where William Tell was born. Near it, upon the same eminence, stands the white church, and a small chapel called by Tell's name, where we again found rough paintings of his exploits, mixed with symbols of the Roman Catholic faith. Our walk from Altorf to this romantic spot had been stifling; along a narrow road between old stone walls—nothing to be seen above them but the tops of fruit trees, and the imprisoning hills. No doubt when those walls were built, the lands belonged to the churches and monasteries. Happy were we when we came to the glen and rushing river, and still happier when, having clomb the eminence, we sate beside the churchyard, where kindly breezes visited us—the warm breezes of Italy! We had here a volunteer guide, a ragged child, voluble with his story trimmed up for the stranger. He could tell the history of the Hero of Uri and declare the import of each memorial;—while (not neglecting the saints) he proudly pointed out to our notice (what indeed could not have escaped it) a gigantic daubing of the figure of St. Christopher on the wall of the church steeple. But our smart young maiden was to introduce us to the

interior of the ivied Tower, so romantic in its situation above the roaring stream, at the mouth of the glen, which, behind, is buried beneath overhanging woods. We ascended to the upper rooms by a blind staircase that might have belonged to a turret of one of our ancient castles, which conducted us into a gothic room, where we found neither the ghost nor the armour of William Tell; but an artist at work with the pencil; with two or three young men, his pupils, from Altorf—no better introduction to the favour of one of those young men was required than that of our sprightly female attendant. From this little academy of the arts, drawings are dispersed, probably, to every country of the continent of Europe.

Wednesday, August 22nd.—Amsteg.—After Wasen our road at times very steep;—rocky on both sides of the glen; and fewer houses than before. We had left the forest, but smaller fir-trees were thinly sprinkled on the hills. Looking northward, the church tower on its eminence most elegant in the centre of the glen backed by the bare pyramid of Meisen. Images by the wayside though not frequent, I recollect a poor idiot hereabouts, who with smiles and uncouth gestures placed himself under the Virgin and Child, pleading so earnestly that there was no resisting him. Soon after, when I was lingering behind upon a stone, beside a little streamlet of clear water, a procession of mules approached, laden with wine-casks—forty at least—which I had long seen winding like a creeping serpent along the side of the bare hill before me, and heard the stream of sound from their bells. Two neatly-dressed Italian women, who headed the cavalcade, spoke to me in their own sweet language; and one of them had the kindness to turn back to bring me a glove, which I had left on the stone where I had been sitting. I cannot forget her pretty romantic appearance—a perfect contrast to that of the poor inhabitants of her own sex in this district, no

less than her soft speech! She was rather tall, and slender, and wore a small straw hat tied with coloured riband, different in shape from those worn in Switzerland. It was the first company of muleteers we had seen, though afterwards we met many. Recrossed the Reuss, and, ascending a very long and abrupt hill covered with impending and shattered crags, had again that river on our left, but the hill carried us out of sight of it. I was alone—the first in the ascent. A cluster of mountain masses, till then unseen, appeared suddenly before me, black—rugged—or covered with snow. I was indeed awe-struck; and, while I sate for some minutes, thought within myself, now indeed we are going among the terrors of the Alps; for the course of the Reuss being hidden, I imagined we should be led towards those mountains. Little expecting to discover traces of human habitations, I had gone but a little way before I beheld, stretching from the foot of the savage mountains, an oblong valley thickly strewn over with rocks, or, more accurately speaking, huge stones; and among them huts of the same hue, hardly to be distinguished, except by their shape. At the foot of the valley appeared a village beside a tall slender church tower;—every object of the same hue except the foaming glacier stream and the grassy ground, exquisitely green among the crags. The hills that flanked the dismal valley told its history:—their precipitous sides were covered with crags, mostly in detached masses, that seemed ready to be hurled down by avalanches. Descending about half a mile we were at the village,[1] and turning into the churchyard to the left, sate there, overlooking the pass of the torrent. Beside it lay many huge fragments of rock fallen from above, resembling one of still more enormous size, called the Devil's stone, which we had passed by on the right-hand

[1] Named Göschenen. It is 2100 feet above the lake of Waldstelles and 3282 above the level of the Vierwaldstädtersee.—D. W.

side of the road near the entrance of the village. How lavishly does nature in these desolate places dispense *beautiful* gifts! The craggy pass of the stream coming out of that valley of stones was decorated with a profusion of gorgeous bushes of the mountain ash, with delicate flowers, and with the richest mosses. And, even while looking upon the valley itself, it was impossible, amid all its images of desolation, not to have a mild pleasure in noticing the harmonious beauty of its form and proportions. Two or three women came to us to beg; and all the inhabitants seemed to be miserably poor. No wonder! for they are not merely *summer* tenants of the village:—and who, that could find another hold in the land, would dwell there the year through? Near the church is a picturesque stone bridge, at the further end spanned by the arch of a ruined gateway (no gate is *there* now), and its stone pillars are crested with flowers and grass. We cross the bridge; and, winding back again, come in sight of the Reuss far below, to our left, and were in that part of the pass especially called by Ebel the valley of Schöllenen,[1] so well known for its dangers at the time of the dissolving of the snow, when the muleteers muffle their bells and do not venture to speak a word, lest they should stir some loose masses overhead by agitating the air. Here we passed two muleteers stretched at ease upon a plot of verdant turf, under a gigantic crag, their mules feeding beside them. The road is now, almost continuously very steep—the hills rugged—often ruinous—yet straggling pine-trees are seen even to their summits; and goats fearlessly browsing upon the overhanging rocks. The distance from Ghestinen to the vale of Urseren is nearly two leagues. After we had been long ascending, I perceived on the crags on the opposite side of the glen

[1] Ramond gives this name to the whole valley from Amsteg to the entrance of Ursern. Ebel gives to it, altogether, the name of the Haute-Reuss; and says that it is called by the inhabitants the Graccenthal—Göschenen.—D. W.

two human figures. They were at about the same elevation as ourselves; yet looked no bigger than a boy and girl of five years' growth, a proof that, narrow as the glen appears to be, its width is considerable:—and this shows how high and steep must be the mountains. Those people carried each a large burthen, which we supposed to be of hay; but where was hay to be procured on these precipices? A little further—and the mystery was solved, when we discovered a solitary mower among slips of grass on the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. The man and woman must have been bearing their load to the desolate valley. Such are the summer labours of its poor inhabitants. In winter, their sole employment out of their houses and cattle-sheds must be the clearing away of snow, which would otherwise keep the doors barred up. But even at that season, I believe, seldom a week passes over their heads without tidings from the top of St. Gothard or the valley of Altorf, winter being the season when merchandise is constantly passing upon sledges between Italy and Switzerland:—and Ghestinen is one of the halting-places. The most dangerous time of travelling is the spring. For *us* there were no dangers. The excellent paved road of granite masters all difficulties even up the steepest ascents; and from safe bridges crossing the torrents we looked without trepidation into their gulfs, or pondered over their hasty course to the Reuss. Yet in the Gorge of Schoellenen it is not easy to forget the terrors which visit that houseless valley. Frequent memorials of deaths on the spot are discovered by the way-side,—small wooden crosses placed generally under the shelter of an overhanging stone. They might easily be passed unnoticed; and are so slightly put together that a child might break them to pieces:—yet they lie from year to year, as safe as in a sanctuary.

Thursday, August 23rd.—Hopital.[1]—Mary and I were

[1] Hospenthal.—ED.

again the first to depart. Our little Trager had left us and we proceeded with another (engaged also for 9 francs the distance to Airola, one league less). Turned aside into one of the little chapels at the outskirts of the town. Two Italians were refreshing and repainting the Saints and Angels; we traced something of the style of their country (very different from what is seen in Switzerland) in the ornaments of the Chapel. Next we were invited to view a collection of minerals: and, avowing ignorance in these matters, passed on. The ascent is at once very steep. The sun shone full upon us, but the air was clear and cool, though perfectly calm. Straying from the paved road we walked on soft grass sprinkled with lowly flowers, and interwoven with the ground-loving thyme which (hardly to be discovered by the eye in passing) sent out gushes of aromatic odour. The Reuss rapidly descending in a rocky channel between green hills, hillocks, or knolls was on our left hand—not close to the road. Our first resting-place was beside a little company of its small cataracts—foaming and sparkling—such as we might have met with in the *ghyll* of a Westmoreland mountain—scantily adorned with bushes, and liberally with bright flowers—cattle wandering on the hills; their bells made a soft jingling. The ascent becomes less steep. After ascending half a league, or more, having passed several painted oratories, but neither cottage nor cattle-shed—we came to a wide long hollow, so exactly resembling the upper reaches of our vales, especially Easedale, that we could have half believed ourselves there before the April sun had melted the snow on the mountain-tops, the clear river Reuss, flowing over a flat, though stony bed in the centre. M. and I were still alone with our guide; and here we met a French traveller, of whom Mr. R. told us he had afterwards inquired if he had seen two ladies, to which he rudely answered that he *had met two women* a little above. This reminded me of an unwilling inclination of the head when I had spoken to this Frenchman in passing, as I

do to all whom I meet in lonely places. He did not touch his hat: no doubt an intentional incivility, for, on the Continent, that mark of respect towards strangers is so general as to be often troublesome. Our fellow-travellers overtook us before we had ascended from the Westmoreland hollow, which had appeared to them, as to us, with the face of an old friend. No more bushes now to be seen—and not a single house or hut since we left Hopital. The ascent at times very rapid—hill bare—and very rocky. The Reuss (when seen at our right hand) was taking an open course, like a common mountain torrent, having no continuous glen of its own. Savage pikes in all directions:—but, altogether, the mountain ascent from Urseren not to be compared in awfulness and grandeur with the valley pass from Amsteg. I recollect no particular incidents by the way, except that, when far behind in discourse with a lame, and therefore slow-paced, foot-traveller (who intended to halt for the night at the Hospital of St. Gothard), he pointed out to me a patch of snow on the left side of the road at a distance, and a great stone on the right, which he told me was the spot where six travellers had been overwhelmed by an avalanche last February—they and the huge stone buried beneath the snow, I cannot say how many feet deep. I found our party examining the spot. The hill, from which the avalanche had fallen, was neither precipitous nor, to appearance, very lofty, nor was anything to be seen which could give the notion of peculiar hazard in that place; and this gave us, perhaps, a more vivid impression of what must be the dangers of the Alps, at one season of the year, than the most fearful crags and precipices. A wooden cross placed under the great stone by the brother of one of the deceased (an Italian gentleman) recorded the time and manner of his death. We tasted the cold snow near this spot, the first we had met with by the way-side, no doubt a remnant of the avalanche that had buried those unfortunate travellers. At the top of the ascent of St. Gothard

a wide basin—a dreary valley of rocky ground—lies before us.

An oratory, where no doubt thanksgivings have been often poured out for preservation from dangers encountered on a road which we had travelled, so gaily, stands beside a large pool of clear water, that lies just below us; and another pool, or little lake, the source of the Reuss, is discovered between an opening in the mountains to the right. The prospect is savage and grand; yet the grandeur chiefly arises from the consciousness of being on ground so elevated and so near to the sources of two great rivers, taking their opposite courses to the German Ocean, and the Mediterranean Sea: for the mountain summits which rise all round—some covered with snow—others of bare granite, being viewed from a base so lofty are not so commanding as when seen from below; and the *valley country* is wholly hidden from view.—Unwilling to turn the mountain, I sate down upon a rock above the little lake; and thence saw (a quarter of a mile distant) the Hospital, or Inn, and, beside it, the ruins of a convent, destroyed by the French. A tinkling of bells suddenly warned me to look about, and there was a troop of goats; some of them close at hand among the crags and slips of turf; nor were there wanting, even here, a few bright lowly flowers. Entering into my brother's youthful feelings of sadness and disappointment when he was told unexpectedly that the Alps were crossed—the effort accomplished—I tardily descended towards the Hospital.

I found Mary sitting on the lowest of a long flight of steps. She had lost her companions (my brother and a young Swiss who had joined us on the road). We mounted the steps; and, from within, their voices answered our call. Went along a dark, stone, *banditti* passage, into a small chamber little less gloomy, where we found them seated with food before them, bread and cheese, with sour red wine—no milk. Hunger satisfied, Mary and I hastened to warm ourselves in the sunshine; for the

house was as cold as a dungeon. We straightway greeted with joy the infant TESSINO which has its sources in the pools above. The gentlemen joined us, and we placed ourselves on a sunny bank, looking towards Italy; and the Swiss took out his flute, and played, and afterwards sang, the *Ranz des Vaches*, and other airs of his country. We, and especially our sociable friend R. (with his inexhaustible stock of kindness, and his German tongue) found him a pleasant companion. He was from the University of Heidelberg, and bound for Rome, on a visit to a brother, in the holidays; and, our mode of travelling, for a short way, being the same, it was agreed we should go on together: but before we reached Airola he left us, and we saw no more of him.

Friday, August 24th.—Airola (3800 feet above the sea).—I walked out; but neglected to enter the church, and missed a pleasure which W. has often spoken of. He found a congregation of Rustics chanting the service —the men and women alternately—unaccompanied by a priest. . . . Cascades of pure unsullied water, tumble down the hills in every conceivable variety of form and motion—and never, I think, distant from each other a quarter of a mile in the whole of our course from Airola. Sometimes, those cascades are seen to fall in one snow-white line from the highest ridge of the steep; or, sometimes, gleaming through the woods (no traceable bed above them) they seem to start out at once from beneath the trees, as from their source, leaping over the rocks. One full cataract rose up like a geyser of Iceland, a silvery pillar that glittered, as it seemed, among lightly-tossing snow. Without remembering that the Tessino (of monotonous and muddy line) was seldom out of sight, it is not possible to have even a faint notion of the pleasure with which we looked at those bright rejoicing rivulets. The morning was sunny; but we felt no oppression from heat, walking leisurely, and resting long,

especially at first, when expecting W. and R., who at length overtook us, bringing a comfort that would have cheered a *dreary* road—letters from England.

Sunday, August 26th.—Locarno.—We had resolved to ascend St. Salvador before sunrise ; and, a contrary wind having sprung up, the boatmen wished to persuade us to stay all night at a town upon a low point of land pushed far into the Lake, which conceals from our view that portion of it, where, at the head of a large basin or bay, stands the town of Lugano. They told us we might thence ascend the mountain with more ease than from Lugano, a wile to induce us to stay ; but we called upon them to push on. Having weathered this point, and left it some way behind, the place of our destination appears in view—(like Locarno and Luvino) within the semicircle of a bay—a wide basin of waters spread before it ; and the reach of the lake towards Porlezza winding away to our right. That reach appeared to be of more grave and solemn character than any we had passed through—grey steeps enclosing it on each side. We now coasted beneath bare precipices at the foot of St. Salvador—shouted to the echoes—and were answered by travellers from the road far above our heads. Thence tended towards the middle of the basin ; and the town of Lugano appeared in front of us, low green woody hills rising above it. Mild lightning fluttered like the northern lights over the steeps of St. Salvador, yet without threatening clouds ; the wind had fallen ; and no apprehensions of a storm disturbed our pleasures. It was 8 o'clock when we reached the Inn, where all things were on a large scale —splendid yet shabby. The landlord quite a fine gentleman. His brother gone to England as a witness on the Queen's trial. We had soon an excellent supper in a small salon where her present Majesty of England and Count Bergami had often feasted together. Mary had the honour of sleeping in the bed allotted to her Majesty, and I in that of which she herself had made choice, not

being satisfied with her first accommodations. The boatman told us she was *una bravissima Principessa* and spent much money. The lightning continued; but without thunder. We strayed again to the water-side while supper was in preparation. Everybody seems to be living out of doors; and long after I was in bed, I heard people in the streets singing, laughing, talking, and playing on the flute.

Monday, August 27th.—Lugano.—Roused from sleep at a quarter before 4 o'clock, the moon brightly shining. At a quarter *past* four set off on foot to ascend Mount St. Salvador. Though so early, people were stirring in the streets; our walk was by the shore, round the fine bay —solemn yet cheerful in the morning twilight. At the beginning of the ascent, passed through gateways and sheds among picturesque old buildings with overhanging flat roofs—vines hanging from the walls with the wildness of brambles or the untrained woodbine. The ascent from the beginning is exceedingly steep and without intermission to the very summit. Vines spreading from tree to tree, resting upon walls, or clinging to wooden poles, they creep up the steep sides of the hill, no boundary line between *them* and the wild growth of the mountain, with which, at last, they are blended till no trace of cultivation appears. The road is narrow; but a path to the shrine of St. Salvador has been made with great pains, still trodden once in the year by crowds (probably, at this day, chiefly of peasantry) to keep the Festival of that Saint, on the summit of the mount. It winds along the declivities of the rocks—and, all the way, the views are beautiful. To begin with, looking backward to the town of Lugano, surrounded by villas among trees—a rich vale beyond the town, an ample tract bright with cultivation and fertility, scattered over with villages and spires—who could help pausing to look back on these enchanting scenes? Yet a still more interesting spectacle travels

with us, at our side (but how far beneath us!) the Lake, winding at the base of the mountain, into which we looked from craggy forest precipices, apparently almost as steep as the walls of a castle, and a thousand times higher. We were bent on getting start of the rising sun, therefore none of the party rested longer than was sufficient to recover breath. I did so frequently, for a few minutes; it being my plan at all times to climb up with my best speed for the sake of those rests, whereas Mary, I believe, never once sate down this morning, perseveringly mounting upward. Meanwhile, many a beautiful flower was plucked among the mossy stones. One,[1] in particular, there was (since found wherever we have been in Italy). I helped Miss Barker to plant that same flower in her garden brought from Mr. Clarke's hot-house. In spite of all our efforts the sun was beforehand with us. *We* were two hours in ascending. W. and Mr. R. who had pushed on before, were one hour and forty minutes. When we stood on the crown of that glorious Mount, we seemed to have attained a spot which commanded pleasures equal to all that sight could give on this terrestrial world. We beheld the mountains of Simplon—two brilliant shapes on a throne of clouds—*Mont Blanc* (as the guide told us[2]) lifting his resplendent forehead above a vapoury sea—and the Monte Rosa a bright pyramid, how high up in the sky! The vision did not *burst* upon us suddenly; but was revealed by slow degrees, while we felt so satisfied and delighted with what lay distinctly outspread around us, that we had hardly begun to look for objects less defined, in the far-distant horizon. I cannot describe the green hollows, hills, slopes, and woody plains—the towns, villages, and towers—the crowds of secondary mountains,

[1] Cyclamen.—D. W.

[2] It was *not* Mont Blanc. He was mistaken, or wanted to deceive us to give pleasure; but however we might have wished to believe that what he asserted was true, we could not think it possible.—D. W.

substantial in form and outline, bounding the prospect in other quarters—nor the bewitching loveliness of the lake of Lugano lying at the base of Mount Salvador, and thence stretching out its arms between the bold steeps. My brother said he had never in his life seen so extensive a prospect at the expense only of two hours' climbing: but it must be remembered that the whole of the ascent is almost a precipice. Beyond the town of Lugano, the hills and wide vale are thickly sprinkled with towns and houses. Small lakes (to us their names unknown) were glittering among the woody steeps, and beneath lay the broad neck of the Peninsula of St. Salvador—a tract of hill and valley, woods and waters. Far in the distance on the other side, the towers of Milan might be descried. The river Po, a ghostly serpent-line, rested on the brown plains of Lombardy; and there again we traced the Tessino, departed from his mountain solitudes, where we had been his happy companions.

But I have yet only looked *beyond* the mount. There is a house beside the Chapel, probably in former times inhabited by persons devoted to religious services—or it might be only destined for the same use for which it serves at present, a shelter for them who flock from the vallies to the yearly Festival. Repairs are going on in the Chapel, which was struck with lightning a few years ago, and all but the altar and its holy things, with the image of the Patron Saint, destroyed. Their preservation is an established miracle, and the surrounding peasantry consider the memorials as sanctified anew by that visitation from heaven.

Tuesday, August 28th.—Menaggio.—We took the opposite (the eastern) side of the lake, intending to land, and ascend to the celebrated source of the *Fiume Latte* (River of Milk). Following the curves of the shore came to a grey-white village, and landed upon the rocky bank (there is no road or pathway along this

margin of the lake; and every village has its own boats). Mounting by a flight of rugged steps, we were at once under a line of houses fronting the water; and after climbing up the steep, walked below those houses, the lake beneath us on our left. All at once, from that sunny spot we came upon a rugged bridge; shady all round—cool breezes rising up from the rocky cleft where in twilight gloom (so it appears to eyes saturated with light) a copious stream—the *Fiume Latte*—is hurrying with leap and bound to the great lake. Our object, as I have said, was the fountain of that torrent. We mounted up the hill by rocky steeps, and pathways, in some places almost perpendicular, the precipice all the way being built up by low walls hung with vines. The earth thus supported is covered with melons, pumpkins, Indian corn, chestnut-trees, fig-trees, and trees now scattering ripe plums. The ascent was truly laborious. On the lake we had never been oppressed by the heat; *here* it was almost too much even for *me:* but when we reached the desired spot, where the torrent drops from its marble cavern, as clear as crystal, how delicious the coolness of the breeze! The water issues silently from the cold cavern, slides but a very little way over the rock, then bounds in a short cataract, and rushes rapidly to the lake. The evergreen Arbutus and the prickly-leaved Alaturnus grow in profusion on the rocks bordering the Fiume Latte; and there, in remembrance of Rydal Mount, where we had been accustomed to see one or two bushes of those plants growing in the garden, we decked our bonnets, mingling the glossy leaves of those evergreen shrubs with that beautiful lilac flower first seen in the ascent of St. Salvador. An active youth was our guide, and a useful one in helping us over the rocks. A woman, too, had joined the train; but Mary and I showing her that she was neither useful nor welcome, she began to employ her time in plucking the bunches of Indian corn, laying them in a heap. We could have lingered a whole

summer's day over the cascades and limpid pools of the Fiume Latte.

Saturday, September 1st.—Milan.—Our object this morning was to ascend to the roof, where I remained alone, not venturing to follow the rest of the party to the top of the giddy, central spire, which is ascended by a narrow staircase twisted round the outside. Even W. was obliged to trust to a hand governed by a steadier head than his own. I wandered about with space spread around me, on the roof on which I trod, for streets and even squares of no very diminutive town. The floor on which I trod was all of polished marble, intensely hot, and as dazzling as snow; and instead of moving figures I was surrounded by groups and stationary processions of silent statues—saints, sages, and angels. It is impossible for me to describe the beautiful spectacle, or to give a notion of the delight I felt; therefore I will copy a sketch in verse composed from my brother's recollections of the view from the central spire.

Sunday, September 2nd.—Milan.—A grand military Mass was to be administered at eight o'clock in the *Place d'Armes*, Buonaparte's field for reviewing his troops. Hitherward we set out at seven; but arrived a little too late. The ceremony was begun; and it was some time before we could obtain a better situation than among the crowds pressed together in the glaring sunshine, as close as they could come to the building where the temporary altar was placed. The ground being level nothing was to be seen but heads of people, and a few of the lines of soldiers, and their glittering fire-arms; but we could perceive that at one time they dropped down on their knees. At length, having got admittance into the building (le Palais des Rois), near which we stood, almost stifled with heat, we had a complete view from a balcony of all that remained to be performed of the ceremonies, military and religious; but of the latter,

that part was over in which the soldiers took any visible share, though the service was still going on, at the altar below us, as was proclaimed by the sound of sacred music, which upon minds unfamiliarised to such scenes had an irresistible power to solemnise a spectacle more distinguished by parade, glitter, and flashy colours, than anything else. The richly caparisoned prancing steeds of the officers, their splendid dresses, the numerous lines of soldiers standing upon the green grass (though not of mountain hue it looked *green* in contrast with their habiliments), and the immense numbers of men, women, and children gathered together upon a level space—where space was *left* for thousands and tens of thousands more—all these may easily be imagined:—with the full concert of the military band, when the *sacred* music ceased—the marching of the troops off the field—Austrians, Hungarians, and Italians—and, last of all, the cavalry with the heart-stirring blast of their trumpets. Before we left the field, the crowd was gone, the tinselled altar and other fineries taken down—and we saw people busied in packing them up, very much like a company of players with their paraphernalia.

Went also to the Convent of Maria della Grazia to view that most famous picture of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, painted on the wall at one end of the Refectory, a very large hall, hung along the sides with smaller pictures and, at the other end, that painting of the crucifixion of which we had seen a copy at Lugano. This Refectory was used in the days of Buonaparte as a military storehouse, and the mark of a musket-ball, fired in wantonness by a French soldier, is to be seen in one part of the painting of Leonardo da Vinci. Fortunately the ball hit where the injury was as small as it could have been; and it is only marvellous that this fine work was not wholly defaced during those times of military misrule and utter disregard of all sacred things.[1] Little

[1] It is perfectly notorious that this picture suffered more from

conversant in pictures, I cannot take upon me to describe this, which impressed my feelings and imagination more than any picture I ever saw, though some of the figures are so injured by damp that they are only just traceable. The most important are, however, happily the least injured; and that of Our Saviour has only suffered from a general fading in the colours, yet, alas! the fading and vanishing must go on year after year till, at length, the whole group must pass away. Through the cloisters of the monastery, which are shattered and defaced, pictures are found in all parts, and there are some curious monuments.

Wednesday, September 5th.—Cadenabbia.—Bent our course toward Fuentes—and after a wearisome walk through damp and breathless heat (a full league or more) over a perfect level, we reached the foot of the eminence, which from the lake had appeared to be at a small distance, but it seemed to have retreated as we advanced. We had left the high road, and trudged over the swampy plain, through which the road must have been made with great expense and labour, as it is raised considerably all the way. The picturesque ruins of the Castle of Fuentes are at the top of the eminence —wild vines, the bramble and the clematis cling to the bushes; and beautiful flowers grow in the chinks of the rocks, and on every bed of grass. A *tempting* though rugged ascent—yet (with the towers in sight above our heads, and two-thirds of the labour accomplished) Mary and I (Wm. having gone before to discover the nearest and least difficult way for us) sate down determined not to go a step further. We had a grand prospect; and, being exhausted by the damp heat, were willing for once to leave our final object unattained. However, while

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the negligence of the monks than from the scorn of the French. A hole was broken thro' the lower part of the centre of the picture to admit hot dishes from the Kitchen into the Refectory.—H. C. R.

seated on the ground, two stout hard-laboured peasants chancing to come close to us on the path, invited us forward, and we could not resist—they led the way—two rough creatures. I said to Mary when we were climbing up among the rocks and bushes in that wild and lonely place, "What, you have no fear of trusting yourself to a pair of Italian Banditti?" I knew not their occupation, but an accurate description of their persons, would have fitted a novel-writer with ready-made attendants for a tribe of robbers—good-natured and kind, however, they were, nay, even polite in their rustic way as others tutored to city civility. *Cultivated* vines grew upon the top of the hill; and they took pains to pluck for us the ripest grapes. We now had a complete view up the great vale of the Adda, to which the road that we had left conducts the traveller. Below us, on the other side, lay a wide green marshy plain, between the hill of Fuentes and the shores of the lake; which plain, spreading upwards, divides the lake; the upper small reach being called Chiavenna. The path which my brother had travelled, when bewildered in the night thirty years ago, was traceable through some parts of the forest on the opposite side:—and the very passage through which he had gone down to the shore of the lake—then most dismal with thunder, lightning, and rain. I hardly can conceive a place of more solitary aspect than the lake of Chiavenna: and the whole of the prospect on that direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced, after our toil, at being favoured with a distinct view of those sublime heights, not, it is true, steeped in celestial hues of *sunny glory*, yet in communion with clouds, floating or stationary:—scatterings from heaven. The ruin itself is very interesting, both in the mass and in detail—an inscription is lying on the ground which records that the Castle was built by the Count of Fuentes in the year 1600, and the Chapel about twenty years after by one of his descendants. Some of the gateways are yet standing

with their marble pillars, and a considerable part of the walls of the Chapel. A smooth green turf has taken the place of the pavement; and we could see no trace of altar or sacred image, but everywhere something to remind one of former grandeur and of destruction and tumult, while there was, in contrast with the imaginations so excited, a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the wild quietness of the present day. The vines, near the ruin, though ill tended, grow willingly, and rock, turf, and fragments of the stately pile are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-coloured pink was in great beauty. In our descent we found a fair white cherub, uninjured by the explosion which had driven it a great way down the hill. It lay bedded like an infant in its cradle among low green bushes—W. said to us, "Could we but carry this pretty Image to our moss summer-house at Rydal Mount!" yet it seemed as if it would have been a pity that any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years.

Thursday, September 6th.—Cadenabbia.—After a night of heavy rain, a bright morning. W., M., and I set off toward Menaggio along the terrace bordering the water, which led us to the bay at the foot of the rocky green hill of the Church of our Lady; and there we came upon the track of the old road, the very *same* which my brother had paced! for there was no other, nor the possibility of one. That track, continued from the foot of the mountain, leads behind the town of Cadenabbia, cutting off the bending of the shore by which we had come to this point. From the bare precipice, we pass through shade and sunshine, among spreading vines, slips of green turf, or gardens of melons, gourds, maize, and fig-trees among the rocks; it was but for a little space, yet enough to make our regret even more lively than before that it had not been in our power to coast one reach at least of the lake on foot.

We had been overtaken by a fine tall man, who somewhat proudly addressed us in English. After twenty years' traffic in our country he had been settled near his native place on the Banks of Como, having purchased an estate near Cadenabbia with the large sum of two thousand pounds, acquired by selling barometers, looking-glasses, etc. He had been used to return to his wife every third year in the month of October. He made preparations during the winter for fresh travels in the spring; at the same time working with her on the small portion of land which they then possessed. Portsmouth and Plymouth were the grand marts for his wares. He amused us with recitals of adventures among the sailors, who used to bully him with, "Come, you rogue, you get your money easily enough; spend it freely!" and he did not care if he got rid of a guinea or two; for he was sure to have it back again after one of the frolics—and much more. They would often clear away his whole stock of nick-nacks. This industrious trader used to travel on foot at the rate of from thirty to forty miles a day, and his expenses from London to Como were but three guineas, though it cost him one-third of that sum to get to Calais. He said he liked England because the people were *honest*, and told us some stories illustrative of English honesty and Italian over-reaching in bargains. This amusing and, I must say, interesting companion, turned from us by a side-path before we reached Menaggio, saying he would meet us again, as our road would lead us near his cottage on the heights, and he should see us from the fields. He had another dwelling on his estate beside Cadenabbia, where the land produced excellent wine. The produce of his farm on the *hills* was chiefly hay, which they were then gathering in.

Sunday, September 9th.—Domo d'Ossola.—We rose at 5 o'clock. The morning clear and very cold. Mr. M., R. and G. intended to take the diligence; W., Mary,

and I to walk; for, having been so much gratified with our journey over St. Gothard, we had determined to cross the Simplon also on foot. M. set forward first; I followed a few minutes after defended from cold by my woollen cloak. W. was left to dispose of the luggage, which (except a small bundle carried by each) we intended to send by the diligence. Shops already open. Bought some bread, and made my way directly through the town. At the end of it, looked back upon its towers and large houses, prettily situated, as on a plain, under steep hills—some of them separate mounts, distinct in form. I could not but regret that we might not linger half a day, and ascend to the Chapel of Mount Calvary, still much resorted to for its peculiar sanctity. The view from that commanding eminence would have enabled us to bear away more distinct remembrances than *I*, at least, have done, of a town well deserving to be remembered, for it must for ages back have been of importance, as lying at the foot of this pass of the Alps. After a mile's quick walking I grew a little uneasy at not having overtaken Mary. Behind and before, Buonaparte's broad, unshaded road was stretched out in a right line. However convenient such roads for conquest or traffic, they are, of all others, the least pleasant to the foot-traveller, whose labours seem no nearer to their end till some natural impediment must be submitted to, and the road pursues another course. Looking forward I could see nothing of Mary, and the way being sprinkled with passengers, I was more perplexed, thinking it probable that her figure before me, or behind, might be undiscoverable among them, but my pace (to warm myself in the nipping air) had been so quick, it seemed more likely that she had not advanced so far; therefore I sate down: and glad I was, after some time, to espy her blue gown among the scatterings of women in scarlet garments. She had missed her way in the town and gone back in quest of me. The fresh morning air helped us cheerfully over the long line of

road; and passengers whom we continually met amused us. Some were travellers from the Alps; but they were much more frequently peasants bent on Sunday's devotion and pleasure, chiefly women, awkward in appearance, short of stature, and deformed by their manner of fastening the full round petticoat lifted up almost to the shoulders.

It pleased me now to review our course from Bavena, where this our second ascent of the Alps may be said to begin; the princely reach of the Lake then before us, with its palaces and towns, thence towards the mountains and the vale of Tusa, solitary churches on the steeps—ruins—embowered low stone cottages—vineyards and extensive lawns—cattle with their bells, and peasants tending them. The romantic village of Vergogne, its ruined fortress overlooking the narrow dell and torrent's bed—inhabited houses as grey with age as the ruin itself—and, upon the level below, how delightful was it, in our hour of rest and sauntering, to quit the sunshine, and walk under roofs of vines! Further on, the vale more wide and open—large meadows without trees. Haymakers—straggling travellers on the outstretched road. Villages under green mountains—snowy mountains gilded by the light of the setting sun!

Now, from Domo d'Ossola we were proceeding on the same unbending road, up the same vale, a scene of desolation and fertility, vines by the wayside, the grapes hardly ripening. Having ascended a long hill to *Crevola*, where there is a small public-house, at which we had thought of stopping to breakfast, the road crosses a remarkably high and massy bridge, over the chasm of Val di Vedro, whence the river Vedro takes its course down to the vale of Tusa, now below us on our right hand, where, towards the centre of the vale, the village of Crevola stands on an eminence, whence the morning sound of bells was calling the people together. We turned to the left, up the shady side of Val di Vedro; at first, the road led us high above the bed of the torrent. Being now enclosed between the barriers of that deep

dell, we had left all traces of vineyards, fruit-trees, and fields. Beeches climb up among the crags to the summit of the steeps. The road descends; traces of the ancient track visible near a bridge of one lofty arch, no longer used by the traveller crossing the Alps, yet I went to the centre to look down on the torrent. Traces of the foundation of a former bridge remain in the chasm. Met a few peasants going to the vale below, and sometimes a traveller. Again we climb the hill, all craggy forest. At a considerable height from the river's bed an immense column of granite lies by the wayside, as if its course had been stopped there by tidings of Napoleon's overthrow. It was intended by him for his unfinished triumphal arch at Milan; and I wish it may remain prostrate on the mountain for ages to come. His bitterest foe could scarcely contrive a more impressive record of disappointed vanity and ambition. The sledge upon which it has been dragged from the quarry is rotted beneath it, while the pillar remains as fresh and sparkling as if hewn but yesterday. W., who came after us, said he had named it the "weary stone" in memory of that immense stone in the wilds of Peru, so called by the Indians because after 20,000 of them had dragged it over heights and hollows it tumbled down a precipice, and rested immovable at the bottom, where it must for ever remain. Ere long we come to the first passage *through* the rocks, near the river's bed, and "Road and River" for some time fill the bottom of the valley. We miss the bright torrents that stream down the hills bordering the Tessino; but here is no want of variety. We are in closer neighbourhood with the crags; hence their shapes are continually changing, and their appearance is the more commanding; and, wherever an old building is seen, it is overspread with the hues of the natural crags, and is in form of accordant irregularity. The very road itself, however boldly it may bestride the hills or pierce the rocks, is yet the slave of nature, its windings often being governed as imperiously

as those of the Vedra within the chasm of the glen. Suddenly the valley widens, opening out to the right in a semicircle. A sunny village with a white church appears before us, rather I should say numerous hamlets and scattered houses. Here again were vines, and grapes almost full grown, though none ripening. Leaving the sunshine, we again are enclosed between the steeps, a small ruined Convent on the right, the painting on the outside nearly effaced by damp. We come to the second passage, or gallery, through the rocks. It is not long, but very grand, especially viewed in combination with the crags, woods, and river, here tumbling in short cascades, its channel strewn with enormous ruins. W. had joined us about a league before we reached this point; and we sate long in admiration of the prospect up the valley, seen beyond the arch of the gallery which is supported by a pillar left in the rock out of which the passage has been hewn. A brown hamlet at the foot of the mountains terminates this reach of the valley, which has again widened a little. A steep glen to the left sends down a boisterous stream to the Vedra. We had walked three leagues; and were told we were near the Inn, where we were to breakfast, and, having left the gallery 200 yards behind, saw more of the village (called Isella) and a large, square, white building appeared, which proved to be a military station and the post-house, near which was our Inn. . . . Leaving now the Piedmontese dominions, we make our last entrance into the country of the Swiss. Deciduous trees gradually yield to pine-trees and larches, and through these forests, interspersed with awful crags, we pass on, still in cool shade, accompanied by the turbulent river. Here is hardly a slip of pasturage to be seen, still less a plot of tillage (how different from the Pass of the Ticino!) all is rocks, precipices, and forests. We pass several places of *Refuge*, as they are named, the word *refuge* being inscribed upon their walls in large characters. They are small, square, white, unpicturesque buildings (erected by Buonaparte). The old road is not

unfrequently traceable for a short way — Mary once detected it by noticing an Oratory above our heads that turned its back towards us, now neglected and facing the deserted track.

Sunday, September 9th.—Domo d'Ossola.—Soon after, we perceive a large and very striking building terminating a narrow reach of the valley. A square tower at the further end of the roof; and, towards us, a lofty gable front, step-like on each steeply-sloping side, in the style of some of our old roofs in the north of England.[1] The building is eight stories high, and long and broad in proportion. We perceived at once that it must be a Spittal of the old times; and W., who had been lingering behind, when he came up to us, pronounced it to be the very same where he and his companion had passed an awful night. Unable to sleep from other causes, their ears were stunned by a tremendous torrent (then swollen by rainy weather) that came thundering down a chasm of the mountain on the opposite side of the glen. That torrent, still keeping the same channel, was now, upon this sunny clear day, a brisk rivulet, that cheerfully bounded down to the Vedro. A lowly Church stands within the shade of the huge Spittal, beside a single dwelling-house; small, yet larger than the Church. We entered that modest place of worship; and were charmed with its rustic splendours and humble neatness. Here were two very pretty well-executed pictures in the *Italian* style, so much superior to anything of the kind in the country churches of Switzerland. Rested some while beside the Church and cottage, looking towards the Spittal on the opposite side of the road, the wildest of all harbours, yet even stately in its form, and seemingly fitted to war with the fiercest tempests. I now regret not having the courage to pass the threshold alone. I had a strong desire to see what was going on within doors for the sake of tales of thirty years gone by:

[1] In Troutbeck Valley especially.—D. W.

but could not persuade W. to accompany me. Several foot or mule travellers were collected near the door, I bought some *poor* peaches (very refreshing at that time) from a man who was carrying them and other things, to the village of Simplon—three sous the pound. Soon after leaving the Spittal, our path was between precipices still more gloomy and awful than before (what must they have been in the time of rain and vapour when my brother was here before—on the narrow track instead of our broad road that smooths every difficulty!) Skeletons of tall pine-trees beneath us in the dell, and above our heads,—their stems and shattered branches as grey as the stream of the Vedra or the crags strewn at their feet. The scene was truly sublime when we came in view of the finest of the galleries. We sate upon the summit of a huge precipice of stone to the left of the road—the river raging below after having tumbled in a tremendous cataract down the crags in front of our station. On entering the Gallery we cross a clear torrent pent up by crags. While pausing here, a step or two before we entered, a carriage full of gentlemen drove through: they just looked aside at the torrent; but stopped not; I could not but congratulate myself on our being on foot; for a hundred reasons the pleasantest mode of travelling in a mountainous country. After we had gone through the last, and least interesting, though the longest but one of the galleries, the vale (now grassy among scattered rocks, and wider —more of a hollow) bends to the left; and we see on the hill, in front of us, a long doubling of the road, necessary, from the steepness of the hill, to accomplish an easy ascent. At the angle, where, at the foot of the hill, this doubling begins, M. and I, being before W., sate and pondered. A foot-path leads directly upwards, cutting off at least a mile, and we perceived one of our young fellow-travellers climbing up it, but could not summon the courage to follow him, and took the circuit of Buonaparte's road. The bed of the river, far below

to our left (wide and broken up by torrents), is crossed by a long wooden bridge from which a foot-path, almost perpendicular, ascends to a hamlet at a great height upon the side of the steep. A female crossing the bridge gave life and spirit to a scene characterised, in comparison with *other* scenes, more by wildness than grandeur ; and though presided over by a glacier mountain and craggy and snowy pikes (seemingly at the head of the hollow vale) less impressive, and less interesting to the imagination than the narrow passes through which we had been travelling. After some time the curve of the road carries us again backward on the mountain-side, *from* the valley of the Tusa. Our eyes often turned towards the bridge and the upright path, little thinking that it was the same we had so often heard of, which misled my brother and Robert Jones in their way from Switzerland to Italy. They were pushing right upwards, when a peasant, having questioned them as to their object, told them they had no further ascent to make ;—"The Alps were crossed!" The ambition of youth was disappointed at these tidings ; and they remeasured their steps with sadness. At the point where our fellow-travellers had rejoined the road, W. was waiting to show us the track, on the green precipice. It was impossible for me to say how much it had moved him, when he discovered it was the very same which had tempted him in his youth. The feelings of that time came back with the freshness of yesterday, accompanied with a dim vision of thirty years of life between. We traced the path together, with our eyes, till hidden among the cottages, where they had first been warned of their mistake.

Hereabouts, a few peasants were on the hills with cattle and goats. In the narrow passage of the glen we had, for several miles together, seen no moving objects, except chance travellers, the streams, the clouds, and trees stirred sometimes by gentle breezes. At this spot we watched a boy and girl with bare feet running as if for sport, among the sharp stones, fearless as young kids.

The round hat of the Valais tied with a coloured riband, looked shepherdess-like on the head of another, a peasant girl roaming on craggy pasture-ground, to whom I spoke, and was agreeably surprised at being answered in German (probably a barbarous dialect), but we contrived to understand one another. The valley of the Vedro now left behind, we ascend gradually (indeed the whole ascent is gradual) along the side of steeps covered with poor grass—an undulating hollow to the right—no trees—the prospect, in front, terminated by snow mountains and dark pikes. The air very cold when we reached the village of Simplon. There is no particular grandeur in the situation, except through the accompanying feeling of removal from the world and the near neighbourhood of summits so lofty, and of form and appearance only seen among the Alps. We were surprised to find a considerable village. The houses, which are of stone, are large, and strong built, and gathered together as if for shelter. The air, nipping even at this season, must be dreadfully cold in winter; yet the inhabitants weather all seasons. The Inn was filled with guests of different nations and of various degrees, from the muleteer and foot-traveller to those who loll at ease, whirling away as rapidly as their companion, the torrent of the Vedro. Our party of eleven made merry over as good a supper in this naked region (five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea) as we could have desired in the most fertile of the valleys, with a dessert of fruit and cakes. We were summoned out of doors to look at a living chamois, kept in the stable, more of a treat than the roasted flesh of one of its kind which we had tasted at Lucerne. Walked with some of the gentlemen about half a mile, after W. and M. were retired to rest. The stars were appearing above the black pikes, while the snow on others looked as bright as if a full moon were shining upon it. Our beds were comfortable. I was not at all fatigued, and had nothing to complain of but the cold, which did not

hinder me from falling asleep, and sleeping soundly. The distance from Domo d'Ossola six leagues.

Monday, September 10th.—*Simplon.*—Rose at five o'clock, as cold as a frosty morning in December. The eleven breakfasted together, and were ready—all but the lame one,—to depart on foot to Brieg in the Haut Valais (seven leagues). The distance from the village of Simplon to the highest point of the Pass is nearly two leagues. We set forward together, forming different companies—or sometimes solitary—the peculiar charm of pedestrian travelling, especially when the party is large—fresh society always ready—and solitude to be taken at will. In the latter part of the Pass of St. Gothard, on the Swiss side, the grandeur diminishes—and it is the same on the Italian side of the Pass of Simplon; yet when (after the gradual ascent from the village, the last inhabited spot) a turning of the road first presents to view in a clear atmosphere, beneath a bright blue sky (so we were favoured), the ancient *Spittal* with its ornamented Tower standing at the further end of a wide oblong hollow, surrounded by granite pikes, snow pikes—masses of granite—cool, black, motionless shadows, and sparkling sunshine, it is not possible for the dullest imagination to be unmoved. When we found ourselves within that elevated enclosure, the eye and the ear were satisfied with perfect stillness. We might have supposed ourselves to be the only visible moving creatures; but ere long espied some cows and troops of goats which at first we could not distinguish from the scattered rocks! but by degrees tracked their motions, and perceived them in great numbers creeping over the yellow grass that grows among crags on the declivities above the Spittal and in the hollow below it; and we then began to discover a few brown *châlets* or cattle-sheds in that quarter. The Spittal, that dismal, yet secure sheltering-place (inhabited the winter through), is approached by a side track from the present road; being built as much

out of the way of storms as it could have been. Carts and carriages of different kinds (standing within and near the door of a shed, close to the road) called to mind the stir and traffic of the world in a place which might have been destined for perpetual solitude—where the thunder of heaven, the rattling of avalanches, and the roaring of winds and torrents seemed to be the only *turbulent* sounds that had a right to take place of the calm and silence which surrounded us.

Wednesday, September 12th.—Baths of Leuk.—Rose at 5 o'clock. From my window looked towards the crags of the Gemmi, then covered with clouds. Twilight seemed scarcely to have left the valley; the air was sharp, and the smoking channel of hot water a comfortable sight in the cold gloom of the village. But soon, with promise of a fine day, the vapours on the crescent of crags began to break, and its yellow towers, touched by the sunshine, gleamed through the edges of the floating masses; or appeared in full splendour for a moment, and were again hidden.

After six o'clock, accompanied by a guide (who was by trade a shoemaker, and possessed a small stock of mountain cattle), we set forward on our walk of eight leagues, the turreted barrier facing us. Passed along a lane fenced by curiously crossed rails,—thence (still gently ascending) through rough ground scattered over with small pine-trees, and stones fallen from the mountains. No wilder object can be imagined than a shattered guidepost at the junction of one road with another, which had been placed there because travellers, intending to cross the Gemmi, had often been misled, and some had perished, taking the right-hand road toward the snow mountain, instead of that to the left. Even till we reached the base of that rocky rampart which we were to climb, the track of ascent, in front of us, had been wholly invisible. Sometimes it led us slanting along the bare side of the crags:—sometimes it was scooped

out of them, and over-roofed, like an outside staircase of a castle or fortification: sometimes we came to a level gallery—then to a twisting ascent—or the path would take a double course—backwards and forwards,—the dizzy height of the precipices above our heads more awful even than the gulfs beneath us! Sometimes we might have imagined ourselves looking from a parapet into the inner space of a gigantic castle—a castle a thousand times larger than was ever built by human hands; while above our heads the turrets appeared as majestic as if we had not climbed a step nearer to their summits. A small plot or two of turf, never to be cropped by goat or heifer, on the ledge of a precipice; a bunch of slender flowers hanging from a chink—and one luxuriant plot of the bright blue monkshood, lodged like a little garden amid the stone-work of an Italian villa—were the sole marks of vegetation that met our eyes in the ascent, except a few distorted pine-trees on one of the summits, which reminded us of watchmen, on the look-out. A weather-beaten, complex, wooden frame, something like a large sentry-box, hanging on the side of one of the crags, helped out this idea, especially as we were told it had been placed there in troublesome times to give warning of approaching danger. It was a very wild object, that could not but be noticed; and *when* noticed the question must follow—how came it there? and for what purpose? We were preceded by some travellers on mules, who often shouted as if for their own pleasure; and the shouts were echoed through the circuit of the rocks. Their guide afterwards sang a hymn, or pensive song: there was an aërial sweetness in the wild notes which descended to our ears. When *we* had attained the same height, *our* guide sang the same air, which made me think it might be a customary rite, or practice, in that part of the ascent. The Gemmi Pass is in the direct road from Berne to the Baths of Leuk. Invalids, unable to walk, are borne on litters by men, and frequently have their eyes blinded that they may not

look down; and the most hardy travellers never venture to descend on their horses or mules. Those careful creatures make their way safely, though it is often like descending a steep and rugged staircase: and there is nothing to fear for foot-travellers if their heads be not apt to turn giddy. The path is seldom traceable, either up or down, further than along one of its zig-zags; and it will happen, when you are within a yard or two of the line which is before you, that you cannot guess what turning it shall make. The labour and ingenuity with which this road has been constructed are truly astonishing. The canton of Berne, eighty years ago, furnished gunpowder for blasting the rocks, and labourers were supplied by the district of the Valais. The former track (right up an apparently almost perpendicular precipice between overhanging crags) must have been utterly impassable for travellers such as we, if any such had travelled in those days, yet it was, even now, used in winter. The peasants ascend by it with pikes and snow-shoes, and on their return to the valley slide down, an appalling thought when the precipice was before our eyes; and I almost shudder at the remembrance of it! . . .

A glacier mountain appears on our left, the haunt of chamois, as our guide told us; he said they might often be seen on the brow of the Gemmi barrier in the early morning. We felt some pride in treading on the outskirts of the chamois' play-ground—and what a boast for us, could we have espied one of those light-footed creatures bounding over the crags! But it is not for them who have been laggards in the vale till 6 o'clock to see such a sight.

The total absence of all *sound* of living *creature* was very striking: silent moths in abundance flew about in the sunshine, and the muddy Lake weltered below us; the only sound when we checked our voices to listen. Hence we continued to journey over rocky and barren ground till we suddenly looked down into a warm, green nook, into which we must descend. Twelve cattle were

there enclosed by the crags, as in a field of their own choosing. We passed among them, giving no disturbance, and again came upon a tract as barren as before. After about two leagues from the top of the Gemmi crags, the summer chalet, our promised resting-place, was seen facing us, reared against the stony mountain, and overlooking a desolate round hollow. Winding along the side of the hill (that deep hollow beneath us to the right) a long half-mile brought us to the platform before the door of the hut. It was a scene of wild gaiety. Half-a-score of youthful travellers (military students from the College of Thun) were there regaling themselves. Mr. Robinson became sociable; and we, while the party stood round us talking with him, had our repast spread upon the same table where they had finished theirs. They departed; and we saw them winding away towards the Gemmi on the side of the precipice above the dreary hollow—a long procession, not less interesting than the group at our approach. But every object connected with animated nature (and human life especially) is interesting on such a road as this; we meet no one with a stranger's heart! I cannot forget with what pleasure, soon after leaving the hut, we greeted two young matrons, one with a child in her arms, the other with hers, a lusty babe, ruddy with mountain air, asleep in its wicker cradle on her back. Thus laden they were to descend the Gemmi Rocks, and seemed to think it no hardship, returning us cheerful looks while we noticed the happy burthens which they carried. Those peasant travellers out of sight, we go on over the same rocky ground, snowy pikes and craggy eminences still bounding the prospect. But ere long we approach the neighbourhood of trees, and overlooking a long smooth level covered with poor yellowish grass, saw at a distance, in the centre of the level, a group of travellers of a different kind—a party of gentry, male and female, on mules. On meeting I spoke to the two ladies in English, by way of trying their nation, and was pleased

at being answered in the same tongue. The lawn here was prettily embayed, like a lake, among little eminences covered with dwarf trees, aged or blighted; thence, onward to another open space, where was an encampment of cattle sheds, the large plain spotted with heaps of stones at irregular distances, as we see lime, or manure, or hay-cocks in our cultivated fields. Those heaps had been gathered together by the industrious peasants to make room for a scanty herbage for their cattle. The turf was very poor, yet so lavishly overspread with close-growing flowers it reminded us of a Persian carpet. The *silver* thistle, as we then named it, had a singularly beautiful effect; a glistering star lying on the ground, as if enwrought upon it. An avalanche had covered the surface with stones many years ago, and many more will it require for nature, aided by the mountaineers' industry, to restore the soil to its former fertility. On approaching the destined termination of our descent, we were led among thickets of Alpine Shrubs, a rich covering of berry-bearing plants overspreading the ground. We followed the ridge of this wildly beautiful tract, and it brought us to the brink of a precipice. On our right, when we looked into the savage valley of Gastron—upwards toward its head, and downwards to the point where the Gastron joins the Kandor, their united streams thence continuing a tumultuous course to the Lake of Thun. The head of the *Kandor Thal* was concealed from us, to our left, by the ridge of the hill on which we stood. By going about a mile further along the ridge to the brow of its northern extremity, we might have seen the junction of the two rivers, but were fearful of being overtaken by darkness in descending the Gemmi, and were, indeed, satisfied with the prospect already gained. The river Gastron winds in tumult over a stony channel, through the apparently level area of a grassless vale, buried beneath stupendous mountains—not a house or hut to be seen. A roaring sound ascended to us on the eminence so high

above the vale. How *awful* the tumult when the river carries along with it the spring tide of melted snow! We had long viewed in our journey a snow-covered pike, in stateliness and height surpassing all the other eminences. The whole mass of the mountain now appeared before us, on the same side of the Gastron vale on which we were. It seemed very near to us, and as if a part of its base rose from that vale. We could hardly believe our guide when he told us that pike was one of the summits of the Jungfrau, took out maps and books, and found it could be no other mountain. I never before had a conception of the space covered by the bases of these enormous piles. After lingering as long as time would allow, we began to remeasure our steps, thankful for the privilege of again feeling ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Jungfrau, and of looking upon those heights that border the Lake of Thun, at the feet of which we had first entered among the inner windings of Switzerland. Our journey back to the chalet was not less pleasant than in the earlier part of the day. The guide, hurrying on before us, roused the large house-dog to give us a welcoming bark, which echoed round the mountains like the tunable voices of a full pack of hounds —a heart-stirring concert in that silent place where no waters were heard at that time—no tinkling of cattle-bells; indeed the barren soil offers small temptation for wandering cattle to linger there. In a few weeks our rugged path would be closed up with snow, the hut untenanted for the winter, and not a living creature left to rouse the echoes—echoes which our Bard would not suffer to die with us.

Friday, September 14th.—Martigny.—Oh! that I could describe,—nay, that I could *remember* the sublime spectacle of the pinnacles and towers of Mont Blanc while we were travelling through the vale, long deserted of the sunshine that still lingered on those summits! A large body of moving clouds covered a portion of the

side of the mountain. The pinnacles and towers above them seemed as if they stood in the sky;—of no soft aërial substance, but appearing, even at that great distance, as they really are, huge masses of solid stone, raised by Almighty Power, and never, but by the same Power, to be destroyed. The village of Chamouny is on the opposite (the north-western) side of the vale; in this part considerably widened. Having left the lanes and thickets, we slanted across a broad unfenced level, narrowing into a sort of village green, with its maypole, as in England, but of giant stature, a pine of the Alps. The collected village of Chamouny and large white Church appeared before us, above the river, on a gentle elevation of pasture ground, sloping from woody steeps behind. Our walk beside the suburban cottages was altogether new, and very interesting:—a busy scene of preparation for the night! Women driving home their goats and cows,—labourers returning with their tools,—sledges (an unusual sight in Alpine valleys) dragged by lusty men, the old looking on,—young women knitting; and ruddy children at play,—(a race how different from the languishing youth of the hot plains of the Valais!)—Cattle bells continually tinkling—no silence, no stillness here,—yet the bustle and the various sounds leading to thoughts of quiet, rest, and silence. All the while the call to the cattle is heard from different quarters; and the rapid Arve roars through the vale, among rocks and stones (its mountain spoils)—at one time split into divers branches—at another collected into one rough channel.

Passing the turn of the ascent, we come to another cross (placed there to face the traveller ascending from the other side) and, from the brow of the eminence, behold! to our left, the huge Form of Mont Blanc—pikes, towers, needles, and wide wastes of everlasting snow in dazzling brightness. Below, is the river Arve, a grey-white line, winding to the village of Chamouny, dimly seen in the distance. Our station, though on a

height so commanding, was on the lowest point of the eminence; and such as I have sketched (but how imperfectly!) was the scene uplifted and outspread before us. The higher parts of the mountain in our neighbourhood are sprinkled with brown chalets. So they were thirty years ago, as my brother well remembered; and he pointed out to us the very quarter from which a boy greeted him and his companion with an Alpine cry—

> The Stranger seen below, the Boy
> Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.[1]

Sunday, September 16th.—Chamouny.—There is no carriage road further than to Argentière.—When, having parted with our car and guide, we were slowly pursuing our way to the foot-path, between the mountains, which was to lead us to the Valorsine, and thence, by the Tète-noire, to Trient, we heard from the churchyard of Argentière, on the opposite side of the river, a sound of voices chanting a hymn, or prayer, and, turning round, saw in the green enclosure a lengthening procession—the priest in his robes, the host, and banners uplifted, and men following, two and two;—and, last of all, a great number of females, in like order; the head and body of each covered with a white garment. The stream continued to flow on for a long time, till all had paced slowly round the church, the men gathering close together, to leave unencumbered space for the women, the chanting continuing, while the voice of the Arve joined in accordant solemnity. The procession was grave and simple, agreeing with the simple decorations of a village church:—the banners made no glittering show:—the females composed a moving girdle round the church; their figures, from head to foot, covered with one piece of white cloth, resembled the small pyramids of the Glacier, which were before our eyes;

[1] *Descriptive Sketches.*—W. W.

and it was impossible to look at one and the other without fancifully connecting them together. Imagine the *moving* figures, like a stream of pyramids—the white Church, the half-concealed Village, and the Glacier close behind among pine-trees,—a pure sun shining over all! and remember that these objects were seen at the base of those enormous mountains, and you may have some faint notion of the effect produced on us by that beautiful spectacle. It was a farewell to the Vale of Chamouny that can scarcely be less vividly remembered twenty years hence than when (that wondrous vale being just out of sight) after ascending a little way between the mountains, through a grassy hollow, we came to a small hamlet under shade of trees in summer foliage. A very narrow clear rivulet, beside the cottages, was hastening with its tribute to the Arve. This simple scene transported us instantly to our vallies of Westmoreland. A few quiet children were near the doors, and we discovered a young woman in the darkest, coolest nook of shade between two of the houses, seated on the ground, intent upon her prayer-book. The rest of the inhabitants were gone to join in the devotions at Argentière. The top of the ascent (not a long one) being gained, we had a second cheering companion in our downward way, another Westmoreland brook of larger size, as clear as crystal; open to the sun, and (bustling but not angry) it coursed by our side through a tract of craggy pastoral ground. I do not speak of the needles of Montanvert, behind; nor of other pikes up-rising before us. Such sights belong not to Westmoreland; and I could fancy that I then paid them little regard, it being for the sake of Westmoreland alone that I like to dwell on this short passage of our journey, which brought us in view of one of the most interesting of the vallies of the Alps. We descended with our little stream, and saw its brief life in a moment cut off, when it reached the *Berard*, the River of Black Water, which is seen falling, not in *black* but *grey* cataracts within the cove of

a mountain that well deserves the former epithet, though a bed of *snow* and glacier ice is seen among its piky and jagged ridges. Below those bare summits, pine forests and crags are piled together, with lawns and cottages between.

We enter at the side of the valley, crossing a wooden bridge—then, turning our backs on the scene just described, we bend our course downward with the river, that is hurrying away, fresh from its glacier fountains; how different a fellow-traveller from that little rivulet we had just parted from, which we had seen—still bright as silver—drop into the grey stream! The descending vale before us beautiful—the high enclosing hills interspersed with woods, green pasturage, and cottages. The delight we had in journeying through the Valorsine is not to be imagined—sunshine and shade were alike cheering; while the very numerousness of the brown wood cottages (descried among trees, or outspread on the steep lawns), and the people enjoying their Sabbath leisure out of doors, seemed to make a quiet spot more quiet.

Wednesday, September 19th.—Lausanne.—We met with some pleasant Englishmen, from whom we heard particulars concerning the melancholy fate of our young friend, the American, seen by us for the last time on the top of the Righi. The tidings of his death had been first communicated, but a few hours before, by Mr. Mulloch. We had the comfort of hearing that his friend had saved himself by swimming, and had paid the last duties to the stranger, so far from home and kindred, who lies quietly in the churchyard of Küsnacht on the shores of Zurich.

Saturday, September 29th.—Fontainbleau.—In the very heart of the Alps, I never saw a more wild and lonely spot—yet *curious* in the extreme, and even *beautiful.* Thousands of white bleached rocks, mostly in appear-

ance not much larger than sheep, lay on the steep declivities of the dell among bushes and low trees, heather, bilberries, and other forest plants. The effect of loneliness and desert wildness was indescribably increased by the remembrance of the Palace we had left not an hour before. The spot on which we stood is said to have been frequented by Henry the IVth when he wished to retire from his court and attendants. A few steps more brought us in view of fresh ranges of the forest, hills, plains, and distant lonely dells. The sunset was brilliant—light clouds in the west, and overhead a spotless blue dome. As we wind along the top of the steep, the views are still changing—the plain expands eastward, and again appear the white buildings of Fontainbleau, with something of romantic brightness in the *fading* light; for we had tarried till a star or two reminded us it was time to move away. In descending, we followed one of the long straight tracks that intersect the forest in all directions. Bewildered among those tracks, we were set right by a party of wood-cutters, going home from their labour.

Monday, October 29th.—Boulogne.—We walked to Buonaparte's Pillar, which, on the day when he harangued his soldiers (pointing to the shores of England whither he should lead them to conquest), he decreed should be erected in commemoration of the Legion of Honour.[1] The pillar is seen far and wide, *unfinished*, as the intricate casing of a *scaffolding*, *loftier than itself, shows at whatever distance* it is seen. It is said the Bourbons intend to complete the work, and give it a new name; but I think it more probable that the scaffolding may be left to fall away, and the pile of marble remain strewn round, as it is, with unfinished blocks, an undisputed monument of the Founder's vanity and arrogance; and *so* it may stand as long as the brick

[1] Then established.—D. W.

towers of Caligula have done, a remnant of which yet appears on the cliffs. We walked on the ground which had been covered by the army that dreamt of conquering England, and were shown the very spot where their Leader made his boastful speech.

On the day fixed for our departure from Boulogne, the weather being boisterous and wind contrary, the *Packet* could not sail, and we trusted ourselves to a small vessel, with only one effective sailor on board. Even *Mary* was daunted by the breakers outside the Harbour, and *I* descended into the vessel as unwillingly as a criminal might go to execution, and hid myself in bed. Presently our little ship moved; and before ten minutes were gone she struck upon the sands. I felt that something disastrous had happened; but knew not what till poor Mary appeared in the cabin, having been thrown down from the top of the steps. There was again a frightful beating and grating of the bottom of the vessel—water rushing in very fast. A young man, an Italian, who had risen from a bed beside mine, as pale as ashes, groaned in agony, kneeling at his prayers. My condition was not much better than his; but I was more quiet. Never shall I forget the kindness of a little Irish woman who, though she herself, as she afterwards said, was much frightened, assured me even cheerfully that there was no danger. I cannot say that her words, as assurances of safety, had much effect upon me; but the example of her courage made me become more collected; and I felt her human kindness even at the moment when I believed that we might be all going to the bottom of the sea together; and the agonising thoughts of the distress at home were rushing on my mind.

X

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S TOUR IN SCOTLAND

1822

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1822

Friday, 14*th September* 1822.—Cart at the door at nine o'clock with our pretty black-eyed boy, Leonard Backhouse, to drive the old grey horse. . . . Scene at Castlecary very pretty. . . . Nothing which we English call comfort within doors, but much better, civility and kindness. Old woman bringing home her son to die; left his wife, she will never see him again. [They seem to have gone by the Forth and Clyde Canal.] Scene at the day's end very pretty. The fiddler below,—his music much better there. A soldier at the boat's head; scarlet shawls, blue ribbons, something reminding me of Bruges; but we want the hum, and the fruit, and the Flemish girl with her flowers. The people talk cheerfully, and all is quiet; groups of cottages. Evening, with a town lying in view. Lassies in pink at the top of the bank; handsome boatman throws an apple to each; graceful waving of thanks.

Thursday morning [*on the Clyde*].—Now we come to Lord Blantyre's house, as I remember it eighteen years ago. . . . Gradually appears the Rock of Dumbarton, very wild, low water, screaming birds, to me very interesting from recollections. Entrance to Loch Lomond grand and stately. Large hills before us, covered with heather, and sprinkled all over with wood. Deer on island, in shape resembling the isle at Windermere. Further on an island, of large size,

curiously scattered over with yew-trees—more yews than are to be found together in Great Britain—wind blowing cold, waves like the sea. I could not find out our cottage isle. The bay at Luss even more beautiful than in imagination, thatched cottages, two or three slated houses. The little chapel, the sweet brook, and the pebbly shore, so well remembered.

Ferry-house at Inversnaid just the same as before, excepting now a glass window. A girl now standing at the door, but her I cannot fancy our "Highland girl"; and the babe, while its granddame worked, now twenty, grown up to toil, and perhaps hardship; or, is it in a quiet grave? The whole waterfall drops into the lake as before. The tiny bay is calm, while the middle of the lake is stirred by breezes; but we have long left the sea-like region of Balloch. Our Highland musician tunes his pipes as we approach Rob Roy's cave. Grandeur of Nature, mixed with stage effect. Old Highlanders, with long grey locks, cap, and plàid; boys at different heights on the rocks. All crowd to Rob Roy's cave, as it is called, and pass under in interrupted succession, for the cave is too small to contain many at once. They stoop, yet come out all covered with dirt. We were wiser than this; for they seem to have no motive but to say they have been in Roy's cave, because Sir Walter has written about it.

Evening.—Now sitting at Cairndhu Inn after a delightful day. The house on the outside just the same as eighteen years ago—I suppose they new-whitewash every year—but within much smarter; carpets on every floor (that is the case everywhere in Scotland), even at that villainous inn at Tarbet, which we have just escaped from, which for scolding, and dirt, and litter, and damp, surely cannot be surpassed through all Scotland. Yet we had a civil repast; a man waited. People going to decay, children ill-managed, daughter too young for her work, father lamed, mother a whisky-drinker, two or

three black big-faced servant-maids without caps, one barefoot, the other too lazy or too careless to fasten up her stockings, ceilings falling down, windows that endangered the fingers, and could only be kept open by props; and what a number of people in the kitchen, all in one another's way! We peeped into the empty rooms, unmade beds, carpeted floors, damp and dirty. They sweep stairs, floors, passages, with a little parlour hearth-brush; waiter blew the dust off the table before breakfast. I walked down to the lake; sunny morning; in the shady wood was overtaken by a woman. Her sudden coughing startled me. She was going to her day's work, with a bottle of milk or whey. "It's varra pleesant walkin' here." It was our first greeting. The church, she said, was at Arrochar. . . . After breakfast, we set off on our walk to Arrochar. The air fresh, sunshine cheerful, and Joanna seemed to gain strength, as she walked along between the steep hilly trough. The cradle-valley not so deep to the eye as last night, and not so quiet to the ear through the barking of dogs. These echoed through the vale, when I passed by some reapers, making haste to end their day's work. Gladly did I bend my course from this passage between the hills to Arrochar, remembering our descent in the Irish car. My approach now slower, and I was glad, both for the sake of past and present times. Wood thicker than then, and some of the gleaming of the lake shut out by young larch-trees. Sun declining upon the mountains of Glencroe, shining full on Cobbler. No touch of melancholy on the scene, all majesty and solemn grandeur, with loveliness in colouring, golden and green and grey crags. On my return to Loch Lomond, the sunlight streaming a veil of brightness, with slanting rays towards Arrochar, where I sate on the steeps opposite to Ben Lomond; and on Ben Lomond's top a pink light rested for a long time, till a cloud hid the pyramid from me. I stayed till moonlight was beginning. . . .

Friday morning.—The gently descending smooth road, the sea-breezes, the elegant house, with a foreign air, all put Joanna[1] into spirits and strength. "Cobbler," like a waggoner, his horse's head turned round from us, the waggon behind with a covered top. . . . Chapel like a neglected Italian chapel, a few melancholy graves and burial-places—pine-trees round. Fishermen's nets waving in the breeze; sombrous, yellow belt of shore, yellowish even in the mid-day light. . . . At the inn, went into the same parlour where William and I dined, after parting with Coleridge. . . .

In Glencroe[2] huge stones scattered over the glen; one hut in first reach, none in second, white house in third; last reach rocky, green, deep. . . . When we came to the turning of the glen, where several waters join, formerly not seen distinctly, but heard very loud, the stream in the middle of the glen, a long winding line, was rosy red, the former line of Loch Restal. A glorious sky before us, with dark clouds, like islands in a sea of fire, purple hills below. Behind two *smooth* pyramids. Soon they were cowled in white, long before the redness left the sky. After Glenfinlas, the road not so long, nor dreary, nor prospect so wild as at our first approach; uncertain whither tending. Church to right with steeple (surely more steeples in Scotland than formerly). Reached Cairndhu, excellent fire in kitchen, great kindness, still an unintelligible number of women, but all quiet. . . .

Saturday morning. — Men, women, and children amongst the corn by the wayside, children's business chiefly play. Passed the church; the bridge like a Roman ruin—how grand in its desolation, the parapet on one side broken, the way across it grown over, like a common, with close grass and grunsel, only a faint

[1] Joanna Hutchinson.—ED.

[2] They drove over from Arrochar to Cairndhu.—ED.

foot-track on one side. Met a well-looking mother with bonny bairns. Spoke to her of them. "They would be weel eneuch," said she, "if they were weel skelpit!" The father seemed pleased, and left his work (running) to help us over the bridge. A shower; shelter under a bridge; sun and shadows on a smooth hill at head of loch; at a distance a single round-headed tree. Tree gorgeous yellow, and soft green, and many shadows. Now comes a slight rainbow. Towards Inveraray strong sunbeams, white misty rain, hills gleaming through it. Now I enter by the ferry-house, Glenfinlas opposite. . . .

How quiet and still the road, now and then a solitary passenger. No sound but of the robins continually singing; sometimes a distant oar on the waters, and now and then reapers at work above on the hills. Barking dog, at empty cottage, chid us from above. The lake so still I cannot hear it, nor any sound of water, but at intervals rills trickling. I hasten on for boat for Inveraray; view splendid as Italy, only wanting more boats. There is a pleasure in the utter stillness of calm water. Sitting together on the rock, we hear the breeze rising; water now gently weltering. . . . How continually Highlanders say, "Ye're varra welcome."

"This is more like an enchanted castle than anything we've seen," so says Joanna, now that we are seated, with one candle, in a large room, with black door, black chimney-piece, black moulding. . . . We enter, as abroad, into a useless space, turn to left, and a black-headed lass, with long hair and dirty face, meets us. We ask for lodgings, and she carries us from one narrow passage to another, and up a narrow staircase, and round another as narrow, only not so high as the broad ones at T——, just to the top of the house. We enter a large room with two beds, walls damp, no bell. . . . Reminded of foreign countries, as I walked along the shore; beside dirty houses. Long scarlet cloaks, women without caps; a mother on a log of wood in the sunshine, her face as yellow as gold, dress ragged;

she holds her baby standing on the ground, while it laughs and plays with the bristles of a pig eating its breakfast. . . . Came along an avenue, one and a half miles at least, all beeches, some very fine, cathedral-fluted pillars.

XI

EXTRACTS FROM MARY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN BELGIUM IN 1823[1]

[1] The MS. is headed "Minutes collected from Mem. Book, etc., taken during a Tour in Holland, commenced May 16th, 1823."—ED.

EXTRACTS FROM MARY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN BELGIUM

LEFT Lee. (I now transcribe what was dictated by William.) . . . Dover, as interesting as ever, and the French coast very striking as we descended. Walked under Shakespear's Cliff by moonlight. Met several sailors, none of whom had ever asked himself the height of the cliff. I cannot think it can be more than 400 feet at the utmost; how odd that the description in Lear should ever have been supposed to have been meant for a reality. I know nothing that more forcibly shows the little reflection with which even men of sense read poetry. "How truly," exclaims the historian of Dover, "has Shakespear described the precipice." How much better would he (the historian) have done had he given us its actual elevation! The sky looked threatening, a wheel at a great distance round the moon, ominous according to our westland shepherds. The furze in full blossom. . . .

Ostend, half-past 8 *o'clock, Sunday morning.*— . . . We were driven at a fierce rate before the wind. . . . We proceeded till about four o'clock, when we were— had the same wind continued—within two hours of Ostend. But now, overhead was a bustle of quick steps, trailing and heaving of ropes, with voices in harmony. Below me, the vessel *slashed* among the waters, quite different from the sound and driving motion I had be-

come accustomed to. . . . The phosphorous lights from the oars were beautiful; and when we approached the harbour, these, in connection with the steady pillar streaming across the water from the lighthouse, upon the pier; and afterwards, still more beautiful, when these faded before a brilliant spectacle (caused by a parcel of carpenters and sailors burning the tar from the hulk of a large vessel under repair), upon the beach. I thought if we were to see nothing more this exhibition repaid us for our day of suffering. But we wished for the painter's skill to delineate the scene, the various objects illuminated by the burning ship, the glowing faces of the different figures—among which was a dog—the ropes, ladders, sands, and sea, with the body of intense bright fire spreading out and fading among the dim stars in the grey mottled sky. . . . Ostend looks well as to houses compared with one of our English towns of like importance. The tall windows, and the stature of the buildings, give them a dignity nowhere found with us; but it has no public buildings of interest. Climbing an oblique path which led up to the ramparts, a little boy called out in broken English, "Stop, or the soldiers will put you in prison." Not a living creature to be seen on that airy extensive walk, everybody cooped in the sultry flat. Melancholy enough at all times, but particularly so on this great day of annual celebration. But the joy, if any there is, is strictly confined to the doing of nothing. A few idle people were playing at a game of chance, under the green daisy-clad ramparts. I got a glimpse of the country by climbing the steps to a wind-mill, "snatching a fearful *joy*" I cannot call it, for the view was tame; the sun however shone bright on the fields, some of which were yellow as furze in blossom, with what produce I know not. . . .

Bruges, Hôtel de la Fleur de Blé; Monday, May 19th.— . . . Bruges loses nothing of its attractions upon a second visit as far as regards buildings, etc., but a

bustling Fair is not the time to feel the natural sentiment of such a place. We crept about the shady parts, and among the booths, and traversed the cool extensive vault under the Hôtel de Ville, where the butcher's market is held (a thousand times the most commodious shambles I ever saw), and the bazaars above, and made some purchases.

. . . . . .

Tuesday 20th.— . . . The thought of Bruges upon the Fair-day never can disturb the image of that spiritualised city, seen in 1820, under the subdued light and quiet of a July evening and early morning. . . . Nothing can be more refreshing than to flout thus at ease, the awning screening us from the sun, and the pleasant breezes fanning our temples; . . . cottages constantly varying the shores, which are particularly gay at this season, interspersed with fruit-tree blossom and the broom flower; goats tethered on the grassy banks, under the thin line of elms; a village with a pretty church, midway on the journey; . . . the air delightfully refreshed by the rain; the banks, again low, allow the eye to stretch beyond the avenue; corn looking well, rich daisy-clad pastures, and here alive with grasshoppers; large village on both sides of the canal, bridge between, from which letters are dropped into the barge, as we pass, by means of a shoe. A sale at a Thames-like chateau; we take on purchasers with their bargains—chests of drawers, bed and chamber furniture of all sorts—barge crowded; Catholic priests do not scruple to interlard their conversation with oaths; the three Towers of Ghent, seen through the misty air in the distance under the arch of the canal bridge, give a fine effect to this view; drawing nearer and gliding between villages and chateaux, the architecture looks very rich. . . .

Ghent, Thursday 22nd.—Left Ghent at 7 o'clock by diligence. . . . Paved road between trees; elms with scattered oaks; square fields divided by sluices, some

dry, others with water bordered by willows, etc., thin and low; neat houses and villages, English-looking, only the windows and window-shutters gaily painted; labourers upon their knees weeding flax; some corn, very short, but shot into ear; broom here and there in flower, else a perfect uniformity of surface. . . .

Antwerp.— . . . Disappointed by the first view of Antwerp standing in nakedness. . . . Few travellers have been more gratified than we were during our two days' residence in this fine city, which we left, after having visited the Cathedral, and feasted our eyes on those magnificent pictures of Rubens, over and over again; and often was this great pleasure heightened almost to rapture, when, during mass, the full organ swelled and penetrated the remotest corners of that stately edifice—here we were never weary of lingering; but none of the churches did we leave unvisited; that of St. James was the next in interest to us, which contained Rubens' family monument; a chapel or *recess* railed off, as others are, in which hung a beautiful painting by the great master himself bearing date 23rd May, –64; a mother presenting a child to an old man, said to be Rubens' father; three females behind the old man, and R. himself, in the character of St. George, holding a red flag among a group of angels hovering over the living child. The drapery of the principal female figure is a rich blue. R.'s three wives are represented in this exquisite picture. Besides the several churches, so rich in fine paintings, we spent much time in the museum—formerly the Convent des Recollects—an extremely interesting place, independent of the treasure now contained in it. . . . The picture by which *I* was most impressed was a Christ on the Cross, by Van Dyck; there was a chaste simplicity about this piece which quite riveted me; the principal figure in the centre, St. Dominique in an attitude of contemplation; the St. Catherine embracing the foot of the Cross, and

lifting a countenance of deep searching agony, which, compared with the expression of patient suffering in that of the Saviour, was almost too much to look upon, yet once seen it held me there. . . .

Saturday 24th.—At 9 o'clock we left Antwerp by the diligence. . . . Breda looked well by moonlight, crossed by steamboat the *Bies Bosch* near Dort, which town we reached by half-past six on Sunday morning, May 26th. We are now in the country of many waters. . . . Mounted the tower, which bore the date 1626; an interesting command of prospect—Stad-house, Bourse, winding streets, trees and rivers (the Meuse) intermingled; walks, screened by trees, look cool. The eye follows five streams from different parts of the handsome town into the country; vessels moving upon them in all directions. . . .

Rotterdam.—Walked to the "Plantation," a sort of humble Vauxhall. About sunset, seated upon the banks of the Meuse; sails gliding down, white and red; the dark tower of the Cathedral; a glowing line of western sky, with twelve windmills as grand as castles, most of them at rest, but the arms of some languidly in motion, crimsoned by the setting sun. A file of grey clouds run southward from the Cathedral tower. The birds, which were faintly warbling in the pleasure-ground behind us when we sate down, have now ceased. Three very slender spires, one of which we know to be the Hôtel de Ville, denote, together with the Cathedral tower, the neighbourhood of a large town.

Tuesday 27th.— . . . Left Rotterdam at ten o'clock. As we crossed the bridge, the fine statue of Erasmus, rising silently, with eyes fixed upon his book, above the noisy crowd gathered round the booths and vehicles, which upon the market-day beset him, and backed by buildings and trees, intermingled with the fluttering pennons from vessels unloading their several cargoes

into the warehouses, produced a curious and very striking contrast. . . . The stately stream down which we floated took us to the royal town of the Hague. Arriving there at five o'clock, we immediately walked to the wood, in which stands the Palace; charming promenades, pools of water, swans, stately trees, birds warbling, military music—the *Brae Bells*; the streets similar to those at Delf; screens of trees, sometimes on one side, but generally on both sides of the canal; bridges at convenient distances across. . . . Looked with interest upon the ground where the De Wits were massacred, to which we were conducted by a funny old man, of whom we purchased a box. The spot is a narrow space, passing from one square to another, if I recollect right, near to the public building, whence the brothers had been dragged by the infuriated rabble. Horse-chestnut trees in flower everywhere.

Wednesday 28th.— . . . Looked into the fine room where the lottery is kept, which interested us, as well as the countenances of those who were working at fortune's wheel, and those who were eagerly gaping for her favours. Above all, the King's Gallery most attracted us with its magnificent collection of pictures. . . .

Leyden, Thursday 29th.—Arose, and found that our commodious chamber looked upon pleasure-walks, which we at once determined must be the University garden, naturally giving to this place the sort of accommodations found in our own seats of learning, but no such luxury belongs to the students of Leyden. The ground with its plantations through which these walks are carried, and upon which the sun now so cheerfully shone, was formerly covered with buildings that were destroyed, together with the inhabitants, by an explosion which took place in a barge of gunpowder in 1806, then lying in the neighbouring canal. . . .

There are no colleges, or separate dwellings, in Leyden, for the students; they are lodged with different

families in the town. Our guide had three at his house from England, as he told us. A wandering sheep lying at the threshold, as we passed a good-looking house in the street; were told that this was a pensioner upon the public, that it would lie there till it was fed, and then would pass on to some other door. This animal had been brought up the pet of a soldier once quartered at Leyden, and when he changed his situation his favourite was sent into the fields, but preferring human society, it could not be confined amongst its fellows, but ever returned to the town, and, begging its daily food, it passed from door to door of those houses which its old master had frequented, obstinately keeping its station until an alms was bestowed—bread, vegetables, soup, nothing came wrong, and as soon as this was received, the patient mendicant walked quietly away.

Haarlem.— . . . Reached Haarlem at five o'clock; went directly to the Cathedral, mounted the tower, an hour too early for the sunset; a splendid and interesting view beyond any we have seen. Looking eastward, the canal seen stretching through houses and among the trees, to the spires of Amsterdam in the distance. A little to the right, the Mere of Haarlem spotted with vessels, the river Spaaren winding among trees through the town; steeple towers of Utrecht beyond the Mere. The Boss, a fine wood and elegant mansion built by —— Hope, now a royal residence; new kirk, fine tower; the sea, and sand-hills beyond the flats glowing under a dazzling western sky. The winding Spaaren again among green fields brings the eye round to the Amsterdam canal, up which we shall glide. . . .

Friday 30th.— . . . We were floating between stunted willows towards Amsterdam, the birds sweetly warbling, but the same unvaried course before us. I have, however, a basket at my feet containing pots of fragrant geranium, and a beautiful flowering fern, brought,

I suppose, from the market where we saw the commodities offered for sale. The groups of figures, with their baskets and stalls of vegetables, ranged along the shady avenues, have often a striking effect; the fanciful architecture towering above, as seen from the end of one of the market streets, especially if the view be terminated by a spire or a lofty tower. . . . The spires of Amsterdam, and different spires and shipping, rise beyond the flat line of the water. The same cold north wind is breathing in the sunshine, now that we are not within the screen of the trees. The plains are scattered with cattle, and a broken line of Dutch farm-houses, which we have hitherto in vain looked for, stretch at a field's distance from the canal. Having now resumed our seats, reeds and pools diversify our course; and drawing nearer Amsterdam, I must put away my book, to look after the pleasure-houses and gardens; the first presents a bed of full-blown China roses.

Amsterdam, Saturday 31*st*. . . . *Brock.*—After walking one hour and five minutes by the side of the canal, upon a good road, through a tract of peat-mossy rich pasturage, besprinkled with cattle, and bounded by a horizon broken by spires, steeple-towers, villages, scattered farms, and the unfailing windmill—seen single or in pairs, or clustered, at short distances everywhere—we are now seated beneath the shelter of a friendly windmill; the north wind bracing us, and the swallows twittering under a cloudless grey sky above our heads. . . . After twenty-six minutes' further walk, the canal spreads into a circular basin, upon the opposite margin of which stands the quaintly dressed little town of Brock. The church spire rises from amid elegantly neat houses, chiefly of wood, much carved and ornamented, and covered with glazed tiles. . . . In each of these houses is a certain elaborately ornamented door by which at their wedding the newly-married pair, and perhaps their friends, enter. It is then closed, and never opened again

until the man or his wife is carried out a corpse. . . . The streets are paved with what are called Dutch tiles, but certainly not the polished slabs we have been accustomed to give this name to—more like our bricks, of various colours arranged in patterns, as Mr. B. would like the floors of his sheds, etc., to be. A piece of white marble often forms the centre to some device; where the flooring in a garden happens to be uniform in colour, a pattern is formed by a sprinkling of sand, which seems to lie as a part of the flooring unmoved under a fresh blowing wind. . . .

Saardam, Sunday evening, June 1st.—We have had a delightful trip to-day to Saardam, another North Holland town. Visited the hut, and workshop, in which Peter the Great wrought as a carpenter. . . .

Monday, June 2nd.—Am thankful to rest before we depart from Amsterdam, in which I would not live to be Queen of Holland; yet she is mistress of the most magnificent palace I ever saw, furnished substantially, and in excellent taste, by Louis Buonaparte. The edifice formerly belonged to the city, the Stad-house, and was presented to him as a compliment upon his elevation to the throne. . . . At five this day we are to depart for Utrecht, most happy to turn our faces homeward, and to leave this watery country, where there is not a drop fit to drink. . . .

Antwerp, June 5th.—Arose at seven, and have revisited most, indeed all, that best pleased us before—and accomplished our wish to mount the Cathedral tower, and under favourable skies; a glorious sunset upon the Scheldt; the clouds, the shadow of the spire, the spire itself, the town below, the country around, our own enjoyments—these we shall ever remember, but we are to be off to Malines, at seven o'clock in the morning. . .

Wednesday 11th.— . . . Adventures we have had

few; William's eyes being so much disordered, and so easily aggravated, naturally made him shun society, and crippled us in many respects; but I trust we have stored up thoughts, and images, that will not die.

XII

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S TOUR IN THE ISLE OF MAN

1828

EXTRACTS FROM DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S TOUR IN THE ISLE OF MAN, 1828

Thursday, June 26th, 1828.—Called at half-past two, and breakfasted by kitchen fire. Walked to the end of quiet terrace;[1] grey calm, and warbling birds; sad at the thought of my voyage, cheered only by the end of it. Sat long at Morris's door; grey and still; coach full, and sour looks within, for I made a fifth; won my way by civility, and communicating information to a sort of gentleman fisher going to Wytheburn. English manners ungracious: he left us at Nag's Head without a bow or good wish. Morning still foggy. Wytheburn, cliffs and trees. Stayed inside till an inn beside Bassenthwaite; only another lady in coach, so had a good view of the many cloudy summits and swelling breastworks of Skiddaw, and was particularly struck with the amplitude of style and objects, flat Italian foreground, large fields, and luxuriant hedges,—a perfect garden of Eden, rich as ivory and pearls. Dull and barish near Cockermouth. Town surprised me with its poor aspect. Old market-house to be pulled down. Sorry I could not study the old place. Life has gone from my Father's Court.[2] View from bridge beautiful. Ruin, castle, meadows with hay-cocks. . . . Again cold and dreary after river goes. Dissington very dreary, yet fine trees.

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[1] At Rydal Mount.—ED.

[2] The house at Cockermouth where William and Dorothy Wordsworth were born. Compare *The Prelude*, book i.—ED.

Dropped Mr. Lowther's sons from school. Busy-looking fresh-coloured aunt, looks managing and well satisfied with herself, but kind to the boys; little sister very glad, and brothers in a bustle of pleasure. . . . Workington very dismal; beautiful approach to Whitehaven; comfortless inn, but served by a Grasmere waiter; Backhouse's daughter; a hall, a church; the sea, the castle; dirty women, ragged children; no shoes, no stockings; fine view of cliffs and stone quarry; pretty, smokeless, blue-roofed town; castle and inn a foreign aspect. Embarked at ten. Full moon; lighthouse; luminous sky; moved away; and saw nothing till a distant view of Isle of Man. Hills cut off by clouds. Beautiful approach to Douglas harbour; wind fallen. Harry met me at inn; surprised with gay shops and store-houses; walk in the gardens of the hills; decayed houses, divided gardens; luxuriant flowers and shrubs, very like a French place; an Italian lady, the owner; air very clear, though hazy in Cumberland. Very fine walk after tea on the cliff; sea calm, and as if enclosed by haze; fishes sporting near the rocks; a few sea-birds to chatter and wail, but mostly silent rocks; two very grand masses in a little bay, a pellucid rivulet of sea-water between them; the hills mostly covered with cropped gorse, a very rich dark green. This gorse cropped in winter, and preserved for cattle fodder. The moon rose large and dull, like an ill-cleaned brass plate, slowly surmounts the haze, and sends over the calm sea a faint bright pillar. In the opposite quarter Douglas harbour illuminated; boats in motion, dark masts and eloquent ropes; noises from the town ascend to the commanding airy steeps where we rested.

Saturday, 28th June.—Lovely morning; walked with Henry[1] to the nunnery; cool groves of young trees and

[1] Henry Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's brother, the "retired manner" of the 9th Sonnet, composed during Wordsworth's subsequent tour in 1833.—ED.

many fine old ones. General Goulding has built a handsome house near the site of the old nunnery, on which stands a modern house (to be pulled down). The old convent bell, hung outside, is used as a house-bell; the valley very pretty, with a mill stream, and might be beautiful, if properly drained. The view of the nunnery charming from some points.

Walked on to the old church, Kirk Bradden; handsome steeple. Burial-ground beautifully shaded, and full of tombstones. Tombstone or obelisk to the memory of a son of the Duke of Athole, commander of the Manx Fencibles.

Douglas market very busy. Women often with round hats, like the Welsh; and girls without shoes and stockings, though otherwise not ill dressed. Panniers made of matted straw; country people speak more Manx than English; the sound is not hoarse nor harsh. Cliffs picturesque above Mona Castle; a waterfall (without water); the castle of very white stone from Scotland, after the style of Inveraray. How much handsomer and better suited to its site would be the native dark grey rock. The nunnery house is as it should be; and the castle, with stronger towers in the same style, would have been a noble object in the bay. . . . Road and flat sandy space to the sea; a beautiful sea residence for the Solitary; pleasant breezes, and sky clear of haziness.

Sunday, 29*th June*.—A lovely bright morning; walk with H.; a fine view over the sky-blue sea; breezy on the heights. At Mr. Browne's church. Text from Isaiah, the "Shadow of a great Rock," etc., applied to our Saviour and the Christian dispensation. Market-place and harbour cheerful, and, compared with yesterday, quiet. Gay pleasure-boats in harbour, from Liverpool and Scotland, with splendid flags. During service the noises of children and sometimes of carriages distressing. Mr. Browne a sensible and feeling, yet monotonous and weak-voiced, reader. His iron shoes

clank along the aisle—the effect of this very odd. Called in the Post Office lane at the postmaster's, narrow as an Italian street, and the house low, cool, old-fashioned and cleanly. Stairs worn down with much treading, and everything reminding one of life at Penrith forty years back. A cheerful family of useful-looking, well-informed daughters; English father and Scotch mother. Crowds inquiring for letters. To Kirk Bradden, one and a half miles; arrived at second lesson. Funeral service for two children; the coffins in the church. Mr. Howard a fine-looking man and agreeable preacher. The condition of the righteous and of the ungodly after death was the subject. Groups sitting on the tomb-stones reminded me of the Continent. The churchyard shady and cool, a sweet resting-place. We lingered long, and walked home through the nunnery grounds. The congregation rustic, but very gay. There seems to be no room for the very poor people in either church, and in Douglas great numbers were about in the streets during service. Mr. Putman called, a gentlemanly man, faded, and delicate-looking; brought up at Dublin College for the bar, took to the stage, married a Scotch lady, disapproved by her friends, gave lectures on elocution, had pupils, but obliged to desist, having broken a blood-vessel; now living on a very small income at Douglas in lodgings; sighing for house-keeping, and they have bought the house we visited last night on the sands. After tea walked with Joanna on pier—a very gay and crowded scene. Saw the steam-packet depart for Liverpool. Ladies in immense hats, and as fine as millinery and their own various tastes can make them. Beauish tars; their pleasure-boats in harbour, with splendid flags; two or three working sailors in bright blue jackets, their badges on their breast, straw hats trimmed with blue ribands. For the first time I saw the Cumberland hills; but dimly. Sea very bright; talked with old sailor and tried his spectacles. Went to the Douglas Head, very fine walk on the turf tracks among the shorn

gorse, bright green, studded with yellow flowers in bunches, the ladies'-bed-straw; the green sea-weed with the brown bed of the river produces a beautiful effect of colouring, and the numbers of well-dressed, or rather *showily*-dressed, people is astonishing, gathered together in the harbour, and sprinkled over the heights. Fine view of rocks below us on the lower road; lingered till near ten. Lovely moonlight when I went to bed; amused with Miss Fanny Buston, her conceit, her long nose, her painted cheeks, *not* painted but by nature.

Tuesday, July 1st.—With Joanna[1] to the shore, and alone on the pier. Very little air even there, but refreshing; and the water of the bay clear, and green as the Rhine; close and hot in the streets; but the sun gets out when the tide comes in; a breeze, and all is refreshed.

Wednesday morning, July 2nd.—In evening walked to Port-a-shee (the harbour of peace); foggy, and hills invisible, but stream very pretty. Shaggy banks; varied trees; splendid rosebushes and honeysuckles. Returned by sands; a beautiful playfield for children. The rocks of gorgeous colours—orange, brown, vivid green, in form resembling models of the Alps. The foggy air not oppressive.

Thursday, July 3rd.—A fine morning, but still misty on hills. On Douglas heights, the sea-rocks tremendous; wind high; a waterfowl sporting on the roughest part of the sea; flocks of jackdaws, very small; a few gulls; two men reclined at the top of a precipice with their dogs; small boats tossing in the eddy, and a pleasure-boat out with ladies; misery it would have been for me; guns fired from the ship, a fine echo in the harbour; saw the flash long before the report. Sir

[1] Joanna Hutchinson.—ED.

Wm. Hilary saved a boy's life to-day in the harbour. He raised a regiment for Government, and chose his own reward—a Baronetcy!

Friday, 4th July.—Walked with Henry to the Harbour of Peace, and up the valley; very pretty overarched bridge; neat houses, and hanging gardens, and blooming fences—the same that are so ugly seen from a distance: the wind sweeping those fences, they glance and intermingle colours as bright as gems.

Saturday.—Very bright morning. Went to the Duke's gardens, which are beautiful. I thought of Italian villas, and Italian bays, looking down on a long green lawn adorned with flower-beds, such as ours, at one end; a perfect level, with gravel walks at the sides, woods rising from it up the steeps; and the dashing sea, boats, and ships, and ladies struggling with the wind; veils and gay shawls and waving flounces. The gardens beautifully managed,—wild, yet neat enough for plentiful produce; shrubbery, forest trees, vegetables, flowers, and hot-houses, all connected, yet divided by the form of the ground. Nature and art hand in hand, all shrubs, and Spanish chestnut in great luxuriance. Lord Fitzallan's children keeping their mother's birthday in the strawberry beds. Loveliest of evenings. Isle perfectly clear, but no Cumberland; the sea alive with all colours, the eastern sky as bright as the west after sunset.

Monday, 7th July.—Departed for Castletown. Nothing very interesting except peeps of the sea. Well peopled and cultivated, yet generally naked. Earth hedges, yet thriving trees and white roses; descent of a little glen or large cleft very pleasing, with its small tribute to the ocean. One cottage, and a corn enclosure, wild-thyme, *sedum*, etc. brilliant, and dark-green gorse; the bay lovely on this sweet morning; narrow flowery

lanes, wild sea-view, low peninsula of Long Ness, large round fort and ruined church: bay and port, cold, mean, comfortless; low water at Castletown, drawbridge, river and castle, handsome strong fortress, soldiers pacing sentinel, officers and music, groups of women in white caps listening, very like a town in French Flanders, etc. etc. Civility, large rooms, no neatness.

Tuesday, 8th July.—Rose before six. Pleasant walk to Port Mary Kirk, along the bay before breakfast; well cultivated, very populous, but wanting trees; outlines of hills pleasing. Port Mary, harbour for Manx fleet; pretty green banks near the port, neat huts under those banks, with flower-garden, fishing-nets, and sheep, really beautiful; a wild walk and beautiful descent to Port Erin; a fleet of nearly forty sails and nets in the circular rocky harbour, white houses at different heights on the bank. Then across the country past Christ Rushen—a white church, and standing low; cheerful country, a few good houses, but seldom pretty in architecture; children coming from school, schools very frequent: now we drag up the hill, an equal ascent; turf, and not bad road, but a weary way.

But I ought to have before described our passage from Port Mary to Port Erin, over Spanish Head, to view the Calf, a high island, forty acres, partly cultivated, and peopled with rabbits—rent paid therewith; a stormy passage to the Calf, a boat hurrying through with tide, another small isle adjoining, very wild; I thought of the passage between Loch Awe and Loch Etive. To return to the mountain ascent from Christ Rushen: peat stacks all over, and a few warm smoking huts; thatches secured by straw ropes, and the walls (in which was generally buried one window) cushioned all over with thyme in full blow, low *sedum*, and various other flowers. Called on Henry's friend beside the mountain gate; her house blinding with smoke. I sate in the doorway. She was affectionately glad to see Henry, shook hands and blessed us at parting—"God be with you, and prosper

you on your journey!" Descend: more cottages, like waggon roofs of straw, chance-directed pipes of chimneys and flowery walls, not a shoe or a stocking to be seen. Dolby Glen, beautiful stream, and stone cottages, and gardens hedged with flowery elder, and mallows as beautiful as geraniums in a greenhouse.

Wednesday, 9th, Peele.—Morning bright, and all the town busy. Yesterday the first of the herring fishing and black baskets laden with silvery herrings were hauled through the town, herrings in the hand on sticks, and huge black fish dragged through the dust. Sick at the sight, ferried across the harbour to the Island Castle, very grand and very wild, with cathedral, tower, and extensive ruins, and tombstones of recent date: several of shipwrecked men. Our guide showed us the place where, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, Captain Edward Christian was confined, and another dungeon where the Duchess of Gloucester was shut up fifteen years, and there died, and used to appear in the shape of a black dog; and a soldier who used to laugh at the story vowed he would speak to it and died raving mad. The Castle was built before artillery was used, and the walls are so thin that it is surprising that it has stood so long. The grassy floor of the hill delightful to rest on through a summer's day, to view the ships and sea, and hear the dashing waves, here seldom gentle, for the entrance to this narrow harbour is very rocky. Fine caves towards the north, but it being high water, we could not go to them. Our way to Kirk Michael, a delightful terrace; sea to our left, cultivated hills to the right, and views backwards to Peele charming. The town stands under a very steep green hill, with a watch-tower at the top, and the castle on its own rock in the sea—a sea as clear as any mountain stream. Fishing-vessels still sallying forth. Visited the good Bishop Wilson's grave, and rambled under the shade of his trees at Bishop's Court, a mile further. The whole country pleasant to Ramsey;

steep red banks of river. The town close to the sea, within a large bay, formed to the north by a bare red steep, to the south by green mountain and glen and fine trees, with houses on the steep. Ships in harbour, a steam-vessel at a distance, and sea and hills bright in the evening-time. Pleasant houses overlooking the sea, but the cottage[1] all unsuspected till we reach a little opening, where it lurks at the foot of a glen, under green steeps, a low thatched white dwelling, the grassy pleasure plot adorned with flowers, and above it on one side a hanging garden—flowers, fruit, vegetables intermingled, and above all the orchard and forest trees; peeps of the sea and up the glen, and a full view of the green steep; a little stream murmuring below. We sauntered in the garden, and I paced from path to path, picked ripe fruit, ran down to the sands, there paced, watched the ships and steamboats—in short, was charmed with the beauty and novelty of the scene: the quiet rural glen, the cheerful shore, the solemn sea. To bed before day was gone.

Thursday.—Rose early. Could not resist the sunny grass plot, the shady woody steeps, the bright flowers, the gentle breezes, the soft flowing sea. Walked to Manghold Head, and Manghold Kirk: the first where the cross was planted. The views of Ramsey Bay delightful from the Head: a fine green steep, on the edge of which stands the pretty chapel, with one bell outside, an ancient pedestal curiously carved, Christ on the cross, the mother and infant Jesus, the Manx arms, and other devices; near it the square foundation surrounded with steps of another cross, on which is now placed a small sundial, the whole lately barbarously whitewashed, with church and roof—a glaring contrast to the grey thatched cottages, and green trees, which partly embower the church. Numerous are the grave-stones surrounding

[1] The house in which they were to stay at Ramsey.—ED

that neat and humble building : a sanctuary taken from the waste, where fern and heath grow round, and *over*-grow the graves. I sate on the hill, while Henry sought the Holy Well, visited once a year by the Manx men and women, where they leave their offering—a pin, or any other trifle. Walked leisurely back to Ramsey ; fine views of the bay, the orange-coloured bar, the lowly town, the green steeps. The town very pretty seen from the quay as at the mountain's foot ; rich wood climbing up the mountain glen, and spread along the hillsides.

THE END

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